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DUMB LIZZIE OF THE MIDDLE WEST
By L. A. R. WYLIE

DOES BUSINESS WANT SCHOLARS? — WALTER S. GIFFORD
The Head of the Bell System Shatters a Stubborn Myth
America in the Year 2500. *A Political Forecast* — *Anonymous*
Women and the Marriage Market — *Henry C. Beers*
Babes in the Bois — *Richmond Barrett*
The Great American Mirror — *Sarah Comstock*
Reflections from Los Angeles
The Modern Christian Speaks — *Hanford Henderson*
Three [illegible] — *Gustave Eckstein*
Peace [illegible]ersion — *Albert Jay Nock*
[illegible] Problem
O Hy[illegible] — *Paul Mosley Ford*
Scor[illegible] *Campbell Sprague, Cyril Hume, and Conrad Aiken*
Depa[illegible] — [illegible] — THE LIBRARY TABLE — EDITORIAL AND [illegible] — [illegible] — IN THE EDITORIAL WORLD

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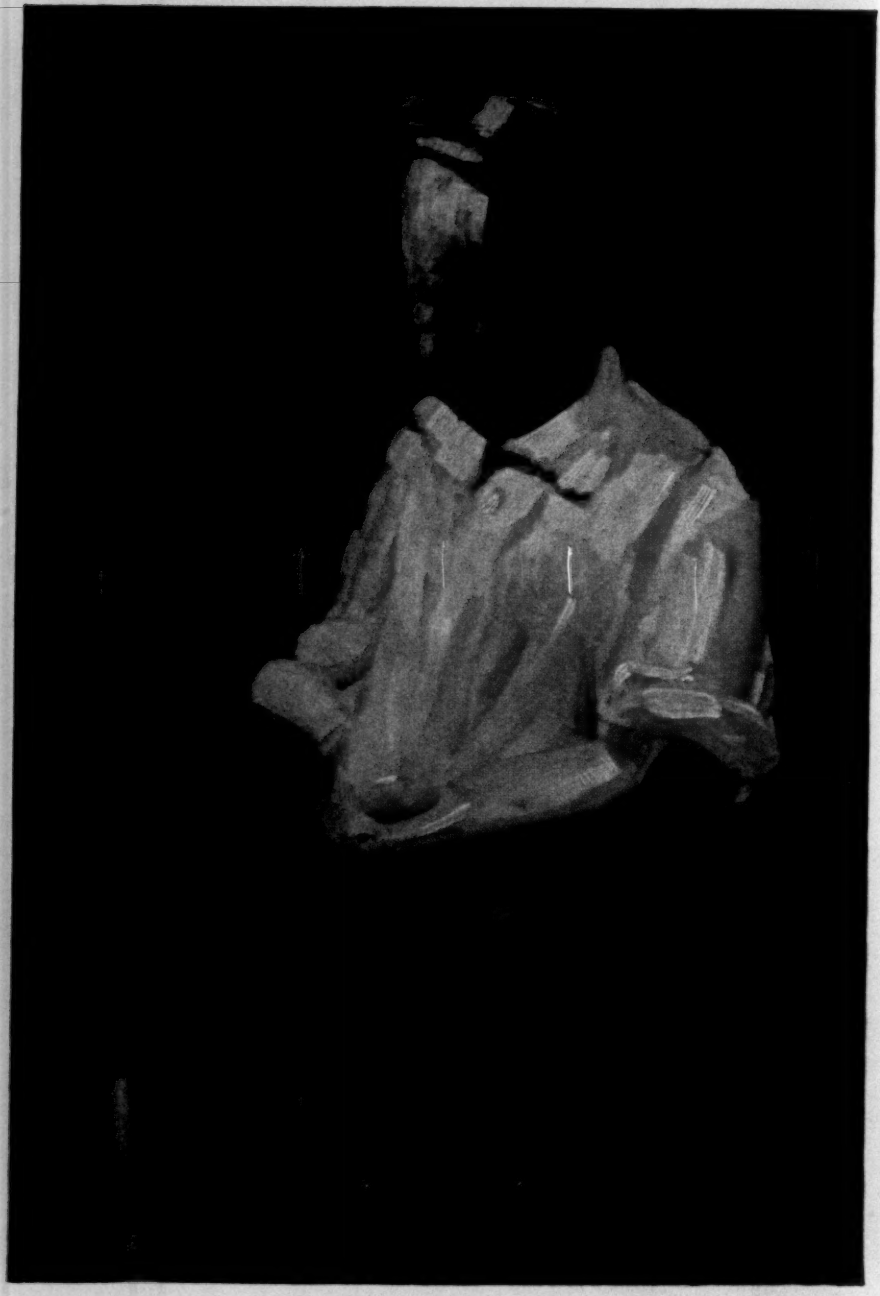

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DUMB LIZZIE OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

OUR tracks had often crossed each other. I do not flatter myself that she had even noticed mine, but for a long time I had been uneasily conscious that we were drawing nearer to each other and that one day we must inevitably meet face to face. Even before I had visited America, before I had even met Americans, strange tales of her had reached my ears. They were traveler's tales and, therefore, fantastic and incredible. One day I was to have a traveler's tale of my own to tell. This is it. This is the sad but true story of how I did at last meet her, and appended are some even sadder reflections.

It happened close on two years ago. The scene was laid in the library of my London house. It was my work hour. My telephone bell rang, and my agent's voice came to me across the wires. Now my agent's voice is as my master's voice, and I am accustomed to listen obediently and hopefully. She said, "There is a certain Mr. X., an American editor who controls also a number of important newspapers. And he wants an article from you." I asked briefly but clearly, "How much and how long?" And I confess the answer staggered me. I had not realized up till then that my meanest comma had such monetary value. "And," added the kind voice, "you can choose any subject you like; but first Mr. X. would like to discuss the matter with you personally. Could you arrange to see him to-morrow morning at ten o'clock?"

This caused me a pang. For the morning is my best work time. But I reflected that the controller of many important papers was not likely to have any more time to waste than a mere padder of advertisements like myself and that we should be quit of each other in a few minutes. I consented cheerfully.

Duly, at ten o'clock, Mr. X. arrived. He proved to be young, charming, and intelligent. I felt that we were going to understand each other. I was not aware then of the sinister, invisible chaperon whom he had brought with him and who, I realize now, must have watched our amiable exchange of cigarettes with a baleful disapproval. The opening gam-

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bit was mine. Over night I had reflected on suitable subjects for a popular article. They contained ideas that, like most of my ideas, were simple, harmless, but I hoped reasonably intelligent and intelligible. If they were even faintly provocative I felt that that might be to the good. I began with my favorite thesis. I felt that Mr. X. liked children, and this had to do with children. It was an idea based on my own experience as a child. At the age of ten I virtually lived like a grown-up, responsible individual. I traveled extensively and alone and controlled my own finances. I read books and visited plays which are to-day known only by hearsay to my contemporaries. Without exactly advocating this system, it was my idea to suggest that it had its advantages. In my case it had lengthened my experience of life by a good ten years and was a far more satisfactory method of preparation than the sheltered unreality of most children's up-bringing. (I give the subject in this much detail to prove that, whether my ideas were intelligent or not, I was at least not advocating the destruction of the Constitution of the United States.) I warmed to my thesis. I felt that I was talking more brightly than I usually do at ten o'clock in the morning—but also that there was something wrong. Mr. X. was regarding me with grave, patient, but troubled eyes. He listened to the end. And then he leaned towards me. He said earnestly, penetratingly:

"Miss Wylie, have you remembered the Middle West?"

I had not. I said so. I know I must have looked very stupid. He shook his head.

"One must always remember the Middle West," he said. And sat back and waited for me to go on.

I realized instinctively that my idea was dead and buried without so much as the blessing of the Church. Shaken and puzzled I began again. I forget what it was I proposed to write about this time. I remember that Mr. X. seemed interested. He took my points and even agreed with them. But in the end he smiled that peculiarly wistful and rather pitying smile.

"But you see, Miss Wylie—in the Middle West—"

I was still strong enough to be rebellious. I went ahead with the theory that editors, movie directors, and such like didn't know their business—that if the voice of the People was the Voice of God, the head of the People couldn't be entirely stuffed with sawdust. Mr. X. smiled. Evidently I was going through the normal stages of a disease.

"Have you ever been to the Middle West?" he asked.

"I've been to California," I said with some defiance.

"It's not the same," he murmured. "It would be unwise to confuse them. However, please go on—"

But by this time I had realized *her* presence. I suspected, if only dimly as yet, the ominous part that she would probably play in my whole life. I suppose I lost my nerve. I began to stammer. My next idea didn't wait for her. It went to pieces in my own hands. I became abjectly silent. That evidently was the moment for which Mr. X. had been patiently waiting. He produced a sheet of paper and a pencil and drew his chair confidentially closer. He said:

"Miss Wylie, I am going to help you as I help all my authors. They all begin with the same trouble. But really it isn't so difficult. You'll see. May I ask you a few simple questions?"

I said he might.

"What would you like for a birthday present?"

Now I had heard a great deal about American men—their chivalrous treatment of their women folk and their fabulous generosity. And my birthday happened to be next week. But this was so sudden. I temporized flippantly.

"Shall we say sixty thousand dollars?" I suggested.

He shook his nice head reproachfully.

"Oh, no, Miss Wylie—you don't want that—"

"Don't I?" I felt doubtful but contrite. Evidently I had said the wrong thing again. "What should I want?" I asked.

"Love," he said. "Spiritual love," he added.

This was more than sudden. It was precipitate. I faltered and he became urgent. "Don't you believe in love?" he asked.

Now I have had a great deal of love in my life. Spiritual love. And frankly it has caused me more trouble than all my other blessings put together. But it was twelve o'clock by this time, and I was quite broken—I said "yes" and hoped to heaven the Middle West believed in love too. It seemed that she did for Mr. X. wrote down, "Believes in love," and so to speak initialed it O.K. From that point we proceeded rapidly.

"And now, Miss Wylie, isn't it true that every cloud has a silver lining?"

I agreed and within the next ten minutes Mr. X. and I had compiled a series of verities of which "A stitch in time saves nine," "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and "A friend in need is a friend indeed" would be typical examples. At the end he handed me the sheet of paper.

"That, Miss Wylie, is what we want you to write for us."

I took a deep breath. I shuddered.

"And the Middle West—?" I whispered.

"Will eat it alive," he said.

II

Mr. X. came again in a day or two. He wasn't easy about me. I think he felt that beneath my soft feminine exterior I was more hard-boiled than I ought to be. And by this time I had the courage to protest. He was very kind about it. He rewrote my first few paragraphs and talked to me like a father who has been over the rough places himself—sympathetically and helpfully. He didn't want me to feel that I was fooling anyone. He said that the great public I was writing for were very simple folk. According to a United States Government report, ninety per cent of them were mentally ten years old and always would be ten years old. And wasn't it better to give them the sweet old homely truths than no truth at all? And after all, wasn't love the greatest thing in the world? And didn't a stitch in time save nine? Feeling the grim eye of the Middle West fixed on me, I assented without the slightest hesitation.

Mr. X. and I parted on the best of terms. I half hoped that at the last we might exchange an honest wink. But of course that would have been as much as his job was worth. Not only would the Middle West have spotted the wink, however slight, but he would have spotted it himself. And the man who winks at his life's work is lost.

In the next few days I grew to sympathize with him. For by that time his beldam sans merci had got me well in thrall. The only difference between us was that I frankly couldn't bear the sight of her, which only made my position that much worse. Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West. She appeared to me as a gaunt elderly female in a poke bonnet and elastic-side boots, armed with a stout umbrella with which, every time I came up for air, she clouted me over the head. And she was not alone. In case I should show fight, she had brought her grandchildren along—an enormous, truly awe-inspiring brood. Though they had changed their way of doing their hair, the length of their skirts, and the cut of their coats, they were still inspired by her indomitable spirit. Her poke bonnet, elastic-side boots and stout umbrella, though discarded from daily use, were still emblazoned on the tribal battle shields. And the old lady was obviously proud of her descendants. She marshalled before me the splendid battalions which had sent an eminent and virtuous woman preacher to the right-about for the sin of cigarette-smoking. The middle-aged granddaughter, who was able

in a five-minute "club paper" to give a comprehensive survey of the Renaissance delighted her old heart, and her eyes sparkled as she reviewed the devoted sisterhood who had not only constituted themselves their brother's jailers, but had actually created, for his undoing, a whole new set of crimes. And she had some fine male descendants. There was, for example, a certain important mayor of a great city. And there was another, less important, whom I had met myself in California, who at a dinner given in honor of his return from Europe dismissed the whole Italian nation as deficient in the great American art of plumbing.

But it must not be supposed that Dumb Lizzie's progeny were entirely middle-aged. Far from it. Tucked away in the rear were some charming young things full of enthusiasms and sweet-nothingness who only awaited the call to impose Grandmother's ideals and dear old homely truths on a cowed and helpless world.

Looking over this solid front of Dumb Lizzie's offspring my heart sank. I was already beaten. But my real punishment came later when Mr. X. assured me that I had given the old lady and her family exactly what they wanted.

III

For I wrote that article. I sweated platitudes. I don't mean that I gave in to the old lady without a struggle. Sometimes I rallied against her to the extent of doubting her existence. I knew, of course, that to Mr. X. she was not merely the Middle West. She was the personification of a Universal Lack of Intelligence. She was Everybody Everywhere. She was the Great Heart of the People to whom his newspapers owed their excellent circulation. He imagined her, I knew, as a sweet innocent young thing with flaxen hair and blue eyes. "A little child shall lead them" would have been his version of the old harridan's outrageous and tyrannical behavior towards myself. At any rate, she was a reality to him, and he had certainly persuaded himself that in giving her what she wanted he was doing his honest bit to make the world go round. If I had suggested to him that he was nourishing a monster with the brains of human victims he would have been even more worried about me than he was. He was, indeed, so sure of himself that for a time he and his check between them almost had me convinced.

But before I was through with my contribution to the world's thought I had made two discoveries. I discovered—rather to my surprise—that I was, after all, an honest writer who couldn't tell lies decently even at so much a comma and, furthermore, that a truth which has become a platitude is a most pernicious and treacherous sort of lie. The soul has been squeezed out of it. It is dead and has gone bad, as all dead things do. When, for instance, under the threat of the umbrella, I announced confidentially that "a friend in need is a friend indeed" friendship expired on my hands. "God is love" I boomed, and was aware of blasphemy. The emotional and actual truth behind these statements had long since been washed out by the sloppy thinking and cheap sentimentality to which I was adding with every line I wrote. What was left was a nasty corpse in a high state of decay.

This realization knocked Mr. X.'s excuse for himself and me right out of court. He and I were not helping the world to go round. We were helping to stand it on its head. We were not supplying sweet old homely truths to sweet simple people. We were preparing synthetic ice cream for dyspeptics suffering from a very complicated form of digestive disturbance. I might state the case more roughly. We were doping dope-maniacs. And dope-maniacs are neither sweet nor simple. They have very involved mental processes which often lead to the most disruptive action. Between my tender pronouncements regarding love and friendship, the beauty

of forgiveness and the Christmas spirit, and the Remus verdict some months later, my guilty conscience has since traced a delicate but very definite connection. The jury most certainly had never read my effusion. But they had most certainly read something like it, for I had written according to standard. They had been fed with that sort of stuff ever since they could read and had become illiterate. Twelve savages who had never heard a sweet old homely truth in their lives would have come to a more reasonable conclusion. At any rate, after their own fashion they would have been logical and honest. They would never have confused Mr. Remus with Father Christmas or felt the emotional necessity of presenting him with a Christmas present. They would have been incapable of the mental gymnastics which led twelve chosen representatives of a great civilized country to a verdict worthy of twelve high-class morons. Either they would have elected Mr. Remus chief of their tribe or they would have hanged him.

Now I am convinced—for I am democratic by temper and more than ready to believe in a general fundamental good sense—that these twelve were potentially, or had been potentially, reasonable, clear-thinking people capable of sound honest sentiment. I am not willing to accept Mr. X.'s conclusion that they were incurably ten years old. Besides, ten-year-old children, if they haven't read too much and haven't been to the movies, are usually extremely reasonable, intelligent, and even gifted. Something had happened to those twelve. And I am regretfully convinced that *I* had happened to them—the "I" being a composite figure representing all those writers who at so much a comma have helped to create an unreal world full of false values where cigarette smoking represents moral turpitude and Mr. Remus and Father Christmas are interchangeable figures. Between us we have reduced honest sentiment to driveling sentimentality, hard clear thinking to muddle-headed vaporings, and a capacity for dignified, strong action to explosive and dangerous violence. For I am not suffering from *folie de grandeur* when I say that I feel responsible not only for those twelve jurymen but for Mr. Remus himself and even for the next Great War. Because in these days when wars are virtually fought by civilians no war could be begun, let alone carried on, without the heartfelt co-operation of the Brotherhood of Blurb and Blah. And to that Brotherhood I have belonged. Mere resignation from membership does not absolve me. I have done my bit to make our Dumb Lizzies do the things they do.

IV

Heaving rocks of ridicule at the poor old lady is cheap sport; for she was not always ridiculous, and even now she seems to me less contemptible than those of us who consciously sell our talent to keep her as feeble-minded as we have helped to make her. (For after all it is not necessary to have a limousine in order to live.) Once upon a time she really was a simple soul. She lived in the wilderness and was quite illiterate. She sang primitive songs and wove quaint designs, and at night she and her men folk told legends by the fireside. The legends were poetry; her songs and designs sprang from the authentic spirit of her race. She was coarse and often brutal and ignorant, but she was not silly. She knew what she knew of life first hand. She was the rough clay out of which God eventually molds genius. But instead of God, the bright go-getters and uplifters came along and they saw how nicely they could "feature" her and her sentiments and traditions into a pretty movie story and how well her songs would sound on the gramophone. And it was a simple matter to standardize her designs for the sports sweaters of the Smart People all the world over. So they went ahead with the great work. And they were by no means selfish about

it. They not only exploited her, but they taught her how to exploit herself. They taught her how to commercialize her own talents. And presently she and her men folk were sitting, hand gummed to hand, in the sweetly scented shadows of the Movie Palace, gaping at the caricature of themselves. No need for her to sing her songs any more. The radio and the gramophone and the Movie Chorus could do that for her. (Oh, that "Volga Boat Song"!) No need to weave strange symbolic patterns. The machine had stamped the meaning out of them long since. No need to live, in fact, since real life could be found so conveniently between the covers of cheap magazines. Above all—no need to think. The Brotherhood of Blurb and Blah did that for her, too. And so Lizzie became spiritually and mentally barren. She grew withered and tyrannical and bigoted. Since she could no longer live and think for herself, she began to deny the freedom of thought and growth to others. She had become dumb.

But also she had become rich.

This is the most significant phenomenon of our times. Never before in history has Lizzie been so dumb and so powerful. She not only can buy herself motor cars, radios, gramophones, and ice-cream sodas, but she can buy up the intelligence of the world. And she is buying it up. It is of no use to argue that the intelligence ought not to sell itself. It does and it always has done—with a few noble and suffering exceptions. Once it was the Medici who bought up the poets, artists, and men of science. Now it is Mr. Humpty-Dumpty of the Amalgamated Hokus-Pokus Press, on behalf of his all-powerful patroness. The Medici were no doubt tyrannous, vexatious masters; but they had a flair for genius. It flattered them. Dumb Lizzie flairs it too but she is afraid of it. It worries her like the dim memory of a lost power in herself. So that the first thing she insists on with regard to her new purchase is that the genius shall be knocked out of it. And what happens to genius happens to talent and plain common sense. Even men of science are beginning to talk her patter. They can't help themselves. For she has the money. From a financial angle she can make honest work sheer waste of time. Last year at the Snyder trial poets, authors, artists, and professors tumbled over one another in their anxiety to catch Dumb Lizzie's ear in one of her most dangerous and unlovely moods.

I admit willingly that the example of my own encounter with her is of no importance *per se*. It was important to me because according to my lights, which are dim enough, I am an honest craftsman who was bribed into an act of intellectual dishonesty. But the shock to my morals is my affair. I don't pretend that the world has suffered any serious loss in consequence. But Mr. X.'s list of contributors contained the names of the most important and significant writers and thinkers in England and America. One or two, Mr. X. admitted regretfully, had proved intractable. The rest had succumbed. They had joined the Brotherhood. And if they persuaded themselves that at the worst they were doing no harm I congratulate them. At any rate I cannot blame them. Leonardo da Vinci would have done no better. That is the worst of it.

On the surface Dumb Lizzie is an easy-going generous patroness. She assures us of our freedom of thought and speech. When we do presume to think and speak freely she does not put us to the rack and thumb-screw. She buys us up. She does not make martyrs of us. She makes plutocrats. Much simpler and much less painful. But as a result the creative energy of the world is being flattened out. The high mountains and deep valleys are being smoothed down to a flat noisy plain where human Fords, running in a double stream, honk at one another's heels, and Dumb Lizzie with her umbrella acts as an implacable traffic-cop at the crossroads.

V

If we care for humanity at all apart from hygiene, plumbing, central heating, and newer and faster means of transportation, we must admit that the situation is discouraging everywhere. That it should be at its worst in America is inevitable. In one sense America is less a nation than the future of all nations. When Europeans complain that they are being Americanized what they really mean is that they are being futurized. What America is to-day they are almost certain to be to-morrow. And, frankly, most of them do not like the prospect. But it is no use criticizing America. Untrammelled by tradition, she is merely being swept ahead of the rest of us by a tide which neither she nor anyone else can control. She may reach Paradise first as a consequence. Or it may be the other place. No one can predict with certainty and no one can do anything about it. All we know is that, save for a miracle, we are bound to come tumbling in after her. Meantime we can only watch her progress in the hopes that by her experience we may save ourselves from some of the worst bumps en route for wherever we are all destined.

One thing is clear to the observer—that something has definitely gone wrong with American literature—or in other words with the thought of the nation. America is now in her Victorian Era. She is bursting with the activity, prosperity, and virtuous, virile self-confidence that once made England so beloved. On the side of material achievement there seems to be nothing beyond her powers. But where is the intellectual phenomenon which usually accompanies such periods of national expansion? Where is the amazing galaxy of poets, philosophers, and novelists that illuminated an otherwise highly materialistic and unpleasant age? Every now and then one has the impression that they are about to make their appearance—that something tremendous is about to happen. The vast flat sea begins to stir and heave with hidden energy. A whitecap makes its appearance here and there; and then the ruffling wind sinks; the sea resumes its sullen, uneasy smoothness; and nothing happens.

It seems to me that it is useless to explain that the form of self-expression has changed—that, for instance, Lindbergh and Edison are the true exponents of the American spirit. For the explorer, the experimenter, the hero, and the poet travel together. And when one of them is missing something goes wrong with the rest. Lindbergh may be Drake, but without his Shakespeare he loses half his significance. When a nation becomes inarticulate it is usually because she has nothing to say, her spirit is exhausted. Now obviously this is not true of America and no one has ever accused her of being inarticulate. But what she says is not commensurate with what she is and is doing. There is much noise and talk but very little is said. Her writers display a feverish restlessness rather than an exuberant and forceful energy. A psychoanalyst would diagnose a complex—a secret mental pressure of some sort, and I have no doubt that if he carried his investigation farther he would fish Dumb Lizzie to the surface.

Let us for a moment imagine the career of an American genius. He is born. He grows up. In spite of a good home and a sound education he persists in being different and, therefore, dangerous. It seems almost certain that unless quick action is taken he will say something which will make everybody very uncomfortable. But Dumb Lizzie can be relied upon. Like a grotesque old Venus she lures his adolescent steps into the Venusburg where the Movie and the Radio and such-like sirens lie in wait to seduce his originality. But he is strong and pure of heart. He resists. He escapes. He writes his first book. It may not be a great book, but the symptoms of greatness are unmistakable. Dumb Lizzie girds herself for the final assault. Armed with her money-bag

and her umbrella she advances upon him. Or perhaps, knowing what the young man thinks of her, she sends Mr. X. in her stead—another victim of hers so completely spellbound by her charms and so amiable and honest and well-intentioned that the genius is certain to be disarmed from the outset.

The encounter is quite brief. All that Mr. X. asks is that the genius shall remember the Middle West. In other words, he is free to write anything he likes so long as he puts it nicely and does not offend the susceptibilities of Baptist Ministers, Purity Campaigners, Anti-Vivisectionists, Anti-Tobacco Leaguers, Prohibitionists, Kleagles of the Ku-Klux-Klan, Roman Catholics, Jews, and the Lord's Day Alliance. Otherwise he is absolutely free to go ahead. In return Dumb Lizzie lays her heart and fortune at his feet. He does not often resist. For it is easy to compromise. The genius argues that after all he is only asked to utter a few sweet homely old truths and that afterwards, free of financial worry, he will be able to tell his own Truth. He deludes himself. For he never tells the Truth again. He sinks to the flat level of mediocrity, and the chances are that Dumb Lizzie, having got him where she wants him, takes no more notice of him. Sometimes he does resist. And in his furious determination to prove his independence he becomes obscene or unintelligible or both. But in one way or another genius is battered or flattered out of existence.

Now, Dumb Lizzie is not an American monopoly. There are Dumb Lizzies everywhere. But in no other country has she as yet been exalted to a National Institution. In no other country is she so venerated. And she is venerated because she is rich. And she is rich because there is still so much opportunity in America that mere half-wittedness is no obstacle to wealth and even power. Without money she could never have persuaded Mr. X. that she was a sweet and simple soul whom it was an honor to serve, and I should have frankly turned up my nose at her.

I do not, of course, suggest that poverty and intelligence are synonymous. But I do suggest that the percentage of morons with money is higher in America than elsewhere in the world and that their influence is, therefore, excessive and dangerous both to the creative genius of the country and to the stability and integrity of public opinion.

VI

I am not suggesting a remedy. I don't know of one. Indeed, I do not believe that the trend of civilization can be changed. It can only be hindered or hastened. What will be, will be. It is possible that genius and democracy are incompatible and that in the promised land of fulfilment we shall be all one happy family of Dumb Lizzies taking in one another's intellectual washing. If that is to be, nothing can be done about it. A League for the Suppression of Dumb Lizzies would be only one more form of organized foolishness. I resign myself. But I am sad about it and perhaps a little bitter. For I wrote that article with blood and tears. There were some things I said in it which will haunt me on my deathbed. I have spent the money I got for writing them. And, Heaven knows, if Dumb Lizzie raises the price of my commas, I may even write them again.

DOES BUSINESS WANT SCHOLARS?

BY WALTER S. GIFFORD

President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE other day a gentleman said to a New York friend of his who is a lawyer, "My son is going to graduate from the law school this year and is looking around for a place. Could I send him in to see you?"

The lawyer replied, "Certainly, I'd be glad to see him," but there was no great enthusiasm in his tone.

The father continued, "He is on the *Law Review*, and several offices have spoken to him; but if you will tell me who in your office sees . . ." He got no farther. "You send him right in to see me," answered the lawyer. "I'd like to talk to him."

The change had come over the lawyer when the father said, "He is on the *Law Review*." That means he is a high-mark man.

The big law firms seek the high-mark men from the law schools. The profession believes that the man who stands well in his law studies will make a better lawyer than one who does not.

The hospitals take the same attitude toward medical students. A man with low marks in the medical school is not likely to get an appointment in the best hospitals, for it is the experience of the medical profession that those who stand well in the professional school are more likely to stand well in their profession later on.

But business, on the other hand, does not as a rule select men on the basis of their marks in college. Perhaps for this reason the undergraduate who intends to go into business does not always consider his scholastic standing in relation to his business career. He is somewhat apt to think of his college course as an era in itself, without influence on his life after graduation. If he does connect his college course with a business future at all, he is likely to think that his athletic or social activities, his work on college papers or in dramatic clubs, or similar extra-curricular efforts, are better training for the future than his academic work. Some do the academic work merely in order that they may stay in college to do the other things. And in taking this attitude the boys reflect fairly accurately the opinion of many of their elders, under whom they are going to begin their working career.

I believe that this attitude of business toward the scholarship of college graduates differs from the attitude of the legal and medical professions toward scholarship in the graduate schools for one main reason: Business believes that a law school teaches a boy law but that a college does not teach a boy business. Consequently, a boy who stands high in the law school will possess knowledge more immediately useful than one who doesn't, while no matter how high a boy stands in college he will not have much, if any, knowledge immediately useful in business.

This, of course, flies counter to the theory of the educators. They maintain that the courses in college are so conducted that a boy who gets high marks will have had to use his brains and that the habit and ability to use his brains will make him valuable and successful in whatever he tries to do.

The legal and medical professions rather sustain this contention, for they say that it is not so much what the men of high standing know that makes them valuable when they leave the professional schools, but the fact that they have the habit of successful mental accomplishment. The academic folk believe that, while a knowledge of history or philosophy may not be immediately applicable to the shoe business, a boy who did good work in history and philosophy is more likely to do well in the shoe business than one who did poorly in those subjects.

The educators believe that the process of education is a continuous interrelated process beginning early in school and ending late in life. They have figures to prove that the boys who do well in school generally do well in college, and that those who do well in college generally rank high in the professional schools, and that those who rank high in the professional schools generally succeed in the professions—law, medicine, and teaching. In fact, a high-grade man in school has much the best chance of being a high-grade man in college, in professional school, in practice, and all through life.

A very high percentage of the membership of the Phi Beta Kappa Society are mentioned in *Who's Who*. This does not necessarily bear directly upon the relationship between scholarship and business, because *Who's Who* is not intended as a guide to business distinction, but it does indicate that the high-mark men who chose the activities favored by *Who's Who* gained more distinction in those activities than the low-mark men.

Phi Beta Kappa claims 40 per cent of the Justices of the Supreme Court between 1800 and 1922, and 40 per cent of the Secretaries of State. Considering the small numbers of the Society, that is an amazing showing.

In 1911, President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard published an article on "College Studies and Professional Training" which showed that men who ranked high in their college studies were apt to rank high in the law and medical schools and that, in spite of exceptions, those who ranked lower in college ranked on the average lower in the professional schools. This deduction might reasonably make business wonder whether in preparing for business it makes much difference what subjects are mainly pursued in college—if these subjects whatever they are, are pursued with sufficient success. A study of the statistics he presented must make any business man at least wonder whether, if high-rank men are so certain to do better in the professional schools and in the professions, it might not be that they are more likely to do better than the average in business.

In 1917 Dr. William Trufant Foster, then President of Reed College, published a book under the arresting title *Should Students Study?* In the chapter "Success in Studies and in Life" he presents material concerning graduates of West Point, of the Yale School of Forestry, of an engineering school, and of several colleges. In the case of each institution the high-scholarship men were mainly those who attained later eminence. Doctor Foster concludes, "Indeed it is likely that the first quarter in scholarship of any school or college class will give to the world as many distinguished men as the other three-quarters."

Last year Professor Hugh A. Smith of the University of Wisconsin published the results of a test based on eighteen hundred alumni of a large university. These men had received their bachelors' degrees over a period of 45 years, and all of them were at least 15 years out of college when the study was made. As it progressed, the committee compiling the information became more and more convinced of an almost invariable consistency between scholarship and success in life. To quote Professor Smith:

> A few representative figures will show the reason for these convictions. For the first two classes of 54 graduates, a number of persons were asked opinions concerning the career and success of the members, and 8 of these alumni were quite generally agreed on,

and one other was suggested by at least two correspondents, as the most worthy. The college marks showed that the 8 universally approved had the highest averages in the two classes, 6 being over 91 and 2 being 89. The other one, who won partial approval, had a mark of 85, which was no higher than that of 4 or 5 not suggested as eminent.

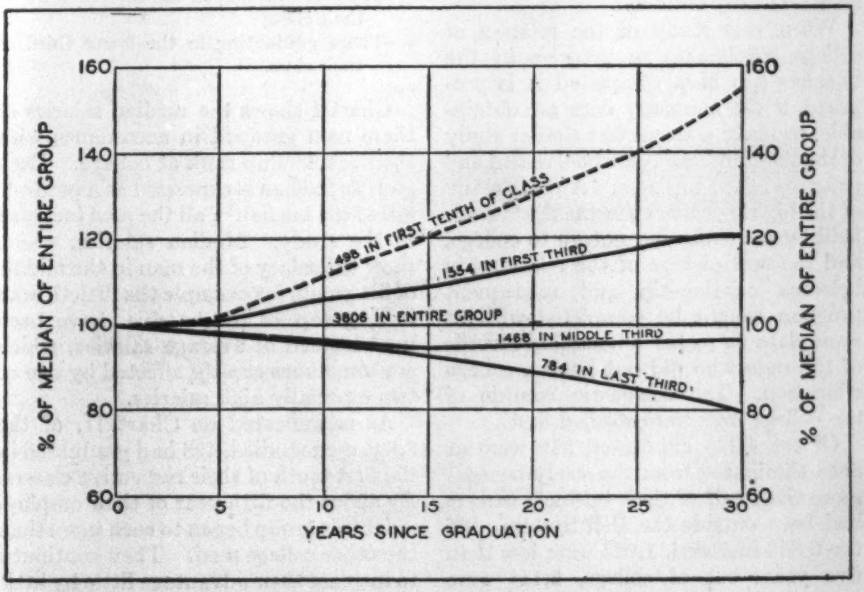
From a later class of 75 members, a final list was submitted to a number of people; 11 won general approval as to their eminence in life, and 5 others received 2 or more votes. Ten of the 11 were the first 10 in the class in grades, all averaging above 90.

These data indicate that in many fields college scholarship is a significant index of later success. But even they include relatively few cases of men in business.

II

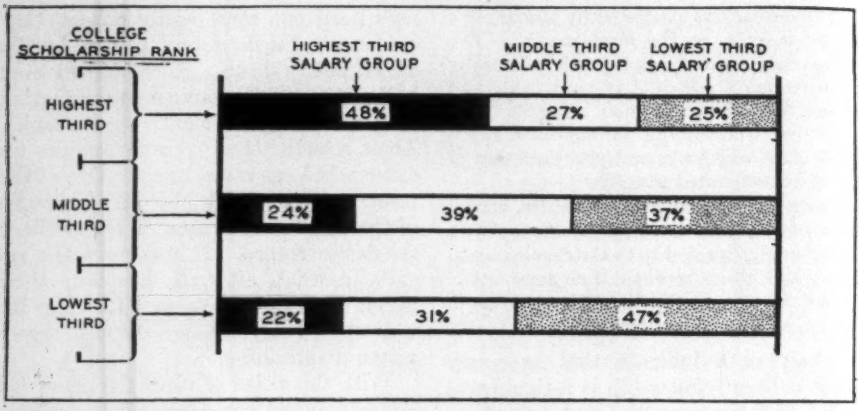
Clearly, to tell whether high scholarship has a direct relationship to success in business, more comprehensive and more rigorous evidence is needed. Business itself can most easily collect that evidence. Furthermore, it can hardly afford not to do so. Each year at least half of the 40,000 young men graduating from our colleges are entering its ranks. Their selection and training require an extremely large investment. One of the most readily available objective measures of their past achievement is their college scholastic record. It measures the results in what, after all, has been their major task for four years. Its value for indicating future achievement is surely worth determining.

With this point of view, the personnel department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, under the direction of Mr. E. K. Hall, for the past two years has been making such a study of the relation of college scholarship to success in the Bell System. A large part of the study, covering the record of 4,125 of the college graduates in the Bell System from 104 colleges is completed.



I—Median Salaries by College Scholarship Rank

The median salary of the entire group studied is shown by the horizontal 100% line. Thirty years after graduation, the median salary of the men in the first tenth of their college classes is 155%, that of the men in the lowest third of their classes is 79% of this median.



II—Distribution of College Graduates into Salary Groups

In general, men in the first third of their college classes are most likely to be found in the highest third of their group in salary, those in the middle third in scholarship to be in the middle third in salary, and those in the lowest third in scholarship to be in the lowest third in salary. The above chart is based on the record of 2,144 Bell System employees over five years out of college.

Additional records from a number of other colleges are expected, but there is no reason to believe that these additional cases will alter materially the general results already obtained.

When this study of the relation of college scholarship to progress in the business has been completed it is proposed, if the necessary data are obtainable, to make a somewhat similar study of the relation between school record and progress in the business. A great many of the higher positions in the System are held by men who did not go to college, and the real picture of the relationship between scholarship and subsequent progress cannot be completed without some data as to the scholarship records of the men who did not have a college education. The scholastic records of the college men were studied first.

Of the 4,125 graduates, 319 were at once eliminated from the study because more than half of their business careers had been outside the Bell System. Of the 3,806 included, 1,662 were less than five years out of college, 2,144 were from five to thirty years out. In obtaining these men's records we asked the colleges to classify them in four groups:

1—Those graduating in the first tenth of their class;
2—Those graduating in the first third but not the first tenth;
3—Those graduating in the middle third of their class;
4—Those graduating in the lower third of their class.

Chart I shows the median salaries of these men grouped in accordance with their scholarship rank at college. Each group's median is expressed as a percentage of the median of all the men included in the study. Median salaries, which show the salary of the man in the middle of his group, for example the fiftieth man in a group of ninety-nine, have been used instead of average salaries, which are sometimes greatly affected by one or two especially high salaries.

As is indicated on Chart II, of the 3,806 men studied, 498 had graduated in the first tenth of their respective classes. By about the fifth year of their employment this group began to earn more than the other college men. They continued to increase their advantage little by little until they were twenty-five years out of college. Then they began to go ahead still more rapidly. The line in the chart represents, of course, the median man in

the group. Many individuals did better and many poorer than this man, but the group as a whole averaged substantially higher earnings than the rest of the 3,800.

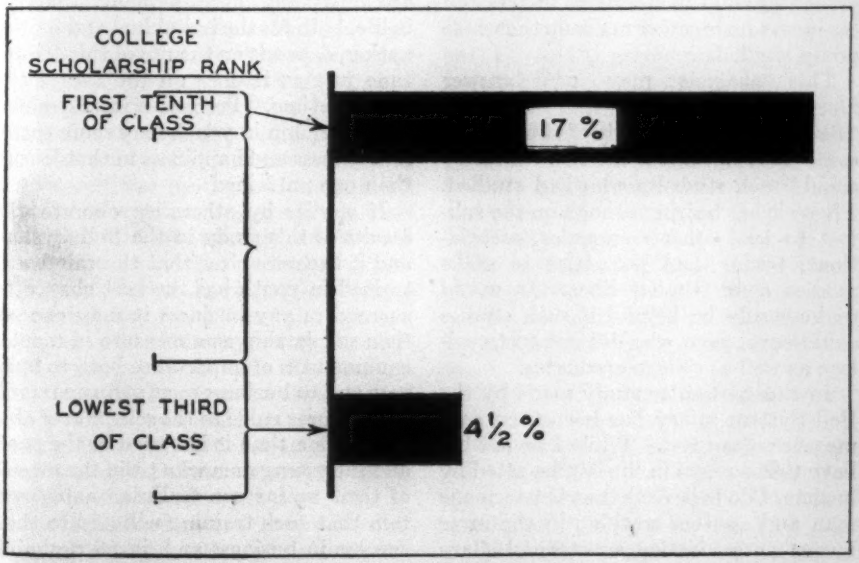
Next to the men who graduated in the first tenth of their classes come those who were in the first third of their classes, including the first tenth, 1,554 men. Their average earnings in the Bell System are also in relation to their scholarship in college. They are lower than the earnings of the men in the first tenth of their classes, but better than any other group.

Of the 3,806 men studied, 1,468 graduated in the middle third of their classes and the median man's earnings in this group by the time they are thirty years out of college is somewhat less than two-thirds that of the median man among those in the first tenth of their classes.

The 784 men who graduated in the lowest third of their classes have earned the least, and the curve of the earnings of the median man in this group has exactly the opposite trend to that of the median man in the upper tenth of their classes: the longer the best students are in business, the more rapidly their earnings rise. The longer the poorer students are in business, the slower their earnings rise.

It cannot be stated too emphatically that these lines on the charts represent the averages of the performances of the men in the different groups and that the records of individuals in each group vary very widely from the averages. It is clear, however, that in the Bell System, on the average, men who were good students have done better than those who were not. There are, of course, exceptions—men who were poor students who are succeeding well and men who were good students succeeding less well—but on the whole the evidence is very striking that there is a direct relation between high marks in college and salaries afterward in the Bell System.

In general the normal expectation is that any college graduate entering business has one chance in three of standing



III—Percentage of Scholarship Groups Now in Highest Tenth Salary Group

Men from the first tenth of their college classes have four times the chance of those from the lowest third to stand in the highest tenth salary group.

in salary among the highest third of all the college graduates in his company. From this study, as illustrated by the chart, it appears that the man in the first third in scholarship at college, five years or more after graduation, has not merely one chance in three, but about one in two of standing in the first third in salary. On the other hand, the man in the lowest third in scholarship has, instead of one chance in three, only about one in five of standing in the highest third in salary. There is also nearly one chance in two that he will stand in the lowest third in salary.

In the same way, as shown by Chart III, the man in the highest tenth in scholarship at college has not one chance in ten, but nearly two chances in ten of standing in the highest tenth in salary. The man in the lowest third in salary, on the other hand, has instead of one chance in ten, only one in twenty-two of standing in the first tenth in salary.

Strikingly enough, almost exactly the same results as those just given were obtained separately for the engineering graduates and the graduates in arts and business who together make up the whole group studied.

This analysis may not answer Doctor Foster's academic question, "Should Students Study?" but it has some bearing upon whether industry should seek students who had studied. I hope it has bearing enough on the subject to lead other companies, associations, trades, and industries to make studies along similar lines. It would undoubtedly be helpful if such studies could cover men who did not go to college as well as college graduates.

In this particular study made by the Bell System salary has been used as a measure of success. While I do not believe that success in life can be rated by income, I do believe that as between one man and another working in the same business organization, success and salary —while not the same thing—will, generally speaking, parallel each other.

In studying the relationship between success in scholarship and in business it is necessary, therefore, to study the results of good and poor scholars in the same line of work, or perhaps even within one company; for general comparisons of men under different conditions in different businesses will not produce very valuable results. For instance, if scholarship were an exact measure of business ability, it would not mean that a fine scholar who had entered the cotton mill business recently would have made as much money as if he had been in the automobile business. He might have been as great a success, however. He might achieve what he set out to do equally well. At certain times some businesses make more money than others and, as Mr. Julius Rosenwald has said, luck has a great deal to do with the making of money.

By organization, by the power to use nature which science has provided, industry has shortened the hours and eased the burden of making a living. Men work eight hours where they used to work twelve and fourteen. Vacations are longer and more frequent. Success in life, both for the individual and for the nation, depends on the use of this leisure time just as it does on the use of the business time. Perhaps a mind trained to scholarship in youth may more easily find success and happiness in that leisure than one untrained.

If studies by others corroborate the results of this study in the Bell System and it becomes clear that the mind well trained in youth has the best chance to succeed in any business it may choose, then scholarship as a measure of mental equipment is of importance both to business and to business men. Business will have a surer guide to the selection of able young men than it has used in the past, and the young men who train the muscle of their brains can feel reasonably certain that such training will add to their success in business and, in all probability, to the fruitful and happy use of the leisure which success in business will give them.

YOUNG ORCHARD

A STORY

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

AS LEXIE crossed the road toward home, the huge round ball of the sun touched lightly the earth on the western horizon, and the huge round ball of the moon touched the earth as lightly on the horizon to the east. They hung, balanced, like two great golden weights on a scale, and the road running straight through the little prairie town was the beam on which they hung. The slight young figure of the child so slowly crossing the road seemed to hold the exact center of that beam. For when she stepped from the road and went through the gate and into the yard the sun sank, its rim penetrating the earth not more than an inch, and the moon lifted an inch free of it.

But Lexie saw neither the sun nor the moon. Gravely, head bowed, she walked, oblivious of how she crossed the path of that splendid spectacle of her familiar world. For she was lost in another world, a world existing only between the covers of the book she carried so guardedly, half hidden in the light folds of her dress.

She went more slowly still up the steps of the porch and paused a moment before she softly opened the screeen door and went in. Hearing a step in the dining room beyond, she slipped her book under the three Cszerny Exercise Books on the piano.

"Is that you, Lexie?"

She went on into the dining room.

Mother was setting the table for supper, going back and forth to the kitchen with dishes in her hands.

"What were you doing all afternoon?" she asked.

"Mrs. Eustace was reading aloud to me."

"That's nice," said mother, "I was afraid you might be bothering her." Her voice came back from the kitchen. "Was it something interesting?"

"It was a book about England," Lexie said.

"It seems a pity," mother said, "to light a lamp or stay inside on a lovely evening like this."

She and father were talking about going for a walk. They might walk over and sit on the porch with the Cullens for a while.

Lexie wondered what excuse she could make. They would expect her to go, of course. Mother went into the bedroom to get her scarf and now she came out and stood with father by the door.

"Ready, Lexie?"

She waited a minute as if she hadn't quite heard. Father and mother stood in the doorway as if they were too languid to move, to go anywhere after all.

"Well, shall we go?" said father, still without moving.

And Lexie said quietly, casually, as if she were in the habit of making decisions for herself, "I think I'd rather stay here."

"Alone?" said mother.

"I'll practice a while," said Lexie, and moved toward the piano in the twilit room. Ordinarily mother would

have said, "Nonsense, dear, come along"; but to-night, this first perfect evening of spring, cool and tranquil after the windy day, it was far too lovely to be stern about anything.

"If you don't really *want* to go . . ." said mother, "but you can't see to practice, and it does seem a pity to light a lamp on such a night."

"It's light enough for scales," said Lexie, feeling that mother would be satisfied if only no one lighted a lamp. And she did seem satisfied, for she said nothing more.

Father opened the screen door and held it for mother to pass.

"We won't be late," said mother as they went down the steps of the porch. They seemed to drift slowly down the path in the still evening light.

It was the first time that Lexie had ever stayed alone in the house after dark. It came over her as the screen door fell to with its soft familiar tap. She wondered if father and mother had thought of it. But of course they wouldn't. They had long ago forgotten about first times for anything. That was what it meant to be grown up. Yet—father seemed almost to think of it, for halfway down the path he turned and called back to her:

"Better come, Lex!"

She shook her head no, and waved her hand to him.

And they seemed to go on a little reluctantly, as if they were disturbed, held back, delayed, by the fact that they were leaving her alone.

At the gate they paused, as if just passing through, between the two posts —for there was really no gate—as if it were too much effort after all. And father turned, as she knew he was going to, and went slowly across the narrow strip of lawn to his trees. He took out his knife as he went, the knife with the little pruning blade. Mother waited for him at the gate, leaning there quietly, not saying anything.

Father was taller than the trees. His figure, moving among the rows of young saplings, was solid and dark. He was bending, running his hand tenderly along the satiny surface of the bark. With his knife he snipped at something invisible. Lexie knew the gesture by heart. Father loved those trees. He had planted them himself. Seedlings, they were. He seemed particularly to cherish them because of that. Now they were three years old. They might bear a little next year. "Next year we may have a few peaches," he would say. There might even be a stray one this year. It was too early yet to tell. The leaves were just beginning to come out, a delicate green tracery at the top, like lace in the air.

He bent down again and, with the same quick clean upward motion he always used, snipped off another twig. And again he ran his hand across the place where he had cut, seeing that it was smooth.

He came back then, still walking slowly, to mother at the gate, and they went through together and along the path that followed the fence to the left.

Lexie watched them until they passed out of sight, lost in the dusk as if they had dissolved in it.

The stillness of the house seemed suddenly to press upon her from behind, to encroach, to be trying to force her outward through the door, and down the steps, to hurry after father and mother before they had gone too far to hear her call. Holding off the fear that wanted to take possession of her, she latched the screen door on the inside and turning, slipped like a shadow through the dining room and into the kitchen, where, on tiptoe, she lifted the white-globed reading lamp down from its shelf and, fumbling hurriedly for a match, she struck a light and held it to the wick. The light was as still as the dark. Stiller. She did not want to have to think of being afraid. There was something else she wanted to think about. That was why she had stayed.

She carried the lamp into the dining room and set it on the table with its white tablecloth. Then, going quickly

to the sitting room, she brought out from the place on the piano where she had hidden it before supper—the book—the book that had kept her at home. The "book about England." . . .

Well, so it was—about England. There was the Manor, and Lord and Lady Harrington, who were always going up to London, and the Vicar, and lovely sad Alicia Melancon, whose mother was dead in a Devonshire grave . . . and Roger, Sir Roger Dare, who made her feel, whenever he came into the book, exactly the way she felt when she met her own Doctor Bannister coming down the street. No wonder Alicia Melancon loved him! He was so like Doctor Bannister, except that Sir Roger was fair with gray eyes, and Doctor Bannister's eyes were brown and his hair was thick and waving and dark. But then, her own eyes were gray, and Alicia Melancon's eyes were dark. "Like deep pools at midnight, in which twin stars were drowned." . . .

She had never known there were such books in the world. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Eustace she might never have known. She hadn't had time to think of that wonderful afternoon. There had been supper, and helping mother with the dishes afterward, and she had hardly said a word—or thought. Somehow she hadn't wanted to think of it while father and mother were there. She wanted to wait until she was alone.

It had been an afternoon of first times. The first time she had visited Mrs. Eustace, the bride who had just moved into the Bennett house across the street. And Mrs. Eustace had been the first grown-up married woman who had ever treated Lexie as if their ages made no difference. She hadn't seemed to think of her as a little girl. She hadn't asked mother to let her come; she had asked her directly, herself, "Come over, won't you, this afternoon?" As if they were to be friends.

"After all," mother had said to father at supper time, "she's nearer Lexie's age than ours—but very mature, of course, for her age. And I suppose it is lonely for her in a little town like this after living all her life in a big place like Ft. Worth."

Lexie was so surprised that she didn't ask how old Mrs. Eustace was. She had always thought that all grown up or all married people were nearer mother's age than hers. It made her suddenly feel very much older than before. If she was twelve, how old could Mrs. Eustace be? She *looked* grown up. Perhaps it wouldn't be so long then for her. Perhaps she was nearly grown up now. Or maybe you grew up suddenly faster the last few years. It all seemed to be part of that wonderful afternoon. . . . She stepped back into it now as she had stepped through the door and into the intimate vine-shaded quiet of the new neighbor's house a few hours earlier.

Mrs. Eustace lying on the bed, in the green silk dressing gown that made her hair and eyes so black and her mouth so red. Mrs. Eustace looking up, smiling across the top of the book she was reading, and calling out in her friendly lazy voice, "Oh, it's you! Come in." (*Never sit on the bed after it's made up. Bedrooms are to sleep in; you must keep them tidy during the day.*)

Mrs. Eustace, crying in astonishment, "What! You've never read a *novel?* I couldn't *live* without novels in a place like this!"

Mrs. Eustace, tossing two pillows down to the foot of the bed, moving over, making a place.

"Come along, curl up there. I'll tell you the story so far, then read aloud."

Facing each other, Mrs. Eustace at the head of the bed, she at the foot. The fascinating perfume of the green silk dressing gown, so that she had to mention it. "You've perfume on."

"Fleur d'Amour. I love it, don't you?" (*It isn't really nice to use perfume. There's nothing so attractive as the odor of perfect cleanliness.*)

Mrs. Eustace reading in her warm Southern voice. The story she read was perfumed with Fleur d'Amour. It was

the fragrance of the Manor gardens on that early morning in June when Alicia Melancon, walking there before the household was astir, saw coming toward her along the path, Sir Roger Dare. That fateful meeting, in which they spoke no word, but only looked into each other's eyes as if she were the first woman, and he the first man, the other had ever beheld in the world. It was their memory of that fragrance when, on that same afternoon, Lady Harrington's careless haughty voice between them said, "Ah, Roger, this is the children's new governess. My brother, Sir Roger Dare—Miss Melancon."

Poor Alicia Melancon, orphaned now and penniless, who was destined to love above her station, and powerless against that love. . . .

No one had ever read as Mrs. Eustace read. It didn't seem to embarrass her at all to read about people being in love. Her voice seemed to grow deeper and richer, and the words came more slowly, so that you had time to hear them every one, and think about them separately. The beautiful way she said the word itself—"love," so that you could tell it was spelled with an "o" and not with a "u" as most people made it sound. She made it a beautiful word.

When was it that Sir Roger first began to seem like Doctor Bannister? Was it on that night when Alicia Melancon watched through the lighted windows Sir Roger dancing with that cold fair beauty rumor said would one day be his bride? (The cruel pangs of jealousy! The sobbing of the violins!). . . . Once last winter there had been dancing after an entertainment at Masonic Hall. She had pleaded to stay, but mother had been firm. It was her bedtime; she must go. The music had begun, couples were moving out, and Doctor Bannister was bending down to speak to Miss Julia Dean. (The cruel pangs of jealousy! The sobbing of the violins!) But when they were going out the door there was Doctor Bannister with his hat and coat. "Not staying?" father asked. He shook his head (he was so grave and dark and beautiful), and looking down at her he smiled and said, "I'm waiting for Lexie to grow up and dance with me." Walking home, mother said to father, "Doctor Bannister doesn't seem to be much interested in girls." "Wait until he finds the right one," father said. . . .

Or was it on the day Lord Harrington's great wolfhound attacked Alicia Melancon, and Sir Roger flung himself upon the beast, and afterward lifted Alicia so tenderly in his arms, and carried her into the house. . . . It was like the day she had fallen and run the nail into her knee, and Doctor Bannister had carried her into the drug store and bandaged her knee so tenderly and then had driven her home and carried her in to her bed. . . .

She wanted to exclaim how much Sir Roger and Doctor Bannister were alike. But she couldn't, because it somehow didn't seem to fit. Sir Roger was so fair and Doctor Bannister so dark. It wasn't the way they looked that made them seem alike; it was something else, something she couldn't describe. No one had ever seemed at all like Doctor Bannister before. Alicia Melancon would have understood. If only she could have talked to her.

Ever since that day the wolfhound had attacked her Alicia Melancon had known Sir Roger loved her too. She had seen it in the passionate tenderness of his eyes. . . . She *must* speak of Doctor Bannister.

Without planning it she coughed. She had no cold, but she coughed, a terrible fit of coughing that interrupted the reading, and Mrs. Eustace said, "You'll have to do something for that cough."

"Yes," she said, "I'll have to get something from Doctor Bannister."

"Is he good?" Mrs. Eustace asked.

"Oh, yes, he's our doctor."

And that was all she could think of to say. But she had mentioned him. She had spoken his name. Mrs. Eustace had opened the book again.

"Is Doctor Bannister married?"

"Married? No, oh no!"

"Well," said Mrs. Eustace, shifting the pillows behind her head, "I don't know where the girls' eyes are. He's the handsomest man in town."

She could have thrown her arms around Mrs. Eustace's neck. Mrs. Eustace wanted to talk about him too! Her heart was beating loudly, but all she found to say was, "He doesn't seem to be much interested in girls."

"I saw him talking to a beauty the other day. She might have been his sister, they were both so beautiful. I wondered who she was. Tall and dark, black hair, black eyes, white skin, and dressed in white."

Lexie knew at once. She *was* almost as beautiful as Doctor Bannister.

"That was Judge Bidwell's niece, Miss Mary, Miss Mary Teel. She came from the East last fall. He's Judge Bidwell's doctor too; I expect she was asking him something about the Judge."

"Why haven't I seen her before?"

"She hardly ever goes anywhere. Her uncle doesn't like her to, they say."

"Afraid somebody will carry her off, I suppose. You can't blame him much, she's such a lovely thing. Let's see, where were we? Oh yes, here we are—'That night Alicia Melancon . . .'"

Mrs. Eustace was reading again. How had Miss Mary got into the conversation? She had only meant to talk about Doctor Bannister. Miss Mary had nothing to do with it.

The warm melodious voice flowed on. They were lost again in the story of Sir Roger Dare and Alicia Melancon. There were hurried stolen meetings now, for they had secretly declared their love. Sir Roger had come to her through the scented dark, leaving the brilliant throng within, and found her there in the summer-house, and taken her into his arms and said "I love you"—and she had yielded herself to the ecstasy of his embrace. . . .

Mother's voice was calling from across the street, "Lexie! Supper! *Lex-ee!*"

Supper time! Mrs. Eustace sat up to look over the foot of the bed at the clock.

"Dear me, I'd no idea it was so late!"

"I'll have to go," said Lexie, and slipped off the bed to her feet.

Mrs. Eustace was holding out the book. "Take it along," she said, "and finish it."

"Don't you want it? You'll want to finish it yourself."

Mrs. Eustace tossed the book across to her. "Oh, my dear, I've read it a dozen times!"

The lamp made a circle of strong white light on the white tablecloth. Lexie, on a straight-backed chair drawn up to the table, sat under the light and read. The fair young head, bent so intently over the book on the table before her, was haloed in light.

The windows were blue-black oblongs against the night. Dark shadows loomed from the sitting room beyond. Through the open door the kitchen stood silent and changed and dark. But Lexie no longer glanced fearfully at the windows to see if someone might be there, face pressed against the pane, looking in at her; no longer stared fixedly into the shadows of the sitting room, or turned her eyes uneasily toward the kitchen door. For a long time she had not stirred. She was still as the stillness of the night outside, as still as the house. She no longer existed of herself. Body and mind flowed into the book, and with them the vague troubling essence of held-off fear that pervaded and heightened the sorrows and ecstasies of that tale of secret love, as earlier that day the odor of Fleur d'Amour had pervaded and fused with it.

It gave, that permeating essence of fear, a menacing undertone, a sense of danger impending, of clouds on the horizon of happiness. And so in truth there were. There had been the week when Lord and Lady Harrington had gone up to London, leaving the two small daughters in the care of Alicia Melancon. And Sir Roger had stayed on at the

Manor, pleading a wish for solitude. That week of halcyon days and nights when even the moon forbore to rise until the house was safely asleep, then rode above the tree tops, a golden lamp to light the lovers' tryst. A week that was like a dream of Paradise to Alicia Melancon. A Paradise fraught with danger. The prying eyes of servants. The nearly discovered rendez-vous. The rude awakening of Lady Harrington's return. And after that the unexpected visit of Sir Roger's father, the aged sardonic aristocrat, with his ultimatum to his son. Sir Roger was the last of the Dares. He must carry on the illustrious line. He must make a suitable marriage and stand for Parliament within the year —or prepare to go out to India.

The heartbroken hurried meeting when Sir Roger told Alicia Melancon. The Manor filled with guests again, and among them the cold fair beauty of the family's choice—and never a moment for the lovers alone. Day after day Alicia Melancon grew more pale and wan. Night after night she lay wide eyed and awake, and dawn creeping in at her window found her pillow wet with tears. . . . The chapter ended, and the page was turned.

"Chapter XII

Summer was over, and autumn had come. Come suddenly one September morning, without hint or warning of its approach. Alicia Melancon watched the first leaf fall and trembled as if a stone had fallen upon her heart. Where would the winter find her—Where? A fortnight had passed since Sir Roger had said farewell, and left her with her secret unrevealed.

For now Alicia Melancon knew the price she must pay for love. She was to have a child. A love child. . . . She would be ostracized, cast out, alone, no friend, no home—Oh bitter, bitter world! Yet she had done no wrong. She had committed no sin. She had only loved. And surely love was not a sin in the sight of God. Guilty only of loving—"

The book lay on the table. Lexie, still and white and shaken, stood before her chair.

She loved Doctor Bannister!

She had risen as if someone had called her name. Gravely, as some young neophyte might stand to receive upon her brow the sign of some high mystical destiny, she stood in the ring of light. Toward this moment all the hours of her life, all the events of the day, seemed now to flow, to meet, converge. The silence bloomed about her like a luminous bud about to strangely flower.

Turning, slowly, all her movements trancelike, as if fearing to disturb that luminous silence, she put out her hand and lifted up the book, closing it, shutting in the words "Love child," the words "Guilty of loving," the words "She was to have a child," and turning down the lamp, passed into the darkened sitting room beyond, slipped the book again between the broad flat music on the piano top and, pursuing her hushed retarded flight, caught up as she passed a shawl of white ice-wool from the arm of a chair where it lay, a milky cloud on the darkness, as if placed there for the occasion, waiting for her hand. She caught it up with the gesture of a woman—she who had always to be reminded heretofore that night airs were cool, rushing joyously out even on winter nights at the call of her playfellows from the road, pursued by mother's admonition not to forget her coat—now, without premeditation, as if she but followed a ritual, swept up the shawl with the casual unconscious grace of a woman, a sad and lovely woman who steals from the stifling enclosure of houses to walk with secrets under the moon.

The screen door fell soundlessly to behind her. She went slowly down the three steps of the porch and, drawing the shawl about her, wrapping in safely the words "Guilty of loving," the words "Love child," she crossed the narrow grassy space that lay in the deep shadow of the house. But yesterday a strip of sparse reluctant grass, to-night a sweep of velvet lawn. (How tall, how slenderly tall she seemed to be!)

The miraculous night received her.

To the left, above the young orchard, rode the amazing moon. It flooded the air with silver light. The earth lay drowned, enchanted, silver and black. Soft black masses that by day were the familiar bulk of neighbors' houses, barns, with their few surrounding trees, now seemed shifted slightly from their places, as if they had floated gently from their moorings, paused, and drifted quietly to rest and sleep. No voice, no sound, to mar the perfect stillness of the hour.

Lexie stood in the full moonlight. The silver rays shone whitely on her pale young face, uplifted now in ecstasy. Her hands, outspread upon her breast, pressed close the filmy meshes of her shawl. Why had she not known that Life would come to her like this! Not thoughts, but words welled upward from her heart.

"Oh, pitying moon!" Her lips scarce moved against the words. "Oh, bitter, bitter world!"

Her eyes, half closed, held back the sudden surging ache of tears. But she was brave—"Ah, brave, ah, lonely breaking heart!" And no tears came.

Still with face uplifted to the moon, she moved slowly forward across the grass.

She had entered the young orchard now. And here, with stately dreaming steps she paced between the rows of young fruit trees, slender upright trees, their spreading lacy tops scarce taller than herself. (On how many moonlit nights had forlorn and lovely heroines paced thus down stately avenues of trees in ancient lordly parks!)

But yesterday a child, a child who feared the dark and solitude; to-night a woman with a woman's heritage of courage and of woe. Alone, cast out, no friends, no home . . . "Ah, my love, my love!" she murmured soundlessly. Far across the town He slept, unknowing —unsuspecting—he would never know. It was her secret, hers. Hers the sin, and hers the price to pay. She would go away—and after many years, perhaps . . . Hot tears burned against her trembling lids. Courageously she forced them back—"Too proud, too sad for tears."

Upborne upon an ecstasy of grief, an exaltation of despair—grief that resembled grief, despair resembling despair only as moonlight resembles the light of the sun, more strange, more sad, more beautiful—she passed, repassed, and passed again, a white-robed tragic wraith, between the rows of motionless young trees. And so evenly were they planted that always the little avenues rayed out from her, up, down, across, and diagonally, as if she were the center of a verdant wheel.

Below the orchard was a gate; a foot path, lost in drifted shadow now, ran from it across the open space to the schoolhouse looming dark in the middle of its square. How often she had skipped, a carefree child, along that path to school! Would she ever skip along that path again, a singing carefree child? . . . How far away, how long ago it seemed. "Happy, happy childhood days!" she softly cried, in an agony of regret, and stretched white imploring hands to the compassionate moon.

It stood so still in the heavens that it seemed to have suddenly stopped, becalmed, and to be looking down on her in benediction, in answer to her supplicating hands. As she looked, a little cloud crept over the edge of the moon, and the moon slipped free of it, escaped. It seemed to speed a moment before the cloud, exultantly, to encounter a second, more black, more angry than the first. This too it sped before, to ride again serene and clear in the open sky.

Then Lexie saw what she had not seen before. A bank of clouds had risen to the south. The sky was dark above the schoolhouse, and a running stillness was in the air.

On it came a murmur of voices, startlingly near and close. Lexie started, like a sleeper wakened rudely from a dream.

Father and mother were coming back!

Hurrying home before the storm. *They must not see her here!*

Panic-stricken, she turned and ran. Breathlessly she fled through the orchard, through the trees, there toward the lower gate, and the deep safe shadow of the schoolhouse square beyond. Stumbling full into a tree, she felt the branches give and break as she caught and freed herself, plunged through, and on. She reached the gate, passed through, and sped silently along the path, lost in darkness now. But her feet knew every turn of it, and she went blindly on.

So precipitate had been her flight that she hardly saw until she was upon them the two tall figures, one light, the other dark, that loomed before her in the path. She was upon them before she could stop herself.

There was a muffled cry, a silence, and a firm warm hand was laid on Lexie's shoulder, turning her about.

"Why, it's only little Lexie!" said Doctor Bannister in a voice of surprised relief.

Doctor Bannister — and leaning against his shoulder, all in white, with his arm about her waist, was Miss Mary Teel. She was standing very still and startled, and did not say a word.

"It's all right, dear," said Doctor Bannister speaking very low in his thrilling tender voice. "Lexie knows us both. Why, you're trembling, child!" His arm went round her shoulders. He bent and drew her to him. She felt his beautiful dark eyes; smelled the faintly bitter smell of medicine his brown suit always had.

Quickly Miss Mary Teel had bent down too. "Oh, we've frightened her!" she said, and lightly, tenderly touched her hair.

"I guess I—frightened *you*," said Lexie, not knowing what she said, and hardly recognizing her own voice. She hadn't known she was going to say anything at all, and certainly she hadn't meant to make a joke. But Doctor Bannister and Miss Mary were laughing together, very soft and low and guardedly, as if they were a little embarrassed, and glad she had said it too.

"I should think you did," said Doctor Bannister, "we thought you were a ghost. What are you doing out here all alone so late at night?"

"I was only—playing," something said for her, and because she could not stop her trembling, although her heart seemed not to be beating at all, she freed herself from their gentle hands and stepped backward along the path.

"I must go," she said.

She heard them whisper together, hurriedly.

"Lexie," said Doctor Bannister.

"Yes," she said, and stopped.

"Suppose," he said, "suppose we have this for a secret, just the three of us, you and Miss Mary and I, our meeting here to-night. Shall we? What do you say?"

Lexie slowly nodded, but they could not see her in the dark.

"Wouldn't you like to have a secret, just we three?"

Again she nodded, and this time faintly answered, "Yes."

"And we won't tell anybody about it, will we, any of us?"

"No."

"Good, then, it's a secret."

She was moving slowly backward away from them.

"Good-night, Lexie!"

"Good-night," she answered.

"Good-night!" softly called Miss Mary Teel.

"Good-night." Already she had turned, and was walking quietly along the path.

As she reached the gate a low rumble of thunder rolled along the sky, and the moon was blotted out. She was suddenly very small, and very much afraid. But she did not halt nor run, only walked more quickly straight ahead, as if she could see quite plainly now that it was really dark.

A single raindrop fell on her forehead with a soft sound like a kiss, and the rim

of the sky lifted a moment from the earth in a long wavering shudder of light. She saw the house before her and, like a homing bird in sudden terror of the coming storm, she fled along the dark and up the cinder walk that ran to the kitchen door.

With wildly beating heart she fumbled for the knob, found it, clung to it to steady herself a moment—she must think of what she was going to say, of some excuse for being out of doors—but a second roll of thunder, louder than the first, found her standing inside the kitchen with her back against the door.

No one spoke. No one called out to her. A soft light shone from the dining room. Hardly breathing, she tiptoed in. On the table stood the lamp, turned low as she had left it. . . . They had not come home! It had not been their voices she had heard—but *theirs*.

Then she heard them coming, this time unmistakably. First father's voice, then mother's answering. Anxious, hurrying. They were nearly at the gate.

With a single noiseless bound Lexie was through the kitchen door. A narrow back hall led from the kitchen to the bedrooms. She stole swiftly through and into her own room, closing the door behind her carefully. Holding her breath, she quickly slipped off her shoes, groped her way through the dark to the closet; miraculously laying her hands on her nightgown where it hung on its accustomed hook and, almost falling over a chair, she found the bed. Dragging back the covers, she crept quickly in between the sheets, with her nightgown in her hand. Sitting upright, with the covers drawn up about her shoulders, she began hastily, with fumbling shaking hands, to undress herself.

She could hear them now moving about in the other rooms, could hear them talking, shutting windows, locking doors. Heard father call a question, and mother laugh from the dining room. Then father had gone into the kitchen, and she plainly heard him say, "Oh, she's sound asleep by now." She knew what he was doing. He was winding the kitchen clock.

"Better see," said mother. She had come into the kitchen too.

Lexie had just dropped her clothes to the floor, and was pulling her nightgown over her head. With a quick jerk it was on, and she was lying flat in the bed, eyes closed, and the covers clutched to her neck. Father was coming along the little hall, now he had stopped outside the door. She remembered to breathe deeply as if she were asleep. The door opened gently and closed again.

"Sound," she heard him say.

Then mother came into the little hall, and she heard them go into their own bedroom, and shut the door.

A soft flash of lightning lit the window vaguely for an instant and passed on. A hush had fallen upon the house.

Reaching down beneath the covers, Lexie slipped her stockings off, and pushed them over the edge of the bed. She lay there very still and quiet, not moving any more, as if the hush had also fallen in her heart. She could hardly feel it beating at all. Then a great sob that seemed to have been gathering within her for a long, long time rose up heavily against her throat, and another followed it. Hot tears suddenly flooded her eyes, and a quiver went through her from head to toe.

With a loud crackle of lightning that lit up the room like daylight and a roar of thunder that shook the house, the storm broke overhead. The rain came down in torrents, beating heavily on the roof, drenching the window panes. But Lexie hardly heard it for the storm that had broken in her own small body, the torrent of her own tears. The room was alternately light and dark as the lightning split the sky and the thunderbolts launched themselves furiously downward at the earth. The rain lashed and swept about the little house. In her tossed warm bed Lexie buried her face in the pillow and sobbed, the terrible heartbroken sobs of a child abandoned to tears and grief. She held her breath

in the lulls, and when the thunder roared again she sobbed and cried aloud, and the kind storm covered it. The sound of her weeping was lost in the noise and fury without.

When at last the deep wild springs of her heart were spent, and the desperate sobs had subsided one by one in long-drawn shuddering sighs, and while the storm still raged without, she lay on her tear-drenched pillow and slept, the drowned lashes clinging to her moist hot cheeks.

Long afterward, when the last pale lightning flash had illumined the horizon, the last roll of thunder retreated along the borders of the sky, and the rain had ceased, peace descended upon the night, a peace as deep and profound as the sleep of an exhausted child.

"Up, dear, or you'll miss your breakfast!"

Mother's voice. . . . She opened her eyes. The room was full of sunshine, the window was open, and mother in her fresh blue chambray dress was standing by the bed smiling down at her.

"Sleepy head," said she, "I thought I'd never wake you. Look at this lovely day!"

"Pull!" said Lexie, suddenly wide awake, and holding up both hands.

Mother took her hands and pulled, and Lexie pulled against her, struggling to keep her head from lifting from the pillow, trying to pull mother down. But mother pulled her up, as she always did.

"I let you," Lexie said.

"Oh, of course," said mother, laughing, and kissed her lightly on the cheek before she let her go.

Lexie slid out of bed and stood up stretching, stretching, until she fell backward on the bed again.

"I've put out fresh things for you," said mother, who had gone over to the closet and was hanging up some clothes. "There they are on the chair. Which dress would you like, your striped one or your pink?"

"Pink," said Lexie, yawning, "we'll be blue and pink."

Mother took the pink dress from the closet and tossed it over the chair. "Come along or you'll be late for breakfast," and she hurried out of the room.

"I smell it!" Lexie shouted after her, and sprang up quickly to wash and dress.

The smell of bacon and coffee came through the open door. She was ravenously hungry. Oh, how good it smelled! The sun was shining so gloriously and the air was so fresh and sweet that she felt that something wonderful must be going to happen to her to-day. The way she felt when there was to be a party, or when something was going to happen that she knew about.

Oh, but she was hungry! How empty her stomach felt! How good that bacon smelled! She wished she could have coffee, it smelled so good too.

She was dressed in no time, and out through the little hall to the kitchen. All the doors of the house were open to the sun. Mother was standing in the yard, doing nothing, just standing there.

Lexie skipped out to her. Mother held out her arm and Lexie skipped into it.

"See, we're blue and pink!"

Mother looked as gay and happy as the day. "Come, we'll go and bring father in," she said. They strolled along together, arm in arm, across the yard.

There was father in the orchard, puttering with his trees, as usual. He looked up and saw them coming. When they were near he said, "That storm must have been pretty bad last night. It's broken some branches off this tree."

He was binding a broken branch back to the slender trunk with broad strips of tape. You could see by the gentle way he held it, the careful way he wound the tape, how he loved his trees.

"Well," he said, finishing and standing up, "you'll never know it was even bruised in a month from now. Young trees break easily, but they heal easily too. That's why I like young trees."

AMERICA IN THE YEAR 2500

A POLITICAL FORECAST

ANONYMOUS

This article, contributed by a distinguished historian, is the second in a series of three anonymous papers forecasting the future of America.—*The Editors.*

DURING the opening years of the fifth century the poet, Rutilius Claudius Namatianus, paid tribute to the glory of Rome. In flowing lines he expressed confidence that the star of the Empire was not yet at its zenith, that the ancient gods would be restored to supremacy over the God of the Jews, that still more nations would be brought under the sway of the Eternal Capital, and that on no account need his fellow-citizens fear the spinning Fates. Yet when he wrote these words of faith Spain and Gaul had been ravaged by the barbarians, the City of Romulus and Remus had been sacked by the Goths, the feet of Alaric had profaned the palace of the Cæsars, and at that very hour the divine monarchy was on the brink of dissolution. It must have been with sardonic humor that the Latin aristocrats who survived the flood and bent the knee to new sovereigns in after years read the glowing periods of the patriot poet and pondered on strange delusions.

Has any prophet engaged in reading the auspices of the United States reason to believe that he can do better than Rutilius, that his chart of destiny will prove less amusing to the antiquarians of the distant ages to come? He has at his disposal, of course, a stock of information so vast as to make the store of the Roman poet seem like a child's library in comparison. He knows more about the Canadians, Mexicans, Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans than Rutilius could have known of the Germans beyond the Rhine and the Danube if he had read every Latin book on the subject written between the days of Tacitus and his own time. The American prognosticator can have at his elbow more data on the trend of economic forces, industry, taxation, foreign trade, and international finance than the greatest library of all Rome could have furnished. Surrounded by scoffers on all sides, by the Menckens, the Kents, and the Villards, prodded weekly by *The Nation*, and daily by the Baltimore *Sun*, the American expert in hieromancy is not likely to be as complacent as the singer of dying Rome—this, in spite of the orations on the perpetuity of our immaculate institutions, annually ground out by boys and girls in quest of the prizes offered by Mr. Adolph Ochs, honoring the race of Washington, Hamilton, and Marshall. Yet as an intellectual exercise, an experiment in prophecy is worth making.

II

Let us take our stand at the year 2500 A.D. In domestic affairs the economic tendencies so marked at the opening of the twentieth century have continued unabated. Nineteen-twen-

tieths of the people are concentrated in urban centers of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants and are engaged in manufacturing and selling. The estimated value of the capital employed in machine industry is more than fifty times that devoted to agriculture. Notwithstanding the diffusion of property through the distribution of stock ownership, the direction of production is effectually concentrated in the hands of the Technical Board of the National Economy Bank, which supplanted the Federal Reserve system near the close of the twentieth century. All attempts of petty merchants and manufacturers to prevent this centripetal motion have proved futile, and the inability of mere idle stockholders to manage business enterprises has been amply demonstrated by a thousand experiments.

This concentration is the result of many complex operations continued through the centuries—operations in which government has played an increasing role. The profit-making instinct of the great bankers, stimulated by the rising demand of industrialists for credits, has carried forward the work of unification begun in the nineteenth century. But that has been a minor factor in the process.

The pressure of expanding industries for new markets, deliberately fostered, according to imperial German precedents, by Secretary Hoover and his successors, has led to the enactment of a long series of special laws favoring the formation of gigantic corporations for foreign trade. Though the genial members of Congress who voted for these measures have insisted in many a wordy speech that such combinations must not stifle domestic competition, it has been found difficult in practice to compel industries united for export purposes to cut one another's throats for the benefit of American consumers. To maintain close-knit unity for trade abroad and anarchy for domestic advantage was beyond the power of Congressmen, to say nothing of village statesmen.

Running parallel with this centralization for export business have been unifying tendencies intrinsic to machine industry. The practical abandonment of railways, with their absurd conflicts over terminals and their illogical rate structures based on profits rather than economy, has relieved business of a huge incubus. Airplanes now handle the long-distance traffic, and internal combustion engines operating along great cement highways and carefully planned branches take care of ordinary transport. Thus technical changes have destroyed the lawyers' creed respecting common carriers, which discriminated against large enterprises in favor of petty concerns. As the government owns the cement arteries and encourages direct truck deliveries to the doors of consumers, the corner-grocery system of economy has been practically abandoned. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act is as dead as Thomas Jefferson.

More subtle, but quite as effective in consolidating industry, has been the influence of that modern instrument of the mind called *Rationalisierung* by the Germans—technical and psychological adaptation to productive ends. Though of earlier origin, this process did not receive elaborate government protection and encouragement until the twentieth century when the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Commerce began to lay great emphasis on it. The innumerable battles of business men over "fair practices" waged before the Commission drove them all in the direction of standard practices and prices. And when practices and prices became fairly uniform, control became possible and the insistence of the public on cut-throat competition diminished.

Other uniformities were created by the engineering rationalization so vigorously started by Secretary Hoover during his long service in the Commerce Department. The demonstrated econo-

mies of standard practices and materials worked havoc among the manufacturers of special products, labelled and sold by high-power advertising agents. Inevitably, this drove the economic machine in the direction of concentration.

Fostered by the government and making use of the government, penetrating politics at every point, consolidated business became so closely united with consolidated government that not even an artist could find a fissure anywhere.

In enumerating the tendencies that produced this concentration, we must not overlook the uses of war. The repeated armed conflicts that have devastated the world have helped to give a death blow to the competitive capitalism of the twentieth century, with an amazing effect on political democracy. Each of these conflicts has been accompanied by a dictatorship, a unification of productive forces, the absolute socialization of industry and human power for combat purposes—women at last finding equality with the lords of creation in the gas galleries of offense and defense—fronts having disappeared before technology. Indeed, cumulative studies of war administration have been made with great assiduity by engineers and soldiers, employing as a basis the immense survey of the World War of 1914–18 published in the interest of universal concord by the Carnegie Peace Society. By one of the perverse strokes of fate a huge pacific document served as the foundation for a new science of economy, uniting Mars and Mammon more firmly than ever.

After each world conflict it became increasingly difficult to return to normalcy and the new freedom, especially on account of confiscations and devaluations. At last the national defense organization won such a measure of permanent control that it could not be broken down in periods of serenity by restless business men of the smaller caliber. In fact quite a number of them have fled the country to Russia where, owing to the primitive nature of the social economy, they have been able to wring favorable contracts from the bewildered and technically incompetent directors of the reorganized Twenty-third International. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act is as dead as Tut-ankhamen. "We are unable to grasp the reasoning that supported the anti-trust movement during the late years of the nineteenth century," writes Dr. Slydell Thompkins in his authoritative work on the history of delusions, "or to understand the intelligence that permitted the anarchy of trade unions, with their strikes, extortions, and palaver about 'rights.'"

It should be added also that the consolidation of business has been facilitated by the transfer of the political and economic capital from the seaboard to the Mississippi Valley, owing to the repeated dislocations of national administration by air raids, gas blankets, and atomic bombardments in war periods. Besides contributing to the political unity of the country, this transfer removed many of the ancient grievances against Wall Street which troubled men of affairs in ancient times.

The higher management of the consolidated system of business and government is really in the hands of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the Federal Department of Economy. The latter organization, set up after the abolition of the conflicting Departments of Commerce and Labor many generations ago, has now brought all branches of manufacture and trade—each tightly knit into a working union—into harmonious relations and keeps the whole organism running on a fairly constant level, assisted by the forecasting bureau of the Federal Government and by national agencies for dumping surplus goods on less powerful countries. Indeed, an unofficial super-committee composed of three members representing respectively the Chamber of Commerce, the Department of Economy, and the National Economy Bank, aided by the general staff of research and invention,

maintains the productive output on a curve that is constantly rising. According to the records of the Patent Office, the inventions and discoveries of the past twenty-five years, that is, 2475–2500, have exceeded those of the previous six centuries, and the capacity of the technicians to meet the requirements of national economy is for practical purposes without limits.

Naturally, the members of the political Congress, which continues to meet as in the days of George Washington and Calvin Coolidge, appear to resent the complete triumph of the economic machine; but since they are well fed by it and possess no scientific knowledge for dealing competently with it, they usually content themselves with verbal battles in their respective chambers. There are, it is true, occasional political storms, but they are generally exploded easily by propaganda, information, and laughter.

Fortunately also for the smooth working of the system of national economy, the antagonism between capital and labor which cursed the early decades of the industrial age and was long accepted as a necessary part of capitalism has practically disappeared. The various crafts are still organized, but they seldom make any trouble over hours and wages. The heavy investments of the trade unionists in industrial stocks and war bonds, the ease with which prostrate agriculture is exploited by both parties, the rise of the Irish into the higher ranges of the ruling orders, and the effective development of state constabularies have made industrial conflicts as obsolete as submarines, combat planes, battleships, and other crude instruments of war. The practical abandonment of the steam engine and rail transportation, the universal use of the Wilkins molecular combustion engine, the disappearance of coal mining, and the decay of the heavy metal trades have reduced in number the gentry of great biceps who once made trouble for the bourgeois. The horny-handed son of toil wears a white collar and wears it cheerfully.

In no small measure, the successful working of the system of national economy and the placid calm that reigns are due to the complete subjugation of agriculture by capitalism and the practical substitution of Negro, Mexican, and Oriental laborers for the once-vaunted, but very troublesome, "independent white farmers." By the twenty-third century, A.D., the drift to the cities and the pressure of organized capitalism had completed the ruin of the old farming population. Since then only a few Utopians ever think of referring to the matter. The hundred thousand Japanese in the United States at the opening of the twentieth century have expanded, after the fashion of the early New England Puritans, into a population of more than ten millions. While among Negroes the birth rate has declined somewhat, the colored population has steadily increased and now forms the dominant tenant and laboring class on the land south of the Potomac and the Ohio. Supplementing these two races are the Mexican Indians who have fled in ever multiplying numbers across the Rio Grande seeking peace, prosperity, and happiness under the despised Yankee flag. All the way from Texas to Michigan they are to be found as laborers and tenants.

With the advance of these races, docile and industrious, the attempts of the white farmers to organize broke down entirely. This movement, coupled with the inefficiency of the small freehold system and the pressure of necessity during the various world wars, has eventuated in the transfer of the best agricultural land to limited dividend corporations, organized in cities with a view to feeding the industrial population. In other words, agriculture has now become established on a purely capitalistic basis with Oriental, Negro, and Mexican labor as the operating force—with islands of poor white farmers interspersed here and there.

Although there are occasional agrarian outbreaks, when the city politicians squeeze the tenants and laborers too hard, the terrifying populism that once kept Eastern bankers on pins and needles has practically disappeared. Sporadic riots, hardly to be avoided in the most benevolent orders, are quickly suppressed by state constabularies, divisions of the national army, and urban lodges of lynchers. Moreover, during each of the several world wars the military high command has taken care to decimate the ranks of radical laborers and tenants by drafting them into the army—a procedure defended by our most distinguished moralists and economists on the ground that, since war is technical in nature, the urban dwellers are needed in the factories rather than in combat. Under any name a hothouse rose possesses the same odor.

III

Owing to the deep changes affected in the industrial system during the past two or three hundred years, the logicians and most of the professors in private colleges have insisted that corresponding alterations should be made in the political system, in the Constitution of the United States, and the structure of the Federal Government. But such suggestions have been repelled with vigor by men of affairs. Though very realistic in the economic sphere, they are very sentimental in political matters. They do not, of course, allow their emotions to override their interests, but, finding it possible to attain their ends under the inherited set of legal conventions, they are inclined to speak of the Constitution as divine in origin. Indeed, an attempt was made during the terrible distress of a prolonged world war to deify President Patrick Flaherty O'Donahue, but the sudden termination of the conflict in a glorious victory disconcerted the backers of this scheme and led to a loud explosion of laughter—in spite of the vigorous efforts of the police.

Finding the Constitution quite flexible in their hands, men of affairs are content to let well enough alone. So the venerable instrument framed in 1787 has not been amended since the close of the twentieth century when, during a world war, a large proportion of the male farmers between eighteen and fifty-five were in the gas galleries. On that occasion the managers of the Republican party put through an amendment providing that a unanimous vote of the federal Supreme Court should be necessary to uphold any act of Congress or of a state legislature challenged by any interest adversely affected.

Hence the legal structure erected centuries ago stands unimpaired. The President, the electoral college, the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the House of Representatives have survived the persiflage of the purists, and American political orators still speak of the government and citizens of the United States in the same eloquent strain in which the heirs of Cicero declaimed on the Senate and People of Rome five centuries after the deification of Augustus and the complete disappearance of the ancient republic. A few humorists occasionally refer in veiled language to the evident discrepancy between ceremony and practice, but they find little favor among the masses well disciplined by vitaphones furnished free of charge by the government to all householders, clubs, schools, colleges, churches, factories, and offices. The laborers on the latifundia pay little attention to disputes over law, and the urban masses, content with the best of all possible civilizations, look with amusement on the efforts of the radicals to change things at Washington.

To a large extent, the maintenance of the verbal rigidity of the Constitution is due to its practical flexibility in the hands of political parties and the judiciary. The consolidation of the economic organism and the increasing complexity of the government have made it difficult for untutored dock

laborers, paving rammers, and pick wielders to wend their way upward into the higher realm of party direction. A certain degree of education is now necessary even for ward bosses, who are constantly consulted by their constituents on perplexing questions of municipal economy. The higher the party leader in the scale of management, the greater the technical capacity required. The creation of new regional, *ad hoc*, and interstate bodies for economic purposes has multiplied the demand upon political intelligence.

Coupled with these changes has been a revolution in party management and propaganda. Dr. John Hooker's invention of the Telomnium two centuries ago simply put an end to the old-fashioned political campaign. By making it possible to broadcast speeches, throw them upon screens and billboards, and roll them through printing presses from one end of the country to another all in a single automatic operation, Hooker's contrivance has put the small orator off the hustings and given the spell-binding monopoly to "the big wigs," that is, to gentlemen more amenable to orthodox economic reasoning.

Better educated and more sophisticated, the political leaders, as far as they have any autonomy at all, are able to make necessary changes in the Constitution by ingenious verbal constructions, leaving the letter undisturbed. If in the beginning was the word, it promises also to be at the end.

Such adjustments among party statesmen have been made easier by the decline of popular interest in voting. This phenomenon, already discernible at the opening of the twentieth century, has continued to vex the reformers more or less for five hundred years, but attempts to cope with it have been vain.

For a time the Republicans were visibly alarmed by it, on the assumption that it was the golf players, travelers, and sportsmen who abstained from the polls. A careful study of the facts in the case, however, revealed that it was the back-country farmers and urban industrial workers who neglected their political duties. Then a falling off of interest was visible among the Republicans. And for some strange reason the Democrats failed to take up the campaign to bring out the vote.

As a result, it is now quite common for three-fourths of the qualified voters to stay at home on election days. In other words, government is in the hands of about one-fourth of the eligible electorate. When the office-holding class, with its dependents and delinquents, is counted out, it will be seen that the proportion of disinterested citizens who serve in the governing process is exceedingly small. Hence the political leaders, in managing the Federal Government, are not often disturbed, even when they make inroads upon historic constitutional principles that are not well covered by devices of interpretation.

The flexibility of the Constitution is further assured by the steady development of judicial sophistication. The psychological studies embodied in formal opinions by Mr. Justice Holmes centuries ago started new currents of thinking in the Supreme Court, pushing into the limbo the stiff logic of professional lawyers, and enriching constitutional jurisprudence with resilient and polychrome verbiage. Hence with the sanction of abundant precedents, almost any kind of law or policy, within the bounds of decency, of course, can be declared constitutional or unconstitutional according to circumstances.

Regarded as less sacred, the forms of state and municipal government have undergone marked transformations in the interest of economy and efficiency. The city manager plan which became a vogue during the early years of the twentieth century has captured the whole area of local government. State legislatures have been abolished, and all city councils have disappeared. Each state is now administered by a small board of three or five men nomi-

nally elected by popular vote, with a state manager at the head. And each city of any magnitude has a similar scheme of government. In theory, state and local governments retain a certain degree of autonomy, but in fact the development of a national economy and the increased power of the central machine have made orations on "sovereign states" seem ridiculous. Moreover, the forty thousand decisions rendered by the Supreme Court under the due process clause since 1868 have in effect reduced the state legislatures and city councils to the regulation of such matters as the size of windshields and the disposal of local wastes. With the growth of the city and regional planning which have made American urban areas the wonder and admiration of the whole world, state and municipal undertakings are more and more committed to special bodies created under federal authority through grants in aid and supplied with experts from the federal staff of research and invention. In fact, it may almost be said that state and local governments are technical agencies of the National Department of Economy.

IV

Perhaps the most significant changes in the national system since the period of President Washington and his more immediate followers, such as Andrew Jackson and William McKinley, have occurred in the sphere of military defense. The repeated world conflicts have naturally given increasing importance to the army and navy. In each branch, there has grown up a large professional group which has become a powerful vested interest. In times of war the National Defense Board, operating under the President as Commander-in-Chief, has practically taken over the entire civil government and national economic organization. In times of peace, during preparations for war, the Board has insisted on making its own budget after the fashion of the Japanese war and navy departments and has now successfully achieved its goal—independence from Congress. In theory, nothing has changed, of course, but the technical character of warfare has simply escaped the politicians' control. Even the efforts of bankers to keep the peace have more than once been defeated by the secret insistence of the army and navy on the need of exercise.

The grip of the professional warriors on the management of things has been strengthened by the development of the system of training begun in the twentieth century. In spite of heroic efforts, schemes of the radicals for forcing the adoption of universal military service with a view to getting some popular ideas into the army have been defeated. The Defense Board has steadily maintained in time of peace a volunteer army, self-selected from men of the fighting spirit and entirely insulated from the tumults of the populace—the best-equipped, the best-fed, and the happiest army in the world. The absorption of the universities and colleges into the War Department, completed by the close of the twentieth century, and the subjection of instruction in history, economics, and political science to the control of military men have assured a steady and abundant supply of well-trained and intelligent officers for the skeleton regiments. Again and again, the regular army and the state constabularies have demonstrated their ability to handle social disturbances. Indeed, the quiet pressure put on collegiate instruction has materially reduced the chances of such disturbances by restraining the discussion of novel ideas—a kind of smart game which professors once played with zest and college presidents endorsed as a proper function of the higher learning. All that now belongs to ancient history.

The good fortune of the army and navy has been due in no small measure to the state of foreign affairs and the imperial policy adopted by the Board of Defense. Repeatedly decimated by gen-

eral wars, the nations of Europe have never been able to make a combination of dangerous proportions. At any rate, each time the balance of power has been violently shaken during the past three centuries the government of the United States has been able to restore it, occasionally by war, often by economic pressure. Moreover, the communard revolution of the twenty-fourth century, brought about by the sheer agonized desperation of war-embittered masses in Europe, has materially and spiritually reduced the capacity of the European nations for the manly arts of military combat. This, coupled with the economic strength of America, has enabled our country to weather all the violent storms of the past centuries with complacency and profit.

As a matter of cold fact, no prophecy of the twentieth century has been more completely falsified by events than the prediction that the countries of Europe, exasperated by American economic power and policy, would unite against the American peril. The very idea was a mere journalistic phantasy. The notion that anything could weld Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, Italians, and Slavs proved to be a delusion of the first order. The everlasting agitation of the minority questions, the age-long jealousies, the passion of the masses for heroics, the struggle of industrialists for markets, and the endless substitution of new grievances for old have kept Europe occupied with its own troubles and left America secure in her continental possessions.

If much of our happiness is to be attributed to the plight of Europe, not a little is to be set down to the credit of the Federal Board for Imperial Strategy, even though this is to be ascribed to hard knocks rather than intelligence or foresight. The loss of the Philippine Islands in the Second Asiatic War and the recovery of those dependencies in the Third Asiatic War, at a cost of two hundred billions in treasure and the lives of three million soldiers, caused some searching of hearts among the ruling orders, especially as domestic protests against the loss of American lives in those forays grew to menacing proportions. Out of the agitations over the issue came a decision on the part of the higher powers in favor of granting independence to the Filipinos. Even the navy at last supported the proposition. Inasmuch as the Declaration of 1776 was still worshipped as a national document when the vote in favor of Philippine independence was taken in Congress, it was possible to offer to the world a grand moral justification for the action—a justification readily accepted as authentic by the London *Times* but greeted on the Continent as mere sugar to coat a bitter pill. Amid touching ceremonies the charter of liberty was delivered in Manila.

Relieved of this costly burden, the Board of Imperial Strategy concentrated on Mexico and regions to the south. At first it was somewhat handicapped by American tradition and Latin resistance. A few Boston Nordics of good social standing insisted on digging up a long list of quotations from distinguished American Presidents to the effect that the United States would never seek another foot of territory by conquest and drenched the country with propaganda of that sort. In vain did Professor Dinkelspiel, of Chicago University, attempt to offset the agitation by showing that, while we would not deliberately conquer any other country, we would not shrink from moral obligations thrust upon us by act of God in war time. It was reported on good authority that the Chief of Staff laughed in the President's face when confronted by the Professor's document. Dignity was restored, however, by a memorial from the Dean of the Harvard Business School, agreeing with the Boston Nordics but adding that, considering the extensive investments of our financiers in Latin America, the United States had an ethical mission to protect the

Indians and half-castes in Mexico and South America against exploitation by the Iberic minority, not indeed by conquests and annexations but by well-timed interpositions in their interest.

By a process of moral advance the whole of Latin America was added to the empire of the United States in the form of economic mandates. For three hundred years order has been kept in that region. The population of Mexico alone, thanks to the excellent work of American sanitary engineers, has increased more than one hundred million and supplies an ever larger stream for the latifundia of the United States. There are, it is true, occasional protests against this course in public policy. The chatter about the rising tide of color continues, with ebbing force. The unhorsed Spaniards and Portuguese, still contemptuous of Yankee culture, sputter and proclaim in the name of liberty; but their Indian subjects, now fed regularly for the first time in their long history, really prefer the benevolent mastery of a race that "delivers the goods," to use the language of the ambassador from Bogota. Controlling the regions to the south all the way to the Straits of Magellan and joined by Canada at the close of the Third Asiatic War which burst open the British Empire, the United States of America in the year of our Lord 2500 awaits the future in calm confidence.

NOT TOO RETICENT NOW!

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

THERE are things in her I've never found before.
The things were there—it took me long to find them.
There were moods I longed to sing out more and more,
But I left them where my reticence could mind them.
Few are the clouds I feel when I am near her—
The darkest things in me are growing clearer;
But somehow though I say I've found them now,
How shall I breathe them, bare them, swear them—how?

It's taken ten long years for me to find
I never loved the earth until she came.
It's taken eight full years for my slow mind
To learn my birth began with her new name.
But damned if I'll need many minutes more
To shout what I have always felt before!

WOMEN AND THE MARRIAGE MARKET

A VOICE FROM THE GRANDSTAND

BY HENRY C. BEERS

BROWSING in the voluminous literature that has grown up in the path of the feminist movement, one is struck with the very special, almost professional, quality that pervades it. In addition to the controversial character of the subject, this literature seems written mostly by people with some kind of axe to grind, some social theory to promote or personal end to gain. Thus, we get biological and anthropological views, Freudian and behaviorist views, views of women who are in some sort bearing the burden and heat of the day, and hence are moved to erect philosophical defense-mechanisms for women in business, women in industry, women in the home, women here or there. We get a fine uncompromising traditional masculinity from writers like Mr. Ludovici and Mr. John Macy, and their point of view is reflected with admiration by Mme. Gina Lombroso. Special phases of the subject are worked out in pseudo-fictional form, both in books and drama, by writers whose minds appear to need a little chloride of lime dusted on them every now and then—a type, by the way, which seems to have completely preempted these fields of literary endeavor and to be exploiting them in a fashion which commands more wonder than admiration.

Amid so much professional discourse I have been waiting to hear a voice from the grandstand, but so far, in vain; and now, looking over my own qualifications, it has occurred to me that I myself might venture to speak for the unlearned. I have no science of any kind. I never read a line of Freud, and know not what behaviorism is. I have no social theory to press, I am not an employer or an industrial shareholder, and I could not earn a penny by writing mephitic fiction if my life depended on it. Born void of conventional moralities, I have never been able to take to heart the divorce-statistics, the undermining of the home, the vulgarities of the mismated, or to get up steam over the supposititious depravity of my juniors, over the grubby little curiosities attributed to Lily May and John Henry, or over the means they are reputed to employ either to assuage or exacerbate them. If those concerned can stand it, I can. There are certain sanctions of taste and manners by which I measure such matters for my own guidance, but this is a single-standard affair and purely personal, and I have not the faintest desire to foist those sanctions upon other people or even to recommend them as likely to work well for anybody but myself.

So while the industrious, the public-spirited, and the righteous could no doubt find a better representative—I hope so, at least, though what they say on this subject, when they speak for themselves, is not encouraging—I think I might venture to put myself forward as a spokesman for the unlearned and the disinterested. I am heartened to this modest proposal by recalling the remark of Goethe, that a very little common sense is worth a great deal of philosophy; and indeed, common sense is notably, almost peculiarly, a property of the

unlearned and the disinterested. One feels acutely the force of Goethe's remark, when confronted with contemporary theses based upon putative sex-differentiations, or with proposals to mold the relations of men and women by various quasi-mechanical devices, such as tinkering with divorce-laws, for instance, or such as were lately suggested by Judge Lindsey and Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams. Common sense has no proposals to make and no devices to suggest; but it can, I think, throw a good deal of light on the fundamentals of the matter which the learned are making such a fuss about, and thus perhaps exert a calming influence by showing that the matter is worth hardly any fuss at all.

II

First of these fundamentals is the fact that female companionship is the one thing, next to food, that men will have at any price. Women get on most handily without men; men can hardly turn a wheel without women. Women may like men, may want them, but do not need them. Men may dislike women, may not want them, but do need them. There are some exceptions on both sides, but very few, and I should say from my own observation, about equally divided. I have seen some half-dozen men in my life who seemed independent of women's companionship, and about as many women who could not get along indefinitely and very comfortably without men. John Adams, in his vigorous common-sense way, built his whole political philosophy on the generalization that "the first want of man is his dinner, and the second want, his girl." This is a truth of as wide application, probably, as any outside the realm of mathematics. I quite believe that if it were not for women we should soon have not even a semblance of anything which we now call civilized living. How this came to be so is a matter for the researches and speculations of the learned; the business of the unlearned is with the fact alone.

But in applying this truth, observation discounts the universal assumption that this interest in female companionship is always primarily biological. Often it is, but quite as often—I personally believe far oftener—it is not. The general run of the learned, and the whole crop of fictioneers, seem to assume that man is led to woman primarily by a raw animal interest, and that what accrues from it collaterally, if anything, is lagniappe. I believe that if Mr. Sherwood Anderson, say, or Mr. James Branch Cabell, really examined the matter, he might be surprised to find how often it is the other way around. It stands to reason for, after all, the means of satisfying a purely biological interest in womankind is of extremely easy access. Even when this interest degenerates into a kind of collector's mania, as in the classical instance of Captain Macheath in the "Beggar's Opera"—

> I sipped each flower,
> I changed every hour,

—almost any moderately personable male individual can roll up quite a catalogue of achievement in the course of fifteen or twenty years of steady application. But those whose actual demands on womankind are primarily of this order are not found as often as our literature, both popular and scientific, would indicate.

The second fundamental fact to be remarked is that man, requiring female companionship more than anything in the world except food, and having to deal for it with beings who do not nearly so much require his companionship—who can, in fact, get on quite well without it—must deal for it on such terms as he can get. This throws woman at once into the role of a *merchant*, which is precisely what she now primarily is in her relations with men, both by birth of a long heredity, and by exactly the same order of social training that has made such marvellous merchants of the Quakers, Jews, and Armenians. She has certain goods, certain lines of trade,

any of which is susceptible of high specialization, and she can make her own terms for them in whatever market may be open to her.

The moment this is understood a number of rather obscure matters become clear. The proverbially formal attitude of women toward one another where men are concerned—to put it as gently as possible—the very special character of their criticisms and judgments on one another are the outcome of a primary and strictly competitive commercial relationship. The parallel with Potash and Perlmutter's attitude toward Klinger and Klein, and their criticisms and judgments on the ethics of Sammet Bros., is quite exact. Again, the old question of woman's natural disposition to please men and subordinate her will to theirs becomes commonplace when one translates it into commercial terms as the disposition of a capable merchant to attract and keep customers. It is noteworthy that the higher the rise in general competition, as in countries like England, where there are more women than men, the more that disposition becomes manifest.

Other qualities that are put down by common consent as characteristic of the sex, their possessiveness, their inflexible obstinacy tempered only with guile, their inability to take any but a personal estimate of anything, their unhandiness with abstractions, their skill at compromise, are all characteristic of the born and bred trader. Even "woman's intuition," of which so much is made in poetry and drama, does not come out particularly in real life except in matters which bear directly or indirectly on her trade. It is a secondary intuition, bred of special experience, and exactly corresponds to that developed by similarly special experience in the Jew and the Armenian. What is known under the grandiose name of "sex antagonism," upon which so many top-lofty structures of speculation have been built, is of an obviously commercial character. Certain matters of etiquette and deportment, certain reticences, dissimulations, affectations, and the like, are but so many modes of merchandising, by no means peculiar to women, but peculiar to merchants with goods to sell. Sit down to dicker with an Arab merchant in Constantinople for a shirt-tail full of glass beads, and in half an hour you will see them all. Not the most experienced lady in the land can give a more beautiful and effective exhibit of coquetry than my dear and good Armenian friend M. will improvise for you any day in a casual retail transaction involving twenty-five dollars. I have seen him do it not once but many times.

Even the baser characteristics usually ascribed to women, such as those canvassed by Mrs. Bromley in last November's HARPER'S become understandable in this view; and not only so, but when they are fairly considered their baseness largely evaporates. At least, if women are culpable on these scores, they are no more so than our most honored merchants who employ a like procedure. These characteristics prove nothing about woman's affectional nature. Arguments about the affectional life of women in relation to men become for the most part absurd when you parallel them with arguments about the affectional life of merchants in relation to customers. A merchant is often personally fond of a customer, but in that case the customer stands before him in two distinct categories. With respect to the one, the sky may be the limit; while with respect to the other, the iron law of *caveat emptor* may be relentlessly pressed. This is a common phenomenon of business. Once when E. H. Harriman left C. P. Huntington's office, Huntington closed the door behind him, and said with a chuckle, "He's a nice little man. One of these days I'll have his railroad." My Armenian friend M., to whom I just now referred, and my Jewish friend E. are as good friends as one could have; they would do anything in the wide world for me on the score of friendship. But in a commercial transaction either one

of them would take my skin off, salt it, and hang it on the fence. In point of ethics, one must think twice before passing judgment on this, for in their view it would not be an unfriendly act. They would sincerely resent—and rightly, from their point of view—any such implication. Their action would be neither friendly nor unfriendly; it would lie entirely outside the purview of friendship. If I chose to stack up against their little game, it would be for me to take the consequences of a collision of skill, as one does with one's best friends at bridge or draw-poker. When, therefore, the behavior of women in analogous circumstances comes under review, it must be steadily borne in mind that men at large do not appear before women primarily as potential objects of affection. They appear before them primarily as potential customers.

III

The standard terms laid down for the enjoyment of woman's companionship have regularly been, and still usually are, marriage. This arrangement is comparable to an exclusive long-time contract for regular deliveries. In her first fundamental need woman is like man; she needs bread, and she contracts to get it in perpetuity by regularly exchanging some commodity that man, in obedience to his second fundamental need, finds desirable. This is the gist of the agreement; its subordinate terms usually are modified to the advantage of one or the other party according to the "higgling of the market," whereby either merchant or customer proves himself the more astute. But the basic understanding on the customer's part is one of exclusive contractual title to whatever it is that he bargains for. It has been remarked that man is much more conservative than woman with reference to marriage. This is bound to be true, because he is dealing contractually—and can only so deal—with a person who has a natural monopoly, limited, indeed, but for immediate purposes quite effective, of what he most needs. In similar circumstances throughout the whole realm of commerce the customer's attitude corresponds precisely to his; and any fanciful differentiation in his case on the ground of sex is nonsense.

The standard terms, then, are what they always are in business, namely: what the traffic will bear. There is no disparagement in this observation, for it is sound Manchester doctrine. There are many individual exceptions in actual practice, as there are everywhere in the realm of business; for while every woman appears before man in the basic role of a merchant, not every woman is a good merchant. Women make their undervaluations, failures, bankruptcies like other traders. Jan Steen got a ridiculous price for what is regarded by many as his masterpiece; so did Milton; so, I read the other day, did the German novelist Feuchtwanger—and he a Jew, at that! But these exceptions do not invalidate the general rule of business practice, and no more do those exceptional cases of women who either mismanage their holdings or do not know their value. Men, too, have sought to strengthen the customer's position by political means, by exactly the same order of discriminatory counterbalance which governments have put in play against other disturbing economic factors—against the Chinese on the Coast, against the Jews in Roumania, Poland, Russia, against the Quakers in England, Virginia, the Bay Colony, and so on. This has worked hardship, but on the whole women have contrived to do well under it; the best proof being that their natural monopoly always gave them the means of breaking up this counterbalance whenever they chose, yet they have not used it, but instead have elected to accept the disability until they could get rid of it by less summary methods, meanwhile making what collateral gains they could by indirection. But even under this handicap their economic

security was usually assured, which was the main thing. In one way or another, too, they have generally got a great deal besides.

In the United States, however, owing to a variety of circumstances, the customer's position—originally none too well stabilized—has gone rapidly from bad to worse until at the moment it has hardly any recognized rights at all. Women have learned the art of organization; they have gained a sense of their collective power as an economic factor in society, not only because so many of them have become economically independent, or because so many avenues of economic opportunity have been opened to them, but also—and the force of this is seldom noticed—because so large a volume of economic patronage and administration has been left in their hands. Women do about all the reading and play-going that is done in America; at least they are responsible for most of the play-going, since men mostly "go along" under their influence. They keep up most of our music, they maintain most of our painting and sculpture, they are the mainstay of our churches, our educational, cultural, and social institutions, they are the arbiters of taste and style for both sexes and in all particulars. Consequently production in these lines is regulated exclusively, one may say, by their wishes and preferences. There is not a department of spiritual activity in America that is not substantially effeminized. It may be all the better for that, or all the worse—that is for the learned to decide; it is a matter, as Aristotle says, "for the determination of the judicious." The unlearned is content merely to remark the fact and to take note of its obvious consequences, one of which is that indirectly women have gained complete control of numerous and powerful economic forces and are exercising it very vigorously. He remarks again, moreover, a curious parallel in this respect between the status of woman and the status of the other great merchant race in America, the Jews. Take out the women, and there would be precious little spiritual activity left in our country, even such as it is. Take out the Jews, and the residue would disappear well-nigh bodily.

Thus there has been brought about an enormous enhancement of woman's natural monopoly, and an enormous broadening of its scope; and the inevitable effect of this has been to raise prices. It extends woman's bargaining power over many more competitive points of stock-in-trade than heretofore. Formerly all women were equipped by nature to satisfy more or less well a demand for sex companionship, as they still are; most of them were equipped by training to satisfy a demand for a housekeeper or "helpmate," and many still are, and even those who are not can make a pretty good fist at it with a little practice, if they are so minded, by aid of modern mechanical devices and methods. Some, formerly—quite a few—had one or another kind of accomplishment, rather limited as a rule, or a still more limited intellectual interest. But in all those lines of trade there was heavy and brisk competition; customers had a large margin for shopping round, according to the old and true proverb that there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught. The only thing that offset this—and it did offset it effectively—was a tacit trust, or trade-agreement, to keep up prices. William, in search, say, of sexual companionship, could shop round from Elizabeth to Mary, and from Mary to Adeline, all equally well equipped and equally ready to talk business, but when it came to signing on the dotted line, he could get no better than standard terms from any of them, according to the formula "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." James, in search of a domestic paragon, and George, who was looking for someone with a sweet disposition who could play the piano, were in the same case. They were up against the trust, and they had to take trust prices or none. If any of

the sisterhood blacklegged on the price-fixing agreement, and was caught at it or even seriously suspected of it, she never got a second chance.

IV

It takes very little imagination to show that the recent modifications of all this—modifications just now so much complained of—are by no means irregular, but are, on the contrary, so much in order that they should surprise no one. They follow straight out of the great shift in actual economic control. Being quite in order, indeed quite inevitable, one hardly sees what can be done about them, or what parsnips are buttered by mere reiterated complaint. There is a curious fatuity, and an equally curious inconsistency and incompetence, evident in those who denounce "our modern laxity," and propose to shore it up with an artificial backbone of legalistic and institutional devices. The inconsistency is apparent when one sees that every one of these modifications easily passes muster by the ordinary ethics of trade, against which, in any other connection, the plaintiffs never have anything to say. In point of fatuity these plaintiffs remind one of those pacifists who are taken in by the window-dressing of politicians to the point of actually believing that economic tendencies can be withstood by scraps of paper. Their incompetence comes into view when one considers the very limited purview of their objection; at bottom it hardly ever reaches beyond easy divorce and irregular sex-relations; for under these may be grouped every count relating to the "sanctity of marriage" and the "inviolability of the home." All this merely raises the previous question whether human beings are made for institutions, or institutions for human beings. Was the home made by folks for folks, or were folks made for the home? Plenty of people there no doubt are in the United States to defend the latter thesis, to judge by the volume of rabid institutionalist nonsense poured out on us ever and anon; and, therefore, it is no bad thing to have their divagations occasionally bumped up hard against the rock of fact, thus enforcing a general re-examination of their basic logical position.

The great good in this recent broadening of the scope of female monopoly is that it enables women to push the stickers. Hitherto they have been courted for sexual companionship and its appanage of domesticity. I am careful to say "courted" for them, not desired for them. The conventional assumption—one may say the official assumption—was that these were the prime desiderata and that their quality governed the whole market; so women were bred and trained to give them first place in their inventory and in their stock-display. This was all very well; women still wish to be courted for those sterling commodities, and they always will be.

But a great many women must no doubt have been all along conscious of the purely conventional character of this rating, and must have felt something of the æsthetic and spiritual dissatisfaction that my Armenian friend M. would feel most acutely if nobody ever was supposed to have recourse to him for anything but cigarettes. His cigarettes are wonderful, he is immensely proud of them, and as careful of them as he should be—and I fear is not—of his immortal soul. But he is too artistic, too fine-grained a merchant, he has too high an idea of his vocation, to rate his cigarettes as a staple in his business. Exquisite as they are, they are a side line, and properly ancillary to the agreeable course of real trade. One cannot smoke all the time—at least, if one does, one's taste is so vitiated that one might as well smoke anything—a cigarette is gone in a moment, and then what have you? But substantial India shawls, Oriental rugs, curious tapestry, Spanish jewelry—these are staple goods, all hidden in the dark depths of his premises; and when a really appreciative customer comes mousing after those

and buys them, he throws in a cigarette and a cup of coffee such as the customer never saw the like, and his face radiates the pride of the true high-grade merchant as he winds up the transaction by soaking the customer for every red cent that the traffic will bear.

Women are able, in their present circumstances, to re-appraise their merchandise more nearly to what common sense and the plain natural truth of things suggest as a normal scale of values. It may be doubted that they ever regarded sex companionship as a staple, or as worth anything like its current rate. They merely accepted the conditions of the market, as an African trader accepts those of a market which runs more to tin mirrors than it does to more substantial utilities. There are many indications that this is the case, though it does not appear, on the other hand, that they rated it at all below its relative value—a thing which no good merchant would do. They do not do this now. If men mostly desired that form of companionship, as it is by no means clear that they did, or if collateral circumstances forced it into prominence and gave it an artificial enhancement and prestige, which was really the case, women adapted themselves to doing business under this disability. They accepted certain codes, segregations, and restraints, as the Jews accepted those of the pale and the ghetto; and such is the marvellous elasticity of human nature that they did well under them, and apparently found them not too irksome, often even reconciling themselves to them and taking pride in a rather elaborate conformity. This discipline, however, sharpened their mercantile instinct to a razor edge; and in consequence, man lost heavily in the long run through its enforcement.

All this time, too, I repeat—for it is worth repeating—women must have been conscious that they had far more valuable goods in stock than those which they were pushing on the market, and they must have felt a resentment, perhaps larvated in most cases but none the less nagging, at the subordination of their best goods in the scale of conventional values. It is fair to suppose, I think, that the general run of women—excluding those, I mean, who actually specialize in that line—would reluct at an interest which was purely or primarily biological, much as my Armenian friend would reluct at being known as a tobacconist. For commercial reasons they might conceal their objections, or even pretend a corresponding interest; but their true feeling in the matter is probably beyond doubt.

Now, the change which women, aided by circumstances, have engineered throughout all this has tended to bring down in both sexes the estimate of purely sexual companionship to about the relative level held by my Armenian's cigarettes. There is no doubt about this; it could not be otherwise. This really is the feature of the situation which so troubles my contemporaries; and it would indeed seem that the reduction of this estimate is bound to bear fruit in just the phenomena which they view with alarm. Along with this deflation, the codes of our day, theirs and mine, have certainly been vacated, restraints certainly broken, and segregations certainly lifted. It is not important to determine the exact relations of priority, or of cause and effect; for all practical purposes the fact of concomitance is enough.

This deflation, then, no doubt works havoc with my contemporaries' institutionalism, quite as they say it does; but it may turn out to be a very good thing, notwithstanding, and its outcome may reveal my contemporaries' dread of it as immensely exaggerated. They say that this revaluation gives a letter-of-marque for unbridled sexual license, and so it really does—there is no doubt of that—if one wishes so to use it. But their assumptions beyond this point seem questionable. They do not, apparently, realize that this revaluation affects the estimate of both sexes alike. A

Dutch naval officer of about my own age said to me the other day that "the young girls and boys think nothing of starting off together on their bicycles for a week at a time, no one knows where, and no one knows what they do." Well, in America—I have no right to an opinion about Holland, though I should like to venture one that it is quite the same there—I dare say they mostly do nothing that he would find too reprehensible. This officer, I think, was assuming that mere propinquity carries the same risks as it did in our day of rather careful segregation, whereas it seems really to carry none. Female nakedness, even, is apparently no longer provocative; women notoriously dress—and undress—to suit their own comfort and convenience, and no male of the species under thirty years of age appears to notice what they do. Our literature and drama may indicate that we are "obsessed with sex," but the aspect of naked joyousness on one of our bathing-beaches does not indicate it; and I imagine that those of us who are much below middle age experience no great titillation of the senses from our pornographic literature and drama, but find it quite unsuggestive. *A priori* one would say such was likely to be the case, and *a posteriori* one finds much evidence that it is so. The general spread of information about birth-control is another thing that is sometimes taken as an index of wantonness, but here again there may be a misapprehension. The fear of pregnancy was one of the chief circumstances that built up artificially in both sexes an enormous exaggeration of the importance of sexual companionship; and it would seem that the dissipation of this fear should be a great factor in the deflation process that I have referred to—in the reduction of sexual companionship to what every analogy would suggest as its normal level of significance. I have great doubt that its general tendency—its resultant line, speaking in mathematical terms—lies in any other direction.

In France, the old order of restraint and segregation still largely prevails. Late one afternoon not long ago in a Paris café, I observed some students sitting with what seemed to be borderline girls, youngsters not exactly in the professional class, but probably not averse to profiting by eligible chance acquaintance. No doubt there could have been sexual companionship somewhere in the group, and possibly there was; but there was no evidence of it in their discourse, and no evidence of any obsession with such matters. They were content to chatter freely in great good fellowship; and I was so impressed by the number of intellectual interests covered by the conversation that I made a point of coming back next day to do some more eavesdropping. The particular feature that I noticed was one of manner. These boys treated the girls precisely as our boys at home, in their more serious moments, treat our flappers; their frank, interested, and agreeable manner carried no hint of sex-differentiation. They could not treat girls of their own social station like that; and the tone of the conversation proved how much better off these girls were in being able thus freely to show their customers the best line of goods that they had in stock, untroubled by *arrière-pensée* or by conventional restraint and reserve.

V

In any great social change, even though it be salutary, one must take a certain amount of fat with the lean. I suspect that in their despondent view of this great change my contemporaries do not always correctly measure the proportion of lean which we are getting. I also suspect them very strongly of an obstructionist attitude which interferes with our getting a great deal more lean than we do. I can address them thus freely because they are my contemporaries; we were all brought up together in the times of ignorance which, I hope,

God winked at, though a survey of our social inheritance from that period makes me doubt that He did. In the matter of divorce, for instance, their ground of complaint is far from clear. In the days when marriage represented the most that the traffic would bear, the case was different; but now that the conditions of trade have changed, many women feel that the price-fixing agreement on marriage could in all justice to everybody be allowed to lapse, and that allowing it to lapse would facilitate business in many instances, and be a considerable convenience. But the attitude of my contemporaries is mostly what makes this impossible. They powerfully reinforce the unintelligent pressure of public opinion against the habitual association of a man and a woman in any form or mode of companionship unless they are married. Hence, in such cases as do not correspond to those in the general run of former days—and they are many—the inevitable tendency is to vacate marriage of any actual significance and reduce it to a mere *pro forma* affair. Those who complain of this evasion should refresh their memories of the Sherman Act; they are complaining of something that has had its counterpart in American business practice so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Women at large would cordially agree, I think, that marriage is as good an arrangement as has yet been devised for a companionship contemplating certain definite desires and purposes; and those are still common enough to insure for a long time—much longer than we need yet worry about—the safety of the institution. But many of them appear to feel the need of social arrangements that would accommodate other modes of companionship on terms more convenient to both merchant and customer. Suppose, for example, a man living in one of our small cities or towns desired a companionship like that of Joubert with Mme. de Beaumont, and there are thousands who would give their eyeteeth for it, and whose social value would be enhanced by it many-fold. The woman might be ready to trade, she might be carrying a stock as valuable as Mme. de Beaumont's, and willing to close it out on Mme. de Beaumont's terms; but without serious inconvenience she could trade only on terms of marriage, terms which would be in that case purely nominal, and any idea of investing them with a serious meaning would at once show them to be preposterously inappropriate and impracticable. This state of things is increasingly felt by many women to be onerous; and the mere liability to a casual and gratuitous implication of sexual companionship in the premises is increasingly felt to be immaterial. A sexual companionship might grow up fortuitously in such a case, or it might not; with Joubert and Mme. de Beaumont, as with many others, there is every reason to believe it did not. But whether it did, or whether it did not, they ask, what of it?

My own impression is that the current "laxity" is tending definitely, and without the least impairment of wedlock's true and proper values, to the establishment of just such social arrangements. Moreover, this tendency seems to me irresistible. It must never be forgotten—and my contemporaries above all should weigh the fact well—that woman is, and as far as we can see will always be in her primary basic relations with men, a *merchant*, a merchant with a limited natural monopoly of certain goods which men will get on the best terms they can make, but which they will have at any price. In a situation like this any artificial interference with the course of trade has always worked disastrously when it has worked at all, and has always cost more, directly or indirectly, than it brought in. The most that it has ever done is to put a premium on skilful circumvention, and this is the most that it is doing now.

The prevailing "laxity," I believe, in short, is the outward and visible sign of

a demand for social acknowledgment of the individual woman's competence to regulate such matters pertaining to her trade as she has already the economic power to regulate. Many women when courted, say, for marriage, home-making and motherhood are now economically able to reply, "Well, I am not specializing in that line at the moment, and I hardly think I have anything in stock that would suit you. I am developing other activities, to which marriage, housekeeping, and motherhood would be a great embarrassment. If a customer comes along who is interested in my staple lines I shall make appropriate terms with him. Then if any other mode of companionship comes to seem collaterally desirable we will manage it under conditions less likely to disturb the main course of trade." These women, whatever their actual procedure, appear to be questioning why such an arrangement, which is already within their economic power to make, should not also be freely adjudged within their social competence. As long as the question remains in their minds an open one, as long as it meets only with an answer which they consider irrelevant and peremptory, so long will they use their economic power in their own way.

I may say in conclusion, however, that I am entirely with my contemporaries in the low estimate that they place on the present run of American womanhood. In their quality of merchants, and with reference to their magnificent, their unparalleled commercial opportunities, I am obliged to regard our women as mostly a very poor lot, listing a stock that is but little better than junk. This is by no means a personal estimate. It is drawn from the current exhibit of those elements in our civilization which I have enumerated as under the complete economic control of women, and which reflect the tone of specifically feminine patronage and administration. One must say, I think, that it is a very indifferent exhibit, raising extremely strong presumptions against those responsible for its production. I am ashamed of them, and think they ought to be ashamed of themselves and do better. But this is not important to the foregoing discussion. The important thing is to get clearly in mind, once for all, the basis of practical fact upon which alone those manifestations of feminism that many find so dismaying can reasonably be appraised; and that basis is found in the two fundamentals set forth at the outset of this paper.

HELL GATE TOMMY

A STORY

BY CYRIL HUME

THIS is a story of a generation which has few survivors now: a scattering of old men, most of whom, one remarks, have managed to carry an irritable masculine independence to their wheel-chairs; a scattering also of old ladies who worry everyone with their shaky determination to be working still, and amuse their slack-mannered grandchildren by clinging so quaintly to gentility. Something, perhaps the Civil War, struck into the youth of these old people a fine hardness which never left them and which, I think, makes them a little scornful of their soft, sophisticated progeny.

The story was told me by a Mrs. Naught, a clever and attractive widow who is youthful still for all that she is the mother of two sons who enormously overtop her. Her husband, Barry Naught, died before his younger son was born, and I gather Mrs. Naught was once very much in love with him. She heard the story from him before he died, and so has treasured it. It concerns "Barry's" father, Thomas Naught, and his mother, once the lovely Lilly Parkes. It concerns also his father's great friend, Henry Grenville, whom Mrs. Naught remembers as a charming and cultivated old gentleman, and whom Barry, and a more solid younger brother Bob, used always in their boyhood to call by the affectionately fictitious title of "Uncle Harry." . . . But Barry can tell the story better than I.

There must have been a large measure of childishness in Thomas Naught. Everyone called him "Tommy" to his dying day. He was a great one for brawls and excitements. He lived for them and was fretful as a child when the world went humdrum. Maybe the cause lay in his Irish blood, which is after all one form of childishness. At any rate there was nothing but Irish in Tom though he had been born in New York City. His parents had immigrated in 1831. They had reared a large family of children, surviving all but two of them, and dying when Tom was an infant. Tom's sister Ellen, who was older than he by twenty-two years, brought him up, sacrificing her life and a dozen attractive offers of marriage in the process. Instead of enjoying the small fortune her parents had left, she increased it so that Tom would be able to live like a gentleman later on. When Tom was fledged to leave her, a gentleman in a way, though more than a little spoiled, Ellen found herself well along in middle age with nothing much to call her own except a memory of Tommy.

Tom grew up American enough. Anyone would have said he was Pilgrim stock except for his vitality and easy good manners and the way he said "cathaydr'l" when he meant St. Patrick's. Of course there was enough Irish in him so that he hated the English more than most Americans have time to do. Still he wasn't like these professional third-generation Irish with their pince-nezes and parlor-socialist faces and servant-girls' hate. Tom hated the

English with all the respect and affection in his body. Hellish fighters the English were! If a man or a nation really needed trouble, he had to depend on the English.

Tommy was a fighter. He'd have made a fine general in the days when generals were something more than a lot of old fuss-budgets with their mouths full of fancy-headed pins. Better still, an admiral. Tom was at home on a deck, sure-footed as a ship's cat. And he loved a boat with a womanish tenderness he was never able to give to a creature whose veins ran blood instead of salt bilge.

He was a powerful man, Tommy Naught, not very tall, but thick through the chest and wide as a door. He made strangers afraid when he came into a room. He had the light tread and the terrible grace of a wild beast. And like a wild beast's, his body was thrillingly beautiful to look at, but grotesque too in a way, as all powerful things are. There was an apishness about his build, the reposeful alert hands, the short mighty legs, the aweful shoulders and torso. Yet this detracted nothing from his amazing beauty. He had a fine straight back. His arrogant head was small, long from crown to chin, with a retreating facial angle. . . . Barry saw Tom naked once, and the sight scared him. They had gone cruising up the sound together in the *Argo III*, and anchored for the night in Coldspring Harbor. Tom got up early next morning to swim, and when Barry followed him, shivering, a moment or so later, there he was poised for a dive on the cabin-top. Barry felt like running below again. Tom was fifty then, but his body had nothing to do with age at all. His hands and face were weathered dark red, but his skin everywhere else—that is, where it wasn't matted with orange-red coconut fuzz—shimmered like white silk. The arms looked almost clumsy with their weight of veined muscle. The rippling belly was outlined by that sharp ridge one sees so seldom now except on antique statues of athletes. Tom glared at the sun, and yawned till his jaws cracked. Then he flexed all the muscles in his body. For a second they quivered and jumped, then stood out rigid and smooth as marble. Barry felt a relief when Tom shot off from the cabin-top deep into the clear water like a plummet of silver.

Tommy was a New York boy. His credential was his pronunciation of the name of his home metropolis. (He called it very deliberately "Noo Yawk." Not "Nee-Awk" as is preferable nowadays.) At an early age he learned his love of sailing and fighting along the East River water-front. When he was eighteen he organized the Hell Gate Yacht Club, and all the sporting longshoremen whom its membership comprised elected him commodore. He had fought them all at one time or another, and they loved him. One fellow especially worshiped Tom, Jack Strand, a boatman and stevedore and—Tom suspected—river pirate. Jack was the only member of the club who had ever been able to mark Tom's good looks. A white line which pulled Tom's lip sullenly out of shape commemorated that fight. Jack was Tommy's Man Friday. When Tom called to him from anywhere at all, Jack would bellow huskily with pleasure, and reply "Aye-aye, sir, Commodore Mr. Naught!" with a clumsy seafaring tug at his forelock which Tom had been at great pains to drill him in. When Tom needed a new stick for the little *Argo* Jack Strand sculled over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard one misty night, selected a beauty big enough for the *Cutty Sark*, and towed it back (six miles against the tide) before the dawn. On Tom's birthday Jack shyly presented him with a huge copper coffee pot embossed with the seal of the United States of America. Once a gang of Jersey wharf-rats stole the *Argo* from her moorings at the foot of 104th Street. The Hell Gate Yacht Club turned out to a man in skiffs and whale-boats and, letting all other business go hang, searched

every nook in New York harbor. After a week the *Argo* was discovered, foul and gutted, alongside a wharf in Hoboken. When word came back the members put out in a compact fleet across the Hudson under a cloud of gulls and imprecations. (And the Hell Gate Yacht Club knew *how* to imprecate!) The occupants of every water-front saloon from Weehawken to Communipaw turned out to watch that fight. And every last rummy cheered as though for a Democratic victory as the East Side buccaneers towed the little *Argo* home, chanting "Pretty Kitty Malone."

Tommy was a dandy. His clothes fitted like butter. His gloves were so tight they'd burst out at the knuckles whenever he gave anyone a "smell of his fist." He was a handsome young man with a ruddy wide face and a high smooth forehead which the peak of his yachting cap kept white from the sun. His crisp auburn hair was always parted just so down the middle. He had his silken mustache and square reddish beard trimmed every second day by a Greek at the Brevoort who knew how. He carried himself like a rooster with his head cocked and a crook in his elbows. He minced ever so little when he walked, and that was an invitation. He liked to go down to the water-front and have a couple of drinks, and then stroll along looking peaceful. He just wanted to be sure none of the toughs disapproved of his billycock or the cut of his trousers.

Uncle Harry loved to tell the story of how he had gone down to the Yacht Club one day, looking for Tommy, and found him at last in the center of a street-corner ring, fighting a bargee. A policeman was holding the bargee's shirt, and Jack Strand had Tom's coat and jewelry. Tom's chamois waistcoat which he had scorned to remove (it set off his figure) was split up the back, and Tom's knuckles were cut to rags. But the bargee was bleeding like a pig from the nose and mouth. Finally the bargee went down on the cobbles.

"Enough, ye devil?" said Tom.

"About enough," the bargee mumbled.

"Get up then and come along with the boys."

The whole crowd went over to Red Hinkey's, and Tom coined a phrase by calling for a round of drinks and two jiggers of "washing-whiskey," one for the bargee's face, and one for his own knuckles. Imagine the roar that went up in that dingy gin-mill! And Red Hinkey, standing a second round on the strength of it.

Two years after the close of the Civil War when Tom was twenty, he and Jack Strand sailed the *Argo* down the coast around Florida into the Gulf. He had heard somewhere that they needed a pilot in Apalachicola harbor. He was the man for the job, and the *Argo* was the boat for it, a swift little centerboard sloop with a clipper bow and a clean pair of heels to show any Southern scow in the business. . . . How the Johnny Rebs bugged their eyes when they saw the Stars and Stripes at the *Argo's* masthead! And how they laughed at Jack's Bowery out-of-the-side-of-his-mouth way of talking! Tom and Jack had some wonderful fights on the porch of the Apalachicola post office.

Once on the way down through the Dismal Swamp canal a catamount jumped upon the cabin-top, and Tom and Jack bombarded it with rutabagas out of the lazarette hatch. Those same rutabagas came in handy one Sunday when they lay over at a little Georgia coast town. A girls' Sunday-school picnic came aboard for a visit, and all the girls gobbled raw rutabagas as though rutabagas were candy. . . . Once during a blow when the *Argo* lay to the big anchor in the lee of a low sandy key some great fish blundered against the anchor-chain, and cast the *Argo* half out of the black water.

It was in the lee of just such another key they finally lost the *Argo*. They had grown tired of piloting those penny-pinching Southerners who, in spite of the law, were always trying to avoid the expense of a pilot, and blundering

their ships into port for themselves.

On the way home off the east coast of Florida the *Argo* was caught in a hurricane. As soon as Tom and Jack saw what the weather was up to they began beating in for a patch of smooth water to the leeward of a sandy hogback. The little *Argo* nosed into it gallantly, taking clear green to the cabin portholes, with the bow spray standing steady as the smoke of a raging fire over the masthead. Tom fought with the bucking wheel while Jack Strand crabbed his way forward. Jack was clean under water half the time, but finally he got the big anchor free of its lashings and cast it overside with a prayer. It held, and the *Argo* swung to it. For a while they thought they were safe. They began struggling to get stops over the battering mainsail. But the wind increased. It screamed over the naked hogback, and the feel of it in their faces was like a blow from the edge of a board. Finally the waves began breaking over the key. Then they came solid, and the *Argo* started going to pieces. First the bowsprit went. Then a tremendous wave stamped the cabin-top in. Tom and Jack stripped and each of them gulped down a pint of brandy. When they threw the empty bottle overboard it sailed a hundred yards before striking the water. They could just make out the low mainland a mile or so away through the streaming scud. They looked at each other, and each saw the other laugh rather foolishly into the yelling wind. Then they plunged overboard and struck out. And, by God, they made it! Later they squatted shivering naked on the beach as the sand shook past them in long ribbons out to sea. And they cried while the *Argo* broke up.

Tom returned to New York, and took the place in his father's coach-making business which Ellen had managed to keep for him. That year, in the course of some legal affairs, he met Harry Grenville who was then a junior partner in a prominent firm of lawyers. The hearts of the two young men rushed together at once, so impetuously indeed that for a while they half resented each other. But there was nothing to be done for it. Quite independently of their own wills, they became the sort of friends that meet no oftener than once a lifetime. A mysterious power was given each of them over the other. And forever.

Uncle Harry never wearied of recollecting that first cruise Tommy gave him. They were both twenty-two then, and alive from the bones out. The *Argo II* was new then also, fresh from Burgess' yard, and sweet as a swan on the water. A barge could be rowed through Hell Gate now, but in those days before the channel was blasted it was a tortuous millrace while the tide was running. Tom chose to go out with the ebb. The *Argo* kited down like a gull with a gale under her tail. Uncle Harry could see ugly weeded rocks below the surface to port and starboard, with green water pouring over them, full of eddies and bubbles. A lump came into his throat, and he kept swallowing at it. But he could hear Jack Strand whistling lightheartedly in the galley. And there was Tom at the wheel, with his yachtsman's cap over one eye, talkative and laughing and careless—all of him, that is, but his hands. When Uncle Harry saw Tom's hands giving clever powerful little thrusts against the wheel-spokes he forgot the lump in his throat; and such an exhilaration flamed up from his heart into his head that he wanted to shout.

When they came back a couple of days later, the tide was against them. Tom tacked across it once. He said, "Wind enough, Jack. Jump up for'ard, and let me know when she makes too much leeway." Then he jammed the *Argo's* nose into it. Uncle Harry said it was like sailing against the rapids just above the falls in a river. If you looked ahead you could see the slope of the water. Bits of waveson floated by faster than a man could walk. Tom kept the *Argo* to it until the deck vibrated so much it made your feet itch, and every rope aboard hummed with a bass note.

Sometimes she just held her own and buried her nose so deep in the shining green rush that water bubbled in through the scuppers and ran aft along the decks. Then she would plough on for a few yards, with the wind shuddering in the luff of the close-hauled mainsail. Once Jack Strand's cheerful husky voice came back, "Might put her eight or nine inches to starboard, Commodore." And Tom did. Uncle Harry said he'd have died gladly just then, and gone to hell for Tom Naught.

It was not until six years later that Tom met the woman who was to become his wife. Lilly Parkes was a girl as darkly beautiful as a murderess or a madonna. Looking at her, one would have said she was one girl who could never have married Tom Naught. She was a tall, splendidly proportioned girl with a sad oval face. Her nose was small and straight, with supercilious nostrils. In any other face her mouth would have seemed heavy, sensual too with its sharp down-drooping corners. But its perfect outline and deep lovely color and utter repose saved it from that. It was saved too by the absolute calm of her opaque brown eyes. These were a perpetual denial of the possibility that her mouth might mean anything at all. Yet if the observer had been an improbably fanciful person, he might have said to himself, "If the eyes go the mouth will go too."

Lilly seemed a cold girl. Whatever ardor there was in her turned naturally to religion. She was extremely devout and never would deny her supposed intention of becoming a nun. For she was a Catholic, as were her English parents who had come to New York originally on their wedding trip, and then stayed. To be a Catholic in New York at that time was, to a certain extent, to be socially inferior. But the Parkeses were arrogant in professing their faith. To them Catholicism represented centuries of gentility and opulence and a loyalty older than the upstart Tudors.

Harry was the first of the two friends to meet Lilly, for while Tom was giving all his time to work and boats and brawls, Harry had by no means abandoned the social pleasures for which he felt himself by nature fitted. He became a frequenter of those casual unmanaged teas which made Mrs. Parkes' Fifth Avenue house so popular. Lilly's inadvertent hauteur attracted Harry at once, as the more direct appeals of femininity could never have done. He had always felt himself civilized beyond the crude beginnings of culture to which America had then attained; and in Lilly he discovered something dangerously like an ideal which his mind had secretly cherished for a long time. The pretty young ladies of New York were all well enough, but Lilly was rich and majestic as a female saint by Andrea del Sarto. And lovable too, beneath her beauty. He had known that directly. Her mind was as mature, as if it had never been touched by that girlishness through which it had but lately progressed. And though she was lacking utterly in vivacity, she possessed a sort of disdainful wit which delighted him. He made no pretenses to himself. He saw that he was in love for the first time in his life. And when at last his vanity was gratified and his hope flattered by the intuition that Lilly looked upon him as a kindred spirit, and later on as an especial friend, the possibility of his ever loving any other woman passed beyond his reach forever.

Like all women who are accustomed to abstract devotion from men, Lilly was quick to discover Harry's attitude. And as quickly, in an offhand way, as though her remarks had no immediate bearing, she let him know that even if she married at all, it would be impossible for her ever to marry a non-Catholic. Harry Grenville was too honest, and had too much respect for the integrity of his own intellect to pretend, for any motive whatever, a conversion to a belief whose finality he envied without being able to accept. He felt also that Lilly would

have respected him less for so frivolous a reversal, as though such a conversion would in her mind be over-emotional, and hence vulgar. At the same time he saw very clearly that his love was destined from birth to be one of those incomprehensibly futile things which make so many lives apparently meaningless.

Yet he was not quite able to abandon hope. He set himself to wait. Perhaps, he thought, some change might come over Lilly. Perhaps even he himself would be flooded, as with a light, by a sudden appreciation of that religion which he at once scorned and loved. Consequently he suppressed his love until it became, like all emotions which are contained too long, a little fantastical. His chivalrously imaginative mind immediately began to clothe Lilly in reverence. He told himself he must not intrude upon the serene workings of her impulses. Whatever she decided to do, he felt, would inevitably be dignified and beautiful. And in the meanwhile he must wait, rather sadly loving her.

Later Harry must have realized the mistake he had made in bringing Tom to meet Lilly without first having explicitly mentioned his own love for her. Tom's loyalty, like the staunch *Argo II*, would have weathered the storm of any passion. Indeed, his loyalty was so absolute that most likely if Harry had said, "I'm in love with her, Tom," Tom would have seen only a very wonderful person, sanctified almost by Harry's love, and nearly worthy of it. But a strange reserve kept Harry silent. He said only, "Tom, I want you to come with me and meet a very lovely girl."

"Hell!" Tom replied, "You're always fussing with girls!"

Uncle Harry always smiled as he told the boys this.

At first Harry wished that Tom had dressed more appropriately for an afternoon call. But Tom said truculently (he was always truculent where girls were concerned; they scared him), "What's wrong with these clothes? Hell, she ain't my girl!" Then it had struck Harry as delightfully appropriate that Lilly should see Tom for the first time as he really was, wearing his square-shouldered blue suit, his blue bow tie, with his leather-visored yachting cap tilted over his nose. Lilly's eyes opened a trifle wider when she saw Tom in this get-up. She was used to men coming to call on her point-device, and nervous too. Tom was gruff from the outset. In the open carriage he sat opposite her on the dinky folding seat, with his red fists clenched on his knees and his elbows akimbo. He cocked his small square beard and stared belligerently past Lilly's shoulder. In the shadow of her tiny purple parasol Lilly smiled slightly. Tom pretended not to notice, but the scar at the corner of his lip seemed to contract, pulling his mouth into a crooked sneer. He said absolutely nothing all the way.

They had tea on a little restaurant terrace overlooking the Hudson, and Tom perversely ordered beer. To emphasize his independence he even belched after the first long pull. However, Lilly and Harry were too sophisticated to allow Tom's surliness to disconcert them. They began talking carelessly, and before long Tom condescended to say a few words. Religion was mentioned, and at once Lilly and Tom avowed their Catholicism with an eagerness which made Harry smile: Tom combatively. (He knew very well that the Fifth Avenue snobs called Catholicism the servant-girls' religion.) Lilly incisively, as though to express once for all her social superiority to any *nouveau* heresy. Then Tom and Lilly glanced sharply at each other for the first time.

Harry was saying, "I could accept your religion at once if it were merely a development of the Beatitudes."

"Beatitudes?" Tom interrupted him. "Oh! Sermon on the Mount, you mean. Harry, you're soft. Christ was more than just a driveller about loving-kindness. In a religion that's worth a curse there's things you damned well have to

do whether you like to or not. Otherwise your religion gets to be a name-calling contest like with you Protestants." He took off the rest of his beer at a single pull and hammered on the table for another. Little distressed wrinkles appeared at the corners of Lilly's eyes. When Tom saw them he snorted.

"Beatitudes—" he began.

And then he launched into one of his rare bursts of vivid eloquence. Had they ever really thought about that Sermon on the Mount? Why, did they think, was it made of those staccato phrases, each one complete and simply tremendous with meaning? Didn't they *see* why? Here was Christ facing a great opportunity. He had a multitude there, and he had to think fast and tear the heart out of his teachings and give it to 'em briefly while he had their attention, and simply too, so they'd understand it and carry it home with them. A multitude was listening. Had they never been in a great crowd? And can a crowd ever be really silent? Even when it's holding its mouth open to hear better? A crowd is as full of surging sounds as the sea. . . . And only one man's voice to speak to it! Jesus standing there on a knoll, with the multitude spread out at his feet, rank after rank across the valley. And he trembling like a dog with eagerness as he waited for that vast attention to come to a focus.

Lilly had stopped swinging her parasol handle around in small absent-minded arcs. Her hand was clenched motionless. She was listening. And the intensity of her concentration thrilled Harry to the heart.

Jesus stood there facing his multitude at last, tense as a sprinter waiting for the bark of the starting-gun, while surfs of sound swept back and forth over the valley, a shuffling, shifting, muttering whisper. Then a small silence passed across the surface of that uproar like the shadow of a cloud. And into that silence Jesus launched his great voice: *Blessed are the meek! . . . Blessed are the poor in spirit!* . . . Each of his teachings, patiently, eagerly uttered; they winged one after the other into those storm-lulls to thunder forever through the world.

Harry felt little and lost. The hair rose on his neck. He shrank, appalled and stunned, from the flame of reciprocal energy which he felt beating between Tom and Lilly.

Tom went on. Couldn't they see? (Lilly was seeing.) Couldn't they *hear?* (Lilly heard.) *Blessed are the clean of heart!* A roar swept the multitude. This was a new doctrine! A terrible thing it would be if a man must look into his own heart for sin! Then a pause while the world shuddered, expecting its doom from the mouth of a man. And at last the words, like a sword beating them flat to the earth, *For they shall see God!*

Tom brought his fist down on the table so that everything jumped, and his beer slopped lazy foam down the outside of his glass.

On the way home Harry felt sick with fatigue. He had been closer to the leaping springs of life than is comfortable for a man of his temperament. Also he began to realize what the future held for him.

A few days later, not having mentioned Lilly in the interval, Tom said suddenly, "Why don't you bring that girl along for a sail on the *Argo?*" And he laughed, "Ha!" as though he expected, indeed intended, her to have a very poor time of it. Frightened she'd be, and seasick.

The day Lilly chose to go was capricious and full of thunder. As they cast off the mooring-buoy a squall burst over them, and Tom took the *Argo* down the tide before it like a drunken madman. He grinned overside at the rocks he grazed and snarled at the patches of foam as they slid astern. The blow passed over, but when they had left the narrows of Little Hell Gate they saw the entire surface of the Sound all vexed

with squalls. Tom steered for the squalls. Off Execution Light he caught one and carried full sail into it, laughing when the first gust laid the *Argo* scuppers down. His neck and cheeks and nose were congested and swollen. He grinned like a Viking gone berserk. Tom would have damned any other man for a fool who did what he was doing. But Harry could not help admiring the reckless skill which brought the *Argo* up from every knockdown, and kept the mast in her.

Lilly was pale and calm-eyed. She looked littler than she actually was, crouching in the lee of the cabin. Tom never glanced at her. Once he gruffly ordered Harry below to fetch her up a sou'wester. And all day long he addressed but a single remark to her. He licked the salt from his lips, and then snarled with his teeth bared, "Keep yer head down when we go about, will you?"

Yet he was wooing her. None of the three could have doubted that for a moment. In his incredible hands the pitching *Argo* spoke the fierce words of his passion. There was something dreadful in that courtship. Through it all, trimming or easing sails at Tom's command, Harry was close to tears. "Damn him for making a wild beast's prey of her!" he thought.

Lilly crouched and watched with spray on her lashes. She seemed all at once to have gone utterly passive.

During the weeks that followed, Harry must have hated Tom as fiercely as one man can hate another to whom he is bound by that inexplicable thing called friendship. All Tom's bottomless energy was concentrated now upon getting what he wanted—Lilly. He was like a man with an obsession. His eyes burned with a single changeless idea in his blank face, which was ugly now, drained of its usual vitality. Lilly could not possibly have resisted him. He simply beat her into subjection with the force of his will—with a thing deeper and more ruthlessly violent than his will—the terrible driving-power of his manhood. He, as well as she, would be exhausted by the energy expended in these visits. He would leave her dark-eyed and haggard, and then himself nod to sleep in the carriage on his way home.

Harry was devastated at seeing his passionless image of Lilly warped and twisted by the remorseless strength of that hungry madman. Yet his mind accepted the situation. He told himself this pain he was supporting was only the reality from which he had flinched like a coward all his life. Up to the very day of the wedding he believed this. But on that day, when as best man he stood beside Tom at the altar-rail, he caught a glimpse under Lilly's bridal veil of childish brown eyes, flooded with fear and bewilderment. Then he knew he had failed her.

There must have come a great tide of remorse and grief, sweeping them together. Tom's complete trust would have created no barriers during those first months. Certainly Harry and Tom's wife could have discovered few barriers in themselves as yet, while they were still dazed and astounded by the hopelessness of the situation. Tom's very confidence must have goaded them perversely together. It presented to their thirst that same love-potion which long ago was fatal to Tristram and Iseult—the lovely and enticing thought of that first kiss which would destroy their honor and betray their friend. Any absolute moral standard, that ultimate safeguard of simple natures, they had never possessed. Both of them were over-civilized. They understood and pitied too much of human weakness, and so became victims of their own.

The remorse which followed their transgression must have been terrible in proportion. Doubtless their first impulse had been toward immediate confession. But here their cultured subtleties trapped them again. They began doubting if their eagerness to confess might not be a mere selfish longing to

obtain for their burdened consciences an easy and immediate relief. They told each other it was not they who must be considered, but Tom who had been fearfully wronged. To confess, they argued, would be to inflict insupportable misery upon his guiltlessness. And they wondered if it would not be a worthier thing to bear their own guilt in silence and expiate it by being worthy henceforth of the trust which Tom reposed in them.

In the end, after many vacillations, they did not confess. And presently the despairing strength of their love flung them again into each other's arms. Then the time for confession was past. They were no longer mere victims of passion and occasion now, but deliberate traitors. They faced this shameful fact with quiet resignation. They were elaborately cautious in their habitual recklessness. Sometimes, however, they thought they glimpsed a shadow of puzzlement in Tom's candid eyes, and their hearts would stop. Yet he made no sign. They could almost see him putting his suspicions away from him as unworthy. He left them alone together more than he had ever done.

Harry might, of course, have gone away. But he could not, as much for Tom's sake as for Lilly's or his own. So he stayed. He and Lilly struggled with their passion together. And in the end, after many failures, they conquered it.

A strange wilderness Harry's mind was that day he waited with Tom while Lilly was in her travail upstairs. His own thoughts were a whirl of terror and self-reproach. Yet he must comfort Tom's misgivings and act the optimistic friend. Then at last to look down upon his newborn son and permit himself only the single idea that it was time to congratulate Tom now and to shake his hand.

Barry, as he told his wife these things, had no means of knowing that everything which presented itself to his imagination as probable was certainly true. Yet if it were not, he asked himself, how else explain all he had observed through his childhood and boyhood, and as a man interpreted? How else explain that troubled and sorrowful look which used to come into his mother's eyes when she looked at him? How else account for her rare fits of blazing anger on those occasions when he had given Uncle Harry some of his schoolboy impudence? Bob had always been exempt from both these things. How else explain that odd undemonstrative intimacy which existed between Mother and Uncle Harry, or Mother's even attitude toward Father, dutiful, considerate, acquiescent, and very far from loving? To what reason but one alone was Barry to attribute the striking mental sympathy and physical resemblance between Uncle Harry and himself?

Or if all this were a mere accumulation of coincidences, how above all things explain Lilly Naught's unvarying penitential attitude toward the religion which she still spoke of as a weightless joy? If anyone on earth visibly kept the commandments, it was she. Yet in her deepest devotion her face was tragic. She would come from mass, even upon the joyful feasts of the Nativity and the Resurrection, haggard and enervated. Often of an afternoon she was to be seen praying for an hour at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Purity, with her face hidden from the shine of the candle she had lighted; or making the stations of the cross alone on Friday afternoon, kneeling long upon the flaggings of the aisle, in contemplation of Christ's torments on the road to Calvary —until many of the parishioners, loitering for a moment in the church porch after confession, whispered to the curate that they had seen a saint that day, and he needn't be going so far afield as Peru or Africa in his sermons after this; and the curate himself grew pink with self-reproach that he had never before, until the sight of Mrs. Naught had edified him, adequately appreciated the deep grievous meaning of the Stabat Mater.

. . . Lilly Naught was forever attending those services and collecting in her missal those leaflets printed with prayers to which indulgences are attributed. In Lent she fasted like a Carmelite. Often at night, as Barry passed her door, he would glimpse her bowed at her bedside and hear her whispering her rosary. Sometimes when he had passed a faint groan laden with all the anguish of a burdened soul would follow down the ghostly hall. A penitent . . .

In spite of his affection for Uncle Harry, and his conviction that Uncle Harry was his own natural father, Barry could not break himself of thinking of Thomas Naught as his true father, as a man actually of his own blood, and of Uncle Harry as of someone who had wronged him. In Barry's eyes Thomas Naught acquired a tragic pathos which flooded the young man's memory with love and loyalty. His mind revolved the subject with endless sympathetic interest: Thomas Naught, with his vivid if limited intelligence, must have known. And yet how could he have known! Even though he realized his wife's emotional indifference to him, even though he observed her intimacy with Harry, how was he equipped to believe what these things indicated? He was himself a product of that Spartan and chivalric Irish morality, and so was incapable of unchastity, the abomination of adultery above all. He was uncomplex, an honest sailor-fellow at bottom, and so could not force his mind even to imagine disloyalty. His nature was utterly direct. If he had sinned he would have confessed; if he had stolen he would have made restitution as the priest and his good sister had taught him to do when he was a boy. And what he gave —having looked reasonably into the honesty of his own heart for a conclusion —he confidently expected in return. That his friend should betray him in the nearest and most intimate phase of his existence, that his wife, even though she had no love for him, should violate a vow made at the altar's foot . . . He was not constituted to believe such horrors.

Yet it became plain to Barry in retrospect that his father, in spite of his helpless credulity, had been tormented all his life by an inadmissible knowledge of what had actually occurred—the knowledge that the woman he called his wife was not the wife of his spirit, that the man he called his friend had, by a treachery, wronged him more cruelly than any enemy could have done, that the son he had named proudly at his own caprice was not his son but a sign of his shame, and must out of sheer saving mercy to himself remain unloved. Barry remembered the fierce restrained impatience which life had stamped more deeply every year upon Thomas Naught's face. He remembered the frenzied nervous irritation which had characterized the man, contained generally by an effort which showed in the muscles of his jaws, but bursting out sometimes appallingly.

Barry remembered a certain cruise they had made on the *Argo III* together. It was close after midday. They were sliding steadily over smooth rollers before a breeze. The drawing spinnaker lifted the bow a little, and gave a feeling of slow flight. For minutes a single long following wave would cling to the counter, falling away into foam at last, and sighing astern. Tom had been silent a long time, squinting up at the masthead as it cut slow figure-eights in the hard blue, watching the sleeping shadow breathe in the belly of the mainsail, glancing down sideways in interest at the fin-tip and tail-tip of a swordfish, one after the other like crawling black butterflies, listening to the tread and hush of the boat's motion, peering forward under the boom at the shape of Block Island in the horizonal mirage. At last he spoke in a quiet resonant voice, as though he had thought for a long time before permitting himself the question, "Barry, have you ever thought what it would be like to kill a man?" Barry

had not even the voice to answer with.

That night they lay at anchor in the tiny mill-pond harbor of Block Island. The air was perfectly clear, and the water so still that even a leaping fish started slow widening ripples. The scattered land lights shot long streaks out from the shore, and along them land voices came now and then wonderfully distinct. Barry and Tom stood on the after deck, leaning their elbows on the dewy mainsail cover. For a long time they said nothing, but only stared prayerfully with raised chins at the beauty of great stars. An exquisite hope of love entered Barry's adolescent heart, and a balm of tears blurred the stars in his eyes. . . . In the midst of this peace Tom suddenly smote the boom with his fist, a terrible blow. In the voice of a man exasperated past endurance he cried out, "Oh, Christ! The lousy stars!" For a minute or two he shouted up insane filth at that glory overhead.

A look of peace came over Tom's face only when there was a prospect of a brawl, if, for instance, some fool in another boat tried to bluff him out and steal the right of way from the *Argo*. Tom would glimpse the situation sidelong and start whistling a little lilting tune. He would bear down on the other fellow, making a great pretense of not having seen him at all. He would study the binnacle, or stare up at the masthead pennant as though he had no concern in the world but ascertaining his course and the exact direction of the wind. The other fellow would of course go about at the last minute with a great flutter of sails and banging of tackle. And Tom would graze his rudder close enough to bring the hearts of both crews between their teeth. Usually the other fellow set up a bellow. Then Tom would go about quick as a flash and put the *Argo* alongside, and inquire politely if any snake-headed lubber aboard had some observations to make concerning the etiquette of yachting. Now and then he came home in the evening with a strip of plaster across his knuckles and a rested look on his face. Mother would notice and turn her head away and say nothing all during dinner.

In spite of his denials Tom *must* have known. And often Barry asked himself if Uncle Harry weren't the greater man of the two, facing the facts, and standing up under them, and trying to live them down like a gentleman. Tom's brute courage was not equal to that. Or maybe it was above it, and it was simply Harry's triviality which enabled him to endure the situation—Barry could not decide. He knew only that it profoundly sickened him that these three people, who to him were the best and bravest of all possible people, should be marred by falsehoods. And he was forced to the conclusion that human beings, for all their fine talk of God's image and human dignity, were not much better than grubs, designed to squirm nastily for a while, and when they died be absorbed by a forgetting and forgiving nature. . . .

Of course when Barry Naught told the story to his young wife he added, "Everyone, of course, but you and I, Aline." And he had smiled.

Mrs. Naught always remembered that.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MIRROR

REFLECTIONS FROM LOS ANGELES

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

"YIP! Lookout, there! Hurtcha? Stoo bad. Wanta get in? Nope? All right. Bye-Bye." Whish . . . gone. Honk-k-k! . . . More of them. Here they come, lolloping up on the electric car tracks, lolloping off again. . . .

It is the metropolis of the Southwest. I have just arrived and am attempting to cross a street. I quiver, cower, make a dart, halt in panic. Now—a leap for life. Made it that time! Looking back upon the whirring, galloping, gamboling stream of innumerable automobiles—going, heaven knows where, going because the going's great—I recall the observation of another visitor who had returned from Los Angeles, "Many are the thrills to be found there, but the greatest of all is finding oneself alive at the end of the day."

Beginning with this first alarming encounter, I spent several weeks in observing with ever-growing wonder this astonishing American city. At one moment it is a rollicking, hair-raising hugger-mugger, a bejazzed peril before which one takes his life in his hands, knowing that nothing but prayer or his own alert legs can save him; the next, a center of beauty and culture, a civilized exponent of the best our nation holds. And precisely because of these amazing contradictions, I came to believe that no other community in America represents so fully what, to European eyes, seeing us in perspective, is so inexplicable because so incongruous. Its mushroom growth, its sprawling hugeness, its madcap speed, its splurge of lights and noise and color and money; and, against all this boisterous crudity, the amazing contrast of its cultured charm, its mature discrimination, its intellectual activities—this is sprung from American soil, and could come from no other. If we are a nation of extremes, Los Angeles is an extreme among us.

How Los Angeles actually came to be can be understood better when one delves a bit into its curious stratified history. But at first the visitor will only be overwhelmed by this hurly-burly of speed, noise, light. San Francisco sardonically relates the story of a visiting Los Angelesian who, when his attention was called to the appearance of a certain planet, under uncommon conditions, shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly and responded, "Oh, is that unusual here? We have it every day in Los Angeles."

But dismissing this boast concerning the celestial lighting-plant of his region, it is true that the earthly illumination is unique. Lights, lights, lights. Along Spring Street and Broadway and Hill, throughout the downtown cross streets, they focus in fierce incandescence. Far beyond, in all directions, they radiate. They are not satisfied to shine; they chase about like slipping snakes, they spell themselves at you, letter by letter, like blows, they flash, off, on—black-*bright*, black-*bright*! You hear them like street brawlers screaming, "Pign' Whistle!" "Pan-Gas!" "Charlie Chap-

lin!" "Eat at Boole's!" "Mobiloil!" "Rub it with Uncle Bill's Liniment!" "Say Flick!" They shriek in your eyes; you long to hush them, to be rid of their blinding clamor, their deafening glare. If one sign among them had the poise to stand still it would receive attention; quarreling as they are, each to outflash the others, they merge to one heady bedazzlement that leaves you with no wish to enjoy the proffered dinner or to lubricate your machine, to apply Uncle Bill's, or to utter the mystifying and magic "Flick!" Your only desire is to flee.

But since you are trapped by the jamming throng, you turn and gaze at it, and you realize that in itself it is more astounding than any of the sights whereby it is being astounded.

Are you, here in the midst of one of our greatest municipalities, dreaming that you are visiting a county fair or a carnival? Surely this is no city crowd. Here a toil-worn old woman clings to the marital arm, the couple garbed in the dusty black of the rustics' Sabbath. There goes another such couple, quite as aged, quite as toil-worn, but surprisingly bedizened; beneath her bobbed gray locks earrings dangle; she wears a beaded abbreviated gown revealing members grown pathetically muscular from years of trudging to the chicken house and the onion field; he displays a scarf of remarkable design. A sturdy middle-aged pair in the heavy high shoes of determination are marching in at a vaudeville entrance before which glitters the invitation: "Peaches Browning in Person Appearing Here! Positively the Most Talked-About Girl in the United States!" They are grave to the point of grimness; there is about them a stern resolve such as that in which they would battle to rescue an all-vital crop before the storm —an almost religious resolve to see it all before life's curtain falls, even Peaches.

Such elders swarm everywhere, pushing in at glaring glass-fronted cafeterias, at show-house doors; staring awed at block upon block of gaudy shop windows. And with them are the young—daughters of the farm: some, hoydenish, fleshly creatures with great bosoms, with stubby hands and clumsy feet and soft throats beneath proffered cheeks; others reluctant, sickly, the offspring of that rural life which hermetically seals its house and doses both barnyard and family from the same patent medicine bottle. Sons of the farm: long-legged bumpkins grinning at a picture of a slapstick comedian, gawkily inviting a girl to a soda fountain to be regaled upon a favorite pink and white concoction known as "Cupid's Love Feast"; using a toothpick upon a street corner; nudging one another before the poster that depicts a siren wearing little but her cigarette.

And, darting everywhere through this stream, like purposeful minnows, are go-getters of the type that has become national—quick, firm lipped, shrewd eyed, prosperously dressed. They greet friends. "Sure is!" they say to everything. They buy an extra: "Girl Shoots Lover, Takes His Fortune." "Atta girl!" they say, and slant their eyes downward at the match flame.

Young women, too, not from the farm. These are unspeakably tawdry; their diaphanous gowns and gilt slippers are those of the ballroom, their hats are of lace, they are loaded with artificial flowers in a land famous for its natural ones, and their countenances convince you that the cosmetic industry in Southern California must be second to none but that of the movies.

Surely a strange street rabble, yokels rubbing elbows with cheap sophistication. Ah, now you recall a name often heard—"The Paradise of the Corn Belt". . . It is plain that you have arrived at it, and, being direct of mind and terse of speech, you inquire: How did it get that way?

II

Los Angeles could never have accomplished the feat of getting that way by a

slow and gradual growth. Rather, it is the result of several inundations which have stratified like lava. Before the opening of this century it was deluged with invalids who rushed there to clutch at a last chance for life. In their wake followed, as always, those who thrived by their mischance. Sanitariums sprang up overnight, doctors of every sort arrived, some of the best in our country—often health-seekers themselves—and charlatans of the worst. The undertaking business was unparalleled; caskets were listed as a "selling line"; funeral parlors for the stranger in a strange land prospered tragically; a minor business carried on quietly was the escorting of lonely caskets "back East."

But the climate was not long left to the pathetic sick. In spite of the fact that the "realtor" sings its praises, it really is a climate of almost unadulterated delight; and the living decided that they might enjoy it as well as the dying. So there was formed that early population of retired Easterners. They were more or less rich, many were elderly, people of cultivation and leisure. They built homes beautiful without ostentation, and among them grew up a society in which flourished little coteries sincerely absorbed in music, in literature, in art. Los Angeles, coupled with Pasadena, at the turn of the century was the least "Western" community in the United States. "It out-Easts the East," said a traveled woman. "It comes nearest, in spirit, at least, to the European life of leisurely, well-bred intellectual enjoyment." It was rich in a conservative, mellow charm. It was the happy mecca of the ill, the idle, the elderly, and the affluent.

Then came another deluge—this time, the movies.

It is customary to blame the movies for everything, including the astonishing change that has come, in the last decade or so, to this whilom conservative city. But the stars' so-called private lives are so insistently made public that it leads one to suspect that, in real privacy, many of them are darning a husband's socks, or walking the floor with the baby while a weary stellar wife reposes after rescuing the hero of the picture from the twelfth story of a burning building. Only the ever-alert press agent could devise as many stealthy passions for Another's Wife, as many attempts to shoot the Other Woman. Human emotions simply are not geared to that rate of speed; most of the time they are obliged to jog pretty tamely, or blow up. . . . I found it of interest to note, when driving past the homes of several of the best-known stars, that these quietly luxurious houses, secluded within beautiful grounds, appear, outwardly at least, unostentatious and in agreeable taste.

I incline to the opinion that what the movies have done to Los Angeles is far less by themselves than by their followers. Certain film luminaries whom I know personally are hard workers and quiet livers. But behold the torrent of movie-mad young fools who followed them to Hollywood from every state in the Union. The story of these and their burst bubble is too familiar to need recounting. Everybody knows how the Y. W. C. A., the Travellers' Aid, the Bureau of Missing Persons, all sorts of organizations were swamped by the emergency of girls who left homes, or factory and domestic jobs, to offer their profiles to the screen and frequently ended up by offering their charms to the street. They have been rescued by the thousand; many have come to their senses and gallantly rescued themselves. Restaurants and shops have received much of the overflow, and the city rightly boasts more pretty waitresses and salesgirls than any other in the country. But still the crowds are gaudy with young would-be stars laden with gewgaws and scattered like baubles through the latest and most overwhelming flood—that of the Corn Belt.

The exodus of the Midwest to this far coast started in those years when its little red-brick banks were bulging after

a series of bumper crops. Prosperous farmers wanted to end their days in ease; a few sought the salubrious climate; they wrote home about it and the epidemic started. Suddenly Southern California woke to find these people descending like an invasion, snatching flats and bungalows, mobbing the shops and restaurants and amusement houses. They have left their land in the hands of tenant farmers from whom, it is said, they often exact Shylockian returns. After almost a lifetime of gruelling hardship and toil they have enough to live in what they deem luxury for the remainder of their days, and they are making the most of it. They drive, drive, drive in lusty holiday fury—to the beach, to Hollywood, to anywhere or nowhere, as a carrousel ceaselessly circles. They fill the streets, gaping at the sights; they "eat out," an unspeakable luxury to the women after years of making pies and "baking hens" for the harvest crew; they rush for every sensational amusement, whether it be the pre-view of a hair-raising film, Peaches Browning in vaudeville, Aimee Semple McPherson's Sunday service, or the Ostrich Farm.

Superficially seen, Los Angeles seems to consist chiefly of these "Iowans," as they are called (although other states contribute) and the swarms of busy traffickers who cater to their needs, their vanity, their sex, their childish eagerness. It dolls them out in "grand" attire; it offers them shows that shock as they delight to be shocked ("Now ain't that terrible!" they say, and go again). It sells them everything from a new car to a pair of earrings; it turns once-dignified blocks into a Coney Island, a farmers' fair-day, a world of puerility.

In one block, for instance, a shop built like a Dutch windmill whirls its long arms to entice; it belongs to the endless chain of so-called "Dutch bakeries" whose goods are purveyed by maidens (probably those who have failed of movie jobs) in the blue gown, the snowy kerchief and cap of Holland. Here theatrical device has gone even farther, and these damsels serve in a windmill which actually goes round. In short, one buys one's daily bread under the illusion of visiting a Midway Plaisance.

Ice cream, which is consumed in inordinate quantity, is served in various spectacular ways. Upon a vacant lot will suddenly appear an "ice-cream parlor" in the form of an iceberg, its paint gleaming white; a cut-out ship under full sail seems approaching it; a polar bear stands guard. On other streets this staple food of what the "realtor" calls the "Southland" is sold and eaten inside giant freezers the size of a small shop. The counterfeit crank revolves high in air to summon the multitude. They come thronging; they enter the door of the freezer just as the little boy in his dream walked straight inside the mammoth plum cake; they sit upon stools within the very vitals of the fabulous creature, and are regaled upon maple-nut or vanilla-pistache, while the crank outside continues to whirl and the windmill in another block continues to wave its arms, and the signs to flash, and joy-riders to lope, and everybody to run about and eat, keeping up this prodigious child's jest of being at a Christmas play where the plum cake has grown into a house and Jack is waving his cap from a beanstalk as high as a steeple. One asks if this be a huge toy-town, or the Wonderland of a round-eyed Alice. Will one's eyes be greeted just around the corner by a Mad Hatter?

The most lifelike bovines, made, I suppose, of a kind of composition, adorn several conspicuous sites in order to call attention to somebody's brand of milk. So, too, bronzes depicting a racing car set forth somebody's tires, or maybe an automobile oil. To be quite honest, I found this form of statuary rather a relief after the dreadful sculptured dignitaries and pedestalled heroes of certain Eastern communities.

Some of the houses enter into the playful spirit. I passed one upon whose roof was a large nest, and hovering above it a life-sized stork, suggesting that the

birth-control zeal has not yet reached this region. "Something very odd!" my guide told me in solemn pride. Another bright home farther north in the state displayed a still greater achievement of such architectural "oddity": upon its roof was a wooden cut-out cat, black and prowlish, like a Hallowe'en game.

There are certain blocks so steep that it is almost impossible to climb afoot, and here small cars ply for the public's convenience. They must needs announce themselves by some jocose name, such as "Angels' Flight." For some time I did not realize that these cars are run for the mere business of aiding pedestrians; I supposed them to belong to an "amusement park" or carnival until I discovered that they were but another example of the manner in which this giant infant of a city goes about entertaining itself, turning its world into a Brobdingnagian toyland.

III

Selling is Los Angeles' all-absorbing business. It camps upon one's trail, it drags one forth from the privacy of his domicile. I called at the house of a friend who had not seen me for years. Opening a cautious crack, she took me to be an unknown female.

"How *do* you do—" I was beginning.

"Sorry, but I am *not* buying any real estate. Good *morning!*" she cried with a face of haggard self-defense, and I was left to beat a tattoo upon the door.

A dozen peripatetic salesmen and women may call in a single day. Signs such as "No Peddlers or Agents" are futile. The wily one will approach a typical flat-building, press all the buttons in the row, and stand spiderlike in the middle of the common porch awaiting his victims. The beleaguered are driven to subterfuge; they peer from the edge of curtains; they double like hairpins over the rails of upper sleeping-porches in the surreptitious endeavor to "see who it is."

"There!" groaned one, "I'd gone to the door seven times this afternoon for nothing but peddlers, and the eighth time I just said I wouldn't. And you might know it had to be my best uncle come all the way from Des Moines!"

There seems no limit to the variety of articles sold thus from door to door. Household conveniences and inconveniences of every sort—a brush for the potatoes, an extra handle for saucepans more readily picked up by their own handles, a nest of containers so large that no normal kitchen could contain it. The victim is urged to try a new garden sprinkler, to enjoy a delectable fruit "spread," a smeared and dripping cracker being thrust at her as evidence of its delectability. While visiting a cousin who lives alone, I undertook one day to act as doorman; it required all but physical force to defend myself against being sold a perambulator for our household of two sympathetically cynical spinsters. Real estate, however, is the chief article of sale—houses and shops, town lots, country lots, beach lots. One friend related her experience:

"I had been as patient as possible. I had been offered every kind of real estate, got fallen arches from running downstairs and up, and still I had preserved my manners. But I've slammed the door in somebody's face at last. That woman tried to sell me a cemetery lot!"

This feverish circle in which everybody is selling something to everybody else results from a combination of circumstances. On the one hand, here is a vast population of newcomers; moving involves outlay. From their dwelling to their monkey-wrench, they must purchase anew. And the farmer experiencing city life for the first time is a ready victim. With that curious mixture of suspicion and gullibility which the provincial ever shows, he will shake his head sagaciously, as he believes, over the high price of a first-class waterproof coat in a reliable shop. "No siree, think they kin charge me anything, do they,

an' I won't know no better! I ain't here to lean against no fresh paint!" The next day he will pay an equally high price for a coat of adulterated rubber because the door-salesman "seemed like a reel nice kind o' feller an' he showed me how it's a durn sight better to pay a little more an' git somethin' I know's good."

Not that all the merchandise which knocks at one's door, or even the larger part of it, is dishonest. By no means. Nor are these peripatetic salesmen and women always unscrupulous. Worthy enough, the majority, and too often heart-breakingly pathetic. And here is another reason for the selling fever. They, like their customers, are largely strangers, a part of the vast drift which recent years have cast upon this shore. Many of them came as the sick or the down-and-outers. Whether their invalidism was physical or economic, they were helpless, and ready to clutch at whatever offered. With no job, no friends, no capital, the one hope lay in peddling. Neither expertness nor capital is needed for this weary bell-ringing round; nothing but a pair of legs. And, for that matter, I have heard of one who undertook it in a wheelchair.

In this medley of humanity every conceivable ware, cult, remedy, club, jargon battens. Striding on, the town has discarded block after block of pleasant houses; these have been picked up by petty businesses, by charlatans, by organizations of every sort. At random I jotted down the signs, "Hongwanji Buddhist Church," "Home of Truth," "Pillar of Fire," "Social Widowhood Club."

And so this conglomeration of newcomers, some transients, some settlers, have created among themselves a sort of perpetual whirligig in which everybody displays and marvels and sells and buys. The incessant craze for driving seems to epitomize the whole psychological situation. Every family has its automobile; and so frenzied are these people with their own enthusiasm that they must needs leap into the car (which they often do in bathing suits) and drive for sheer ebullience. Happening upon a beach in their harum-scarum whirl, they bounce into the surf, bounce back into the car dripping like dogs after a plunge. (Incidentally it may be noted that donning bathing suits and turning the hose on one another is a favorite front-lawn pastime of the young which becomes rather startling when indulged in by graybeards.) So congested did traffic become several years ago that the automatic-gong system was installed at downtown corners and others especially crowded, and it operates to a perfection achieved in few other cities. But a large area is still unregulated, and heaven help the pedestrian.

Thus, whirling in a vast carrousel, they shout noisily, working themselves and others to fever heat. The rustics on a holiday, the go-getters who have come to cater to them, all together cry, "Say, this is the burg!" "Greatest ever!" "You said everything!" "I'll tell the world!" They boast, they boost, they intoxicate themselves with the image of their own city's greatness. Recent statistics gave Los Angeles an area of 282,035 acres, about two-and-one-quarter times as much as Chicago and almost one-and-one-half times as much as New York; but probably Los Angelesians need it.

Power-madness, speed-madness, the selling mania, which may be summed up in general as our Fourth-of-July complex —our insane American lust for hurry, noise, and glare—are here seen in the *n*th degree. The electric wilderness which centers somewhere about lower Broadway spreads through suburbs for miles upon miles which, not so long ago, were forsaken desert. To-day this desert is alive with Power. Power, they keep telling you, Power. Californians show you a relief map so that you can see how they get it. Power. Way up in the mountains it is born, in the streams that leap from a womb of rock, an *élan vital* to give, in turn, birth and rebirth.

Power. Down it tears, mile after mile, vaulting precipices, striding canyons, hurdling the rows of long-armed supports which carry the ceaseless flow of wires and rise against the California landscape everywhere, like fantastic trees of an unknown planet. Power, limitless as life itself, born in the heights, racing down to the valleys, galvanizing towns by the score. Now it drives a factory, again it operates a railway; here it flashes to you the message, "Rub with Uncle Bill's," there it beats the eggs for a housewife's lemon meringue pie. Whatever it does, it does powerfully.

Go to the top of Mount Wilson at night, and you will be told that you are looking at Los Angeles and her satellites of sixty towns. They might as well tell you six hundred. Nothing like it is anywhere to be seen upon the earth's surface. Constellations such as you never dreamed of blaze in that valley below; thick star clusters, dripping Milky Ways, with here and there fat moons reddening. A woven pattern of lights, vast and intricate beyond description. And while you lie on your stomach looking down at it, several of the world's greatest astronomers lie on their backs beside you studying the clusters and nebulæ above. God knows what the astronomers upon Mars, peering through *their* telescopes, think of Los Angeles!

When these people are not talking about Power they are talking about Growth. Tremendous, they say. Never saw anything like it. Phenomenal. Wouldn't have known the old burg, would you?

No, you wouldn't.

Once upon a time one looked down from Mount Wilson on great cool stretches, shading from the paler greens of lemon and grapefruit trees to the deep gloss of orange. The citrus orchards hereabout are gone. They have been trampled or swept farther back by the onrush of Growth. Towns have stampeded, driving the lovely orchards toward the desert, or slaying them. A house-owner told me that orange-wood is "great in the fireplace—*some* logs." Suburbs where retiring people once settled quietly to raise lemons or squabs are now small replicas of the metropolis. Towns do not develop here; they are instantly created, synthetic communities of a strangely artificial world. Plant a few yellow and green stucco bungalows, a few shops, a real estate office, a church, a soda fountain, a school, a movie theater, a cafeteria, and a filling station, and there you are. Another satellite. Another demonstration of Growth.

IV

The city so far considered is the one that thrusts itself under the visitor's nose. If you pause but a day you will forever recall it as a hoydenish carnival. Pause longer, and, especially if you have fortunate entrée, you will look back upon it as a glimpse of some Mediterranean paradise on our own shores, a picture of southern beauty, a land where such culture as we are wont to associate with our Eastern communities at their best finds background against the physical beauty of the semitropics, where that California hospitality which is the finest inheritance from early Spanish tradition cries, "The house is yours," and flings wide the door upon a realized vision of architect's and decorator's art.

For the Los Angeles of old has not vanished. Rather, it has been overflowed by these new lava streams. It lives and thrives: but, as always with the subtler elements, the first glance misses what later observation discloses.

And here I hesitate. If I draw this city as it really is I shall probably be accused of selling real estate or being employed by the Chamber of Commerce. Be it so. The truth must be told. It is incredibly lovely. The "Mediterranean architecture," which is absurd in the hands of cheap promoters of the "Southland," in the hands of skilled architects is beyond words of praise. There are abrupt slopes upon which perch stucco

dwellings, their white or buff walls and red roofs sharp against the blue cloisonné of that western sky; there are Spanish balconies from which distant glimpses of the drowsy Pacific lull one to the mood of dreams; there are patios hung with roses and merry with the chirp of birds. Many of America's finest architects, landscape artists, and interior decorators have been lured hither by the opportunity which space, wealth, and the luxuriance of nature offer their crafts. The result is a creed of beauty declared through their works. When these buildings, gardens, grounds—some of restrained luxury, others of simpler but no less vivid charm—shall have mellowed with time, we may come upon many spots that compete in loveliness with those of Europe.

Here a freshness of conception is often found, too; as, for instance, in the Woman's Athletic Club, one of the most delightful women's clubs that I have seen from coast to coast. One steps suddenly into a tea-garden court, greenly sodded, gayly sprouting flower beds and umbrellas, bordered with olive trees growing against a pinkish stucco wall—and all within the center of the building's second story! . . . Designers compete in giving unique charm to private swimming pools. . . . The climate abets many delights, such as the Hollywood Bowl—which misrepresents itself to the world at large in that it has no connection with the movies. Here a vast open-air auditorium can produce, night after night, "symphonies under the stars."

Parks and boulevards are splendid with the climate's lavishness of trees and flowers, while restrained by careful design. Here an avenue of blood-red eucalyptus in bloom blazes audaciously; there a stretch of palms leads on into a stately picture of the tropics. Nor is beauty all on the grand scale; there are precious hidden bits—a tiny old-world gate in a wall, a modest shop hoarding rare antique Spanish treasures. As for veneration of tradition, the work done in preserving certain of the early Missions and El Camino Real which linked them is a contribution of national value.

Moving amid all this genuine loveliness is a society as delightful as the best in any of our cities. It not only encourages the arts, the humanities; it appreciates them. At so great a distance from the center there must be deprivations; but all the more because of the Coast's remoteness, is credit due to those who have bravely assembled and sustained a philharmonic orchestra; in it, and at the Bowl, the best music obtainable is produced. Good lectures, art exhibitions, the best literature are welcomed.

In education Los Angeles ranks high. There are certain lines, such as vocational training and the school-library system, in which many of our cities have looked to it for leadership. Excellent boarding-schools abound, some of these beyond the suburbs, where boys and girls can enjoy riding and other outdoor sports. There are technical schools and colleges in the city and its environs; and a new branch of the University of California has lately broken ground, an immense area being laid out for what is to be one of our finest campuses, on land that rolls majestically toward the ocean. The city's public library possesses modern equipment of the best, and is in itself an outstanding feature of the municipal architecture, rising upon an eminence flanked by terraces.

And not far away lies a very hotbed of the most advanced science which our country has developed. The California Institute of Technology in Pasadena has come to be a name to conjure with. In close contact with it is the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution. In his Pasadena laboratory did Robert A. Millikan hang a Nobel prize ribbon about the neck of the wary electron. Hither, too, season after season, goes Albert A. Michelson, another of the Nobel winners. Through the famous one-hundred-inch telescope, the largest in the world, peer George E. Hale and

his band of distinguished astronomers, while both hemispheres hang upon the latest celestial bulletin from Mount Wilson. . . . These are but glimpses of the intellectual activities which are rife hereabout. No wonder the Los Angeles University Club possesses not only a lounge which is the admiration of all interested in Mediterranean decoration, but a membership to be reckoned with!

V

What can one make of it all—this extraordinary assemblage of contrasts, this unique conglomeration of sense and nonsense, culture and vulgar ignorance, restrained beauty and tawdry clap-trap? On the one hand, we see Los Angeles, the lady of exquisite taste, retiring to the seclusion of her own rose-garlanded patio to dip into a new volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay. On the other, the hussy at a fair, scented with orange-blossom "p'fumery," and eating perpetual ice cream in a painted iceberg. She complains that the city of the Golden Gate derides her for having "no night life." Here, indeed, is no sinuous devilment of a San Francisco. Childishly carnal, she is the hoyden of cities.

At first blush the corollary seems incoherent. But is not incoherence in itself the interpretation? Los Angeles is unique by virtue of her very universality, of the fact that she is typical of us all. Nothing is so rare as a perfect type. And inasmuch as she represents our American muddle to a degree that no other city does, she becomes a composite portrait of the whole of us, and as such stands alone.

For here we are, the United States, sprawling over a three-thousand-mile breadth, and including within ourselves so many phases, elements, temperaments that, to express the situation in a saying now proverbial, the Great American Novel can never be written. In that saying we have long given voice to the recognition that we simply cannot be set forth in one volume. It would take a shelf of volumes to contain us. In one region, for instance, we have a ripe civilization born of our English heritage, and perhaps too little differing from it. In another we have an uncouth rural population, a tribe of yokels, plodding, dull, naïve. Here we find an awakeness to the subtler values, a seeking for those hidden treasures that lie in learning and the arts, in thoughtful travel and in that fair estate that is of the mind. There we find a materialism crass to a degree, a sensual lust for tawdry finery, tawdry houses, tawdry plays, and tawdry religion. These, and many other phases of our national development, are to be found scattered between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, between Canada and Mexico, and nominally under one government.

They are all strangely merged in this one astounding city. As New York is the melting-pot for the peoples of Europe, so Los Angeles is the melting-pot for the peoples of the United States. Hither have flocked natives of every state in the Union, and they have brought not only their trunks but their tempers. Such juxtaposition of unlikes is so characteristic that it is all but impossible; like certain stories and plays, it is too real to seem true. What Los Angeles is to excess, all our cities are to some extent. We rush and roar and glitter, we bedizen ourselves like children "dressing up," we splurge and boast, and at the same time every one of our large towns, and many of our small ones, is blessed with at least one circle of that society which places good breeding, good taste, and intellect at the summit. More or less we are, each municipality of us, a conglomeration, a bundle of incomprehensible contrasts, an adolescent creature that has not yet found out what to do with its arms and legs but shows immeasurable promise. And by this sign does Los Angeles become the portrait of ourselves as others see us; it is the great American mirror.

BABES IN THE BOIS

BY RICHMOND BARRETT

MORE than a year ago a novel was published which was destined to become the Bible of all the callow cynics who were old enough to shave the down off their chins but not old enough to vote. Men over twenty-one read the book and admired it; but the youngsters learned it by heart and, deserting their families and running away from college, immediately took ship for Paris to be the disciples of the new faith under the awnings of the Dome and the Rotonde and the other sidewalk cafés. The book, needless to say, was *The Sun Also Rises;* and Ernest Hemingway, that brilliant black sheep from the Middle West, suddenly found himself the reluctant leader of a modern Children's Crusade. Upon the banner that these adolescents carried so proudly aloft there was written, not "Excelsior," but the braver, bitterer word, "Futility." Poor Hemingway! He wrote a hard-boiled muscular book and was hailed as prophet by a crowd of sentimental puppies who went about proclaiming that they weren't appreciated in the land of their birth, that they were eternal rebels, martyred Shelleys, and what not.

In unbiased moments I can still appreciate the stark merits of *The Sun Also Rises;* many a time, however, in the six months after it was issued I grew profoundly bored at the very mention of it. Particularly during a trip abroad in the early spring I cursed the day on which Hemingway was born. All the boys and girls who used to pore dutifully over *Lorna Doone* on shipboard were re-reading marked copies of *The Sun Also Rises,* discussing it furiously over drinks in the bar, quoting it at length, and probably sleeping with it under their pillows—if they ever went to bed!

We sailed at eleven in the morning; by three o'clock in the afternoon the bar was crowded and everybody over fifteen, it seemed, had drunk enough to be argumentative. The sudden haphazard, illogical friendships of an ocean voyage were being formed. Some of these alliances probably led to elopements; others were snapped off abruptly before dinner that very night; one came to a tragic conclusion of murder and suicide just eight days later in the forest of Fontainebleau.

There were five men at my table in the bar. We all looked about the same age. In these days males from twenty to thirty-five differ from one another only in height and weight and coloring. The actual years we have struggled through leave no visible impress upon us. Our particular group had drifted together by a sort of magnetism. Four of us wrote, and the fifth was an artist.

"Have you read *The Sun Also Rises?*" That query was not long in coming. As a starting-point for polite conversation it had run neck-and-neck all winter in New York with "Have you seen 'The Captive'?" and was beginning to have a slight edge on its rival.

Four of us *had* read the book. The fifth—a writer, too!—admitted guiltily that he hadn't.

"I've read it three times," the man on my right announced.

"I'm reading it now for the third time," my left-hand neighbor chimed in.

At once a deathless friendship sprang up between those two and, forgetting my existence, they began to exchange deep philosophical thoughts across me.

The rest of us—the poor wretch who didn't know Hemingway at all and the two whose acquaintance with him was so absurdly superficial—turned to the more humdrum topics of the day.

"I see you've got a Phi Beta Kappa key—what college?"

"Yale, 1918."

"I'm Yale, too, 1916."

"I'm University of Washington, 1917."

And then, of course, at the mention of those years during which the whole civilized world had blown up like a volcano, we got started on our war records. I was leaning over the table now, and the Hemingway lovers were chanting behind me about their doomed generation.

Suddenly one of them—the handsome blond youth to my right—deigned to enter our dull discussion. "They'd never have got me to fight," he told us with superb hauteur. "*I'd* have gone to Leavenworth with Debs."

"Didn't they try to get you?" I asked.

"I was six in 1914," he said, "and nine in 1917."

"I was eight in 1914 and eleven in 1917," the other member of the new Damon-Pythias combination sang out. "My father tried to thrash me into being a patriot—but he couldn't." This with the air of a professional martyr!

So this explained why the five of us couldn't find a common meeting-ground for more than two consecutive minutes. Three of us had already slumped into middle-age, were as hopelessly out of date as Grand Army veterans; the other two were incandescent youths, mere children; and naturally, like Marchbanks in "Candida," they considered themselves as old as the world and were determined to be bored, bored, bored by everything their elders stood for. They were not only bored but positively outraged at the thought that they were sitting at the table with three men who had been graduated from college. The blond cherub had suffered the ignominy of a single term at one of our most dignified Eastern universities; the dark one, demanding freedom, decrying academic bondage, had refused to matriculate anywhere. As for a Phi Beta Kappa key—that was a badge of shame.

"I may make a mess of my life," quoth Damon. It was obvious that he rather hoped he would—a glorious, passionate kind of mess. "But at least I won't be a ready-made, the sort that's turned out by hundreds."

"I intend to make my own mistakes—not my father's mistakes over and over again," Pythias backed him up. "Come on—let's take a walk around the deck. It's stifling in here."

And off they went, brothers in arms against collegiate mediocrity.

II

As it happens, I am an ardent champion of callow youth. I consider the years between fifteen and twenty-one almost unbearably pathetic. The polite cant about the blue skies and the sunshine of our earthly springtime is so criminally dishonest that it should be forbidden by law. It will forever be the sad fate of youths that they must take themselves with a lugubrious solemnity and render themselves ridiculous thereby. The most signal victory a human being can win over adverse circumstances is a sense of humor at his own expense; till he's come out on top in that struggle he remains a child and a laughing-stock. Your stubborn misanthrope is a man whose mentality has never been rounded out. He may be brilliant, a genius of the first water after his fashion; for all that, he's a case of arrested development, a precocious, pigheaded, furiously unhappy small boy. Shelley, to whom tormented adolescents turn their faces when they say their prayers (and beautiful prayers they

often are, too, by the way) utterly lacked the saving grace of humor. To have reached the point where he could laugh at his gallant absurdities would have struck him as apostasy to his God.

Far from resenting it when boys of eighteen get rude and sarcastic and insulting, I'm apt to consider it a good sign; it shows they're thinking hard, that they're not allowing themselves to be hoodwinked by the outrageous optimism of older men. I hope the fathers who saw "Young Woodley" in New York last year took its lesson to heart and stopped slapping their boys on the shoulder and jollying them unmercifully and dinning into them such ancient copy-book maxims as "Now's the happiest time of all for you, my boy. No problems, no responsibilities! Life's just one long holiday till you're through college."

I decided to study the two flouncing young rebels on the steamer without, of course, letting them catch me at it. It was necessary to accept them on their own melodramatic terms. One snicker from me and all would be over. (If they ever read this article, they'll consider me Antichrist himself!) I had soon found out from them much that shed light on the vexed question of the post-war generation. They had their hot enthusiasms but no ability to sustain them. They'd light up and crackle away merrily for a few minutes; and then all of a sudden the little flame would fritter out and they'd have not another word to say. Often I watched the two of them alone at a table in the bar. Each session would start off with a bang. They would argue with the greatest animation, reel off quotations from James Joyce, drum out Wagnerian motifs with their knuckles on the arms of their chairs, make sly scathing remarks about the people at nearby tables (myself included, I have no doubt). Their intellectual sprees wouldn't last, however; before long they'd be sprawling back in their chairs and scrutinizing each other in dismal silence—as dog-tired and lackluster a pair of infants as you've ever seen.

Since I am only thirty-two, it's not difficult for me to remember my own extreme youth. Fifteen years ago my friends and I would have given a man of thirty-two many a chance for tolerant amusement. We considered ourselves superior to our elders. We had our absurd cockiness, our half-baked enthusiasms, and the conviction that we were going to make over the world in accordance with our own bombastic theories. On the other hand, we didn't stop growing for a moment; we were in a healthy larva state, the period of nibbling voraciously at every bit of intellectual food that came our way; and we obtained real nourishment from the activity. We couldn't help having indigestion once in a while; but inanition and pernicious anemia were unknown to us. Nowadays the youths of the country are the most squeamish kind of epicures. They peck at the hors d'œuvres and the artichokes and the alligator pears of literature and leave untouched such vulgar main courses as roast beef and saddle of mutton. At twenty we used to read Fielding and Thackeray and George Eliot to make our mental red corpuscles thrive. Boys like my fellow voyagers this year don't want any more red corpuscles than will suffice to keep them just this side of the great beyond. They dote on seeing their deadly white corpuscles multiply. They read the literature of decadence.

During the past five years, the traffic in copies of Joyce's contraband *Ulysses* has become an industry second only to that of smuggling rum. No self-respecting young intellectual would think of going through the daily round without a *Ulysses* tucked under his arm. That sky-blue, paper-covered volume has the old Family Bible backed up against the wall fighting for its very life. Now *Ulysses*, in my opinion, is an authentic, if muddled, masterpiece; it strikes me, not as the work of one man, but as a whole national literature in itself. As

food for youth, I think it's damnably bad. Adolescents need books that will help them out of their confusion, clarify their thoughts for them, and serve their mental vision like a good pair of spectacles, to safeguard them both from farsightedness and near-sightedness. *Ulysses*, when it's studied by the young, only churns up the mud and slime and sediment in their brains. I honestly believe that the boy who is content with *Treasure Island* when he's fifteen has a much better chance of appreciating *Ulysses* at thirty than his more precocious brethren will.

Before we reached France, Damon and Pythias had considerably enlarged their circle of acquaintances. About a dozen boys and girls had rallied to their standard. They all scorned the middle-class pastimes of shuffle-board and deck-tennis. Their principal diversion was the ancient one of shocking their elders by talking of forbidden things at the top of their delicate esoteric lungs. We've all passed through that pretty stage, of course; but when I think of the topics which we used to consider outrageous in my salad days, I must admit we lacked boldness. I'm not exaggerating when I say that these children of nineteen twenty-seven—the girls as well as the boys—discussed certain evils and aberrations of the day that we young things of nineteen-fourteen had never even heard of. I'm not a prig and I'm tolerably well informed on the wickedness of this lusty, unregenerate old planet of ours; but I swear to you that I learned, out of the mouths of babes on my voyage last spring, many a fact I'd like to forget.

Mind, I don't claim that the younger generation *en masse* is that bad. I am aware that our colleges remain more than comfortably full, that athletics continue to thrive in our midst, and that many boys and girls still consider the exchange of fraternity and sorority pins a solemn rite. I admit I am dealing here with a class which someone has christened "the lunatic fringe." Even so, the more solid and dependable among our children have listened to the voices of the rebels with a certain pleasurable excitement. Deans haven't an easy time of it nowadays. A sort of alcoholic ferment has even got into the blood of the nice girls who carry daisy-chains, not enough to make them drunk or seriously to impair their equilibrium—but just sufficient to turn them a trifle giddy. Parents of decent upstanding sons and daughters shake their heads occasionally and complain, "The way young people talk now—the topics they discuss! They make us blush sometimes." In many cases, it's a faintly alarming tendency and nothing more. Just the same, I feel that our complacent elders will be the better for hearing a few tales about the activities of the youngsters who have put their radical ideas to the proof. It's dangerous to shrug aside a minority as of negligible importance, to take refuge in the bland reflection that "after all, *my* children have too much common sense to go off on tangents." Whoever you are, permit me to warn you, your children haven't any too much common sense. Young people who aren't as malleable as warm wax happen to be very rare specimens; the fact, moreover, that one whole shipload of them last year proved to be muddle-headed scamps strikes me as pretty appalling.

III

An odd thing about our coterie of *enfants terribles* was that before long their ranks were swelled by a half dozen women who couldn't be classed as "*enfants*" but were unqualifiedly "*terribles*." Those women! I cringe as I write of them. Damon and Pythias were immensely flattered by their attentions, glad to welcome them into the band of the elect. There was one creature who looked like an Aubrey Beardsley death-head; to see her devouring sandwiches just before dawn in the bar brought up visions of a ghoul in a cemetery gorging on human flesh by

the light of the moon. Her complexion was absinthe-color, she was French, and her name was Marthe—but her admirers had soon christened her Zaza. "I think Zaza's in love with me—*really* in love with me," Damon airily informed me one day. "She's had a miserable life, poor thing." (And he would have died on the spot if anyone had ever called him a sentimentalist to his face.)

Another lady, Nelly, who joined the gang on the third day out—the first two days she had remained in her cabin, probably under the influence of some pleasant narcotic—was of a very different type from the horrible Zaza. Zaza wore the fussiest kind of soiled finery and never attempted to deny that she was well outside the three-mile limit of decency. Nelly was severely tailored, sported a dinner-jacket and stiff shirt in the evening, had an income from her mother's estate, and announced with cock-eyed dignity about ten times a day that she had every right to be an insufferable snob but preferred to be just "an all-around good chap." "Have you ever had malaria?" she liked to ask. "It's abominable. I've had it for two years. I was in a motor accident in Alabama—got thrown into a bayou. I've consulted every specialist in the country. I'm trying French cocaine now—nothing habit-forming, of course." Then, with a far-away look in her eyes, "Didn't I ever tell you about that accident?" Everybody would shout, "Yes, yes—we know all about it!" Nothing daunted, Nelly would begin her well-worn anecdote and ramble on till she was half asleep and all her friends had left the table. She was so like Alice's dormouse in her methods that I used to wonder why no one ever put her, head first, into a champagne cooler!

It was amazing how casually the children accepted these women for what they were worth. "Where's Nelly?" a girl of seventeen would ask some nineteen-year-old boy. "Oh—she's passed out—went too long without her dope, I guess," he would return in the tone of voice with which a youth of thirty years ago would have said, "Oh, she has a slight headache and is bathing her temples in *eau de cologne*."

Some of the girls on board had their mothers with them; and the general attitude towards family ties and parental authority and the sanctity of the home would have made Bernard Shaw gasp. No hardened criminal in a penitentiary could have had more cold-blooded theories on the law of the land than these pretty modern maids pronounced upon their mothers and fathers. To me it was downright sickening.

"What are you doing?" a young thing paused to inquire of me one day as I sat in my deck-chair.

"Just writing a letter to my family," I told her.

She treated me to a long look of mingled pity and scorn. "My God!" she exclaimed laconically and passed on.

They haven't an ounce of feeling in their makeup, these virginal rebels. They're crass and cruel; they consider affection and gratitude plain "bunk"; they almost make us want Elsie Dinsmore back again. Some of them are beautiful, but not one of them has charm.

The loveliest of all to look at was a girl of eighteen—tall and lank, with the most exquisite little pre-Raphaelite head and the longest, most perfectly turned throat I've ever seen. She was the Blessed Damozel incarnate. She and her mother shared the cabin next to mine. The mother was ill and fretful; she was on her way to a German cure. Daughter was sure it would be a "damned bore," that particular spa, and considered her lot both pathetic and unjust. One morning at about five o'clock the girl swept noisily into the stateroom. I'm sure she immediately switched on every light in the place—that's the way of our gallant youth in a sick-chamber. The mother was crying—weakly, miserably. She hadn't slept a wink, she complained, and her neuritis had been a positive torture. "Oh, Lord, *that's* no way to act," snapped the

Blessed Damozel. "Why don't you come out on deck and see the sunrise? It'll do you good." The door slammed, and I heard the smart click of evening-slipper heels in the corridor. Mamma, alone in the cabin, continued to whimper.

I can still remember the funereal gloom in our home, the loneliness, the atmosphere of impending calamity every time our mother was shut up in her room with an attack of neuralgia. We never felt, somehow, that she was deliberately, mischievously spoiling our good times by being ill.

Having pushed such impedimenta as parents overboard and cleared the decks, what are they going to do with their freedom, these swashbucklers?

I was curious to find out their views on the subject of their careers. Suddenly I remembered that Damon and Pythias had announced on the first day out that they wrote. Coming upon Damon in the act of reading a novel of mine (I must confess that I had lent it to him; it had never achieved sufficient popularity to push its way into the library of an ocean liner!) I opened fire on him.

"By the way, what sort of thing do you write?" I began.

"Poems—in the modern manner," he returned grandly. "I haven't any patience with most of the fiction that's turned out to-day," and he drooped a languid eyelid in the general direction of my poor effort.

"Have you ever had anything published?" I pursued pleasantly, with veiled malice.

"No—I've never tried." He was lying, of course. I used to make the same excuse myself in my first discouraging year at college, when printed rejections filled my mail-box. "I write only for myself. It's all a question of mood; and usually, when the mood has gone by, I tear up what I've done."

"Do you have regular hours for writing?" I led him on.

"Good God, no!" He was indignant at the suggestion. "The middle of the night—when I'm fried—is when I do my best work. How about you?"

"I work every morning from eight-thirty to twelve," I confessed.

He looked once more at my book. "You would!" his expression eloquently conveyed.

"Do you ever expect to finish anything?" I asked.

"No."

Long pause.

"Tom's writing a novel," he brought out at last. (Pythias had been christened "Thomas," by the way.)

I looked properly shocked, as who should say, "What right has he to drag his Muse down to such unspeakable degradation?"

"Oh, not the conventional novel," he hastened to add. "A combination of D. H. Lawrence and Hemingway."

"How far has he got?" I was interested.

"He's finished the three big scenes. He read them to me the other day. I tell you, they're tremendous."

"Is that all?" I inquired politely.

"A chap like Tom is so highly wrought that—well, he's too big for anything *but* the big scenes," I was informed in weighty accents. "I'm afraid he'll never get down to filling in the other parts. It's inspiration or nothing—with us."

He tossed my book aside and picked up something by Jean Cocteau. In other words, I was being dismissed.

Inspiration or nothing! The world will wait many, many years, I fear, before the divine visitation of Tom's novel is vouchsafed it. And that's a pity; for those two youngsters have brains. If only they could have awakened to their infantile silliness some day they might have done brilliant work. Having encountered them again, five months later, on the Left Bank in Paris, I'm inclined to think it's too late now. They're stubbornly committed to an elegant sterility. Strangely enough, they dote on inexhaustible robust forces like Isadora Duncan and the unfortunate

Hemingway; but they consider these fecund divinities of theirs as the great apostles of barrenness and futility. "You are all a doomed generation," quoth Gertrude Stein once; and straightway everyone under twenty who considered himself oppressed and misunderstood fell violently in love with the words of the prophetess. They long to be doomed; if destruction threatens to be tardy, they'll rush to meet it half-way by committing suicide.

Meanwhile they go in for promiscuous dissipation. Very few of them enjoy it; but they're too cowardly to admit that. They stage loud orgies, drink a lot, and stagger around in circles because they have interpreted that sort of nonsense to be their exalted duty. The champagne bouts in the overcrowded cabins on our liner went roaring away till dawn every day. The shouts of laughter usually had a tinny sound; most of the parties ended in noisy brawls. But how they despised the benighted souls who went to bed at ten or eleven and woke up refreshed and actually reported for breakfast in the dining-saloon!

Said the Blessed Damozel one afternoon, in a weary drawl to Thomas the novelist, "How do you feel?"

"God-awful!" he answered promptly.

"So do I." She sighed. "Got a cigarette? Thanks. Gee, I ought to stop smoking. Look at my tongue," and she stuck out the offending member for inspection.

He whistled admiringly. "You've burnt off all the skin."

She slipped it back into her mouth. "It hurts like the devil. I can't swallow."

You may not believe it, but that abused tongue of hers was as black as a chow dog's!

We docked at midnight, and our Young Thinkers, accompanied by the natty Nelly and Zaza, the dogged camp-follower, and four other "sporting women" (as the children called them in their more circumspect moments) trooped down the gangway and piled into taxis to "do" the town. They got back at six, just in time to pack their trunks and catch the eight o'clock train for Paris. They had spent an hour at the leading café, then had moved on to a sailors' joint on the water-front. One of the girls and two of the boys had passed out cold—oh, it had been a ripping lark. It had required I don't know how many cups of black coffee to bring them to. The early risers on the ship, taking their brisk constitutionals around the deck, had the pleasure of watching the return of the revellers. One girl, as she stepped out of the first crowded taxi, caught her heel and fell headlong, amid cheers from her companions. She scraped every bit of skin off her pretty nose and boasted about it all the way to Paris. The taxi-load over which Nelly presided with ineffable Old-World dignity (her fedora raked over her left eye, her head at the cocky inquisitive angle of an early-bird listening for a worm) was found to be richer, by one French sailor, than it had been when it left the dock at midnight. The authorities refused to allow the sailor on board. That cruel decision unnerved the whole party. "This man is *my* guest," Nelly insisted, throwing a fraternal arm over his shoulder. "He's breakfasting with me." But no—he was dragged away from his hostess. Her poise collapsed, she burst into tears and was led up the gangplank sobbing her determination to write a nasty letter to the President of the steamship company.

IV

Our idyllic eight days were over. Everybody was bound for Paris to settle down and do magnificent work wherewith to startle the whole civilized world and make the United States put on mourning for having sent its rarest spirits into exile. That seemed to be the general idea, at any rate, on the Paris train. Thank God, they'd all pulled themselves out of the American rut, had possessed the courage to declare their

independence, and could work out their salvation now (I beg their pardon, their *doom*) in their own gallant way. The danger of becoming just so many rubber-stamp, indistinguishable "home-products" was safely past. "Hemingway, we come!" might have been their slogan. Or "Gertrude Stein, we who are about to die salute you!"

Ridiculous children, yes—but, since they *are* children, immensely pathetic! Something has gone tragically wrong with existing institutions; otherwise such hordes of warped and twisted little specimens wouldn't be setting sail into the vast unknown. Every human life deserves a sympathetic, painstaking study. These young things in a crowd were difficult to appraise with anything like patience or kindliness; they brought out the worst, most vicious traits in one another. To achieve a reasonable viewpoint it would be necessary to pick two or three of the stinging midges out of the swarm, get them firmly fixed under a microscope, and examine them at one's leisure.

It's the hardest thing in the world, however, to isolate them. They always travel in a crowd. (If you can dignify their movements by so comprehensive a word as *travel!*) They have no desire to see the world; that would make mere tourists of them, you understand. Paris, in their estimation, *is* the world; all other spots on the globe together comprise a sort of Limbo shrouded in the impenetrable darkness of ignorance and superstition. Some of our American expatriates will say a few kind words for Spain because Hemingway has been known to duck over the border occasionally to take in a bull fight; but few of his disciples have the energy to follow his lead. They traipse lackadaisically from one café in the Montparnasse district to the next; they go the rounds every day as patiently as a policeman on his beat. From the Dome to the Rotonde, thence to the Select they march. The next move is around the corner to the Parnasse; across the street someone beckons from the window of the Dingo. The dogged band leaves the Dingo at last for a round of Russian cocktails at the Viking. So the time passes—day after day, week after week, and still they congratulate themselves upon having escaped the rut! Of all the sheep-tracks of routine, the way of the weary young trail-blazer in Paris is the most monotonous. The district still proudly called the "Quarter" has suffered the deplorable fate of collapsing into just another Greenwich Village. The same types, the same platitudes about the larger freedom, the same old costume balls that used to be staged in Webster Hall, even the very same people who once achieved a brief, shoddy notoriety at the Brevoort, had their bluff called and, moving to Paris, found to their joy that they could put their fame through a face-lifting process on the Boulevard du Montparnasse and be somebody again. Into this atmosphere, the neophyte from New York or San Francisco comes to breathe the ozone of fresh ideas. It soon proves to be the stalest sort of carbon monoxide, that ozone; it makes him sleepy, dead-and-alive, languid. In six months try to pick him out of the herd and you can't do it to save your neck. He's as hopelessly ready-made as any clerk behind a ribbon-counter, though he's cut, of course, from a different pattern.

V

The most amazing thing about the young intellectual is that he *should* know better than to comply weakly with his rubber-stamp doom. It wasn't till I'd got under the guard of several young men and coaxed them away from large generalizations about beauty and freedom and love and actually made them speak up for themselves, that I found this out. Some of them have keen minds, an alert and vivid intelligence, a power to discriminate between gaudy shams and bleak truth in music and art and literature; but it's only a head

knowledge, and they simply can't relate it to life. Damon and Pythias, for example, genuinely admire Hemingway's salty sagacity and have the greatest scorn for the sophomoric cynicism of Noel Coward; yet they order their lives for all the world as if they were the heroes of Coward's latest play and were being directed by him. They can't resist the fascination of the old, old fallacy that youth plays jazz madly to silence the cries of a breaking heart. Talking to them soberly and sensibly, I was struck by their real erudition. They know their Wagner. With proper training, I believe they could have become first-rate conductors of Wagner's operas. They play Debussy records on their phonographs for hours at a stretch. The best of modern poetry gives them authentic joy. They love Matisse and Picasso, not because it's the smart thing, but because the art of these men actually moves them. In a way, I began to see the justice of their complaint, "American colleges aren't run for men whose tastes have already been formed along the new lines. They're for boys who have never thought for themselves. They want conventional preparatory-school minds in their classes. They're *afraid* of us."

There's something in that argument. In my college days, I was by no means the plodding type; I was considered rather reckless and advanced, I remember. I had read the whole of "The Ring and the Book"; and I deployed the twenty-four volumes of the New York edition of Henry James along the top shelf of my bookcase. In short, I was the Young Thinker of 1915. Compared, however, to these savants of 1927, I was densely ignorant, narrow, parochial in my tastes.

American colleges haven't plunged ahead at any breakneck pace since my day. The courses and the professors remain about what they were. "We don't want to study Tennyson for half a year," Damon wailed. "I knew Tennyson by heart when I was fourteen." He proved it, too, by quoting long passages from "Ulysses" and "The Lotus Eaters" and by tearing the solemn pretensions of the "Idylls of the King" to tatters. "I didn't hear one thing in my five months at college that wasn't old stuff to me. My French professor was an American and he was always in a panic because I tried to talk French to him. And what did he teach us? Absolutely nothing! We had to translate so many pages of *Notre Dame* every week—and that was the end of it. All that idiot ever did for me was to pick on my accent because it was better than his and he resented it. My God—I couldn't *stand* it." He was fairly bristling with indignation. "And the whole crowd baited me; they thought I was a pernicious influence because I wasn't a hundred per cent He-man."

That's the most bewildering, insidious problem of all in connection with our present-day youths. Precocity is often an outward and visible symptom of disease. Whatever may have been the faults of education and home-training in the past, however they may have cramped genius, they did correct at the start certain dangerous tendencies away from the norm. They fostered health in the average mind and safeguarded us from running a temperature over strange mysteries. Ten years ago a drama class might have attended a performance of "The Captive" and come home completely baffled as to what it was all about. We were robust, even though hopelessly benighted. Nowadays morbid precocity is rampant; just when it broke loose nobody seems to know. The unfortunate aspect of our educational system is that it still persists in ignoring abnormality in the face of overwhelming evidence that the evil is growing by leaps and bounds. To the boys and girls on my steamer "The Captive" was positively "old stuff"; and yet, if any of them should be bullied into going to college they would have to listen to lectures that treat of a novel like *Wuthering Heights* as the last word in

triumphant daring. The gulf between the pedagogue and his pupils must be bridged somehow or education will succeed only in stultifying the wisdom of the ages up to Armistice Day.

"They're *afraid* of us!" the youth cries exultingly and feels he must be a glorious hero to inspire terror in his elders' bosoms. The problem has got to be faced, not evaded or run away from in sheer terror. No plague has ever been conquered except by sound medical treatment. The most frantically precocious adolescent has the self-protective instinct somewhere within him. The keen, level-headed preceptor can help him to save himself if he'll only consider him sane at bottom and go to work on him patiently and intelligently and snub him ever so delicately for his dark melodramatic pretensions. To show fright is fatal. I believe that the number of born degenerates isn't any greater now than it ever was; but I also believe that many more of our young people are being pushed over the border-line to-day than at any other period for centuries.

It has always been the way of the dilettante in forbidden things to write sonnets about the grave and odes to worms and winding sheets. That sort of diseased brain turns with astonishing ease to the thought of suicide. The newspapers of late have published dozens of sensational scare-heads on the subject of suicide among American students. There has been a good deal of wanton exaggeration; some of the accounts in the pernicious tabloid newspapers would have us believe that boys and girls are laying violent hands upon themselves at the rate of a dozen a week. That, of course, is nonsense. Out of the thousands and thousands of pupils in our universities perhaps twenty-five have killed themselves in the past year. Still, even that number shows an alarming increase over other years; moreover, the idea of self-destruction is occurring to many who don't act upon it. The very fact that they brood about it shows that it is a danger. Normal young people concentrate on positive things; negations bore them.

I mentioned, at the beginning of this article, a tragedy which followed closely upon our landing in France. There was a girl on the ship—quiet, almost old-fashioned by reason of good manners and general diffidence. She held herself aloof from the raucous gang that ruled the roost. She was studying the piano and practiced patiently for hours every day. Nobody succeeded in scraping up more than a casual acquaintance with her. She seemed a solitary survival of a calmer, more self-sufficient age. We reached Paris on a Friday morning; the next morning, in a parked motor in the Forest of Fontainebleau, some men found her dead body. Beside her was a dying youth—the man she had come over to marry. He had shot her and then killed himself. So far as I know, the mystery has never been solved. It probably was a crime of jealousy and belongs to this age no more than to any other age. Fifteen years ago, when my sister was a student in Northampton, the same thing happened on the steps of the chapel. A Dartmouth man killed a Smith girl and then turned the revolver on himself. I speak of the Fontainebleau tragedy here only to show how difficult it is to generalize at any time. The newspapers pounced upon it to swell their ominous score of student suicides and arbitrarily added two names to the list.

VI

Another suicide in Paris last summer fitted more neatly into the modern argument, was typical of the 1927 version of distracted juvenility. I heard about it from young Damon.

I had returned to Paris after three months of wandering in Spain and Italy —a course much deplored by my young shipmates of the spring. "Why do you want to leave Paris?" they had complained. "What *is* the point of traipsing through cathedrals and alcazars with a lot of school teachers?"

The day I got back to Paris I was walking past the Dome when I heard a dead-and-alive voice hallooing at me. I turned—and there was Damon. For the moment I couldn't believe that I had been away at all. He sat in the same nonchalant attitude, slumped down on the small of his back, as on the night he had limply shaken my hand and waved me away into the outer darkness of southern Europe. I'm pretty sure he filled the same old chair, too; and in front of him was a glass of muddied greenish-yellow liquid—the Pernod he always drank and proudly asserted *was* absinthe, whatever the authorities might claim. He will never quite relinquish the hope that the insidious habit will get him yet. He was alone—and that somehow made the situation peculiar. In the spring there had never been less than six or eight of him.

After the usual "Sit down. What'll you have?" he subsided into a coma. I began to talk about bullfights, knowing his passion for gore and horror. He gazed over the top of my head and paid not the slightest attention to my story.

"How's Tom?" I tried again.

He gave a ghost of a shrug. "Never see him. Don't even know where he lives."

"Doesn't he ever come *here*?" I asked in astonishment.

"Oh, yes—but I don't like his crowd. They talk all the time and say nothing."

Another agonizing pause. I began to long for Tom and the other chatterers.

"Ever see Nelly?" I broke again through the thick gloom.

"No, she's dropped out of sight."

At last, "Do you remember Pat O'Neill?" he queried out of his fathomless remoteness.

Yes, I remembered him—at the Dome, the Rotonde, the Deux Magots. How could I ever forget that freckled, arrogant boy with the terrier-mop of hair, who had once thrown back his head and shouted that all the world might hear, "I loathe Brahms. I *despise* Beethoven. I *abhor* Wagner. Nobody counts but Bach."

"Well, Pat killed himself last night," Damon stated and suddenly came to life. I believe he had been frightened and profoundly shaken before I appeared on the scene; but all at once he recalled that he had a tremendous tale to tell, and that galvanized him into a nervous exaltation. After months and months of listless waiting and apathy something had happened.

I noticed a pile of newspapers a foot thick on the chair beside him. His glance had subtly coaxed mine in that direction.

"It's on the front page of every paper in Paris," he announced. "I was his best friend; of course I'm besieged by reporters." He felt a reflected glory in his friend's deed; he was getting a kick out of it and, instead of being ignored by a world that could not appreciate him, he was in the limelight, he was actually important.

"It's horrible—publicity at a time like this," he abruptly caught himself up, recalling his many caustic diatribes against men who craved headlines.

His subject warmed him to an excitable animation for a time. Pat had seemed all right; a crowd of them had dinner the evening before and made the usual round of the cafés till four-thirty in the morning. Just before dawn Pat got up from their table at the Select and, without a word, had disappeared. He had gone directly home to his apartment, the ground-floor in a picturesque rattletrap at the back of a baronial courtyard. (Pat loved that courtyard. It boasted magnificent wrought-iron gates and was filled with old straw and decrepit carriages rotting peacefully back of their empty uptilted shafts.) The other people in the building had been awakened by the sounds of a piano—Bach, of course. This person and that had grumpily considered getting up and complaining; but it was a bitter cold July morning, and the sufferers preferred to lie cursing in their warm beds rather

than to register a more decisive indignation. Suddenly, Bach had given way to a mad, hysterical pounding out of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." At last there had been a few minutes of discordant improvisation, growing gradually fainter; then silence. At ten o'clock somebody had smelled gas. O'Neill's door had been forced, and he was found on the floor under his grand piano, dead. He had turned on every jet in the place and died with what he and his friends considered a magnificent gesture.

"How long had he been in Paris?" I asked.

"Three years—he came over when he was twenty-one. His people were dead against it." Somehow Damon's tone implied that his premature taking off was entirely his family's fault.

But I knew better. The precious new faith of futility had killed that boy. After three years of dreary acquiescence in the monotonous routine of the Left Bank, he had suddenly realized that he couldn't stand another day of his relentless squirrel-cage activity. From the Dome to the Rotonde, from the Rotonde to the Select, from the Select to the Parnasse! And so on, in season and out of season, endlessly, wearily . . . He was like the rest of them. His enthusiasms flared up every so often, swept over him like a fire in a stubble-field, and flickered out. Long periods of doing nothing, just waiting irritably for a new inspiration, doubtless consumed most of his youth. As one of his cronies said to me once, "Oh, I haven't written a word for three weeks—lying fallow, you know."

That sounds admirable; it implies a patient, bucolic husbanding of the resources. Like Mother Nature herself, that particular creative spirit was letting his soul sweeten, was nourishing it to a richer fertility—or so he would have had me believe. It's all very well to lie fallow if you have sufficient depth of soil in you. The trouble with the young intellectual of the boulevards and the Bois is that he's all top soil, shallow soil, and nothing can take root in him for a long enough time to grow up and ripen. He refuses scornfully to work regularly and consistently; such journeyman ways would make him a mere laborer at a chosen trade. He prefers to consider himself the guardian of a divine fire; and divine fire is notoriously irregular and inconsistent. If he would only study the letters of great men of the arts—novelists and painters and sculptors—he would learn that, in the few brief periods when they have been beguiled into idleness, they are desperately, furiously unhappy; they lose their faith in themselves and are convinced that never again will they do presentable work. The conscientious artist should avoid a holiday as he would shun the plague; ask his wife, and she will assure you that I am right. Boys like Pat O'Neill have the spark, but they make their lives one long exasperated vacation from regular hours. Discouragement feeds greedily on them and saps all their energies till they haven't the physical strength—to say nothing of the mental discipline—to sit at a desk or an easel for fifteen minutes a day. I have never known despair so abject, inertia so profound as fastens on the American boy in Paris and paralyzes him. He has had the power to tug himself out of the New York or Middle West rut; but the suction of the Paris rut gets him like a quagmire and swallows him up eventually. To have the courage to get away and go back to his native land is beyond him; what would the others say of such a hopeless renegade?

Sitting across the table from Damon, I watched his vivacity die down as he finished his story of Pat O'Neill. His eyes dulled, his very fibers seemed to slacken.

Suddenly he said the most astonishingly original thing I've ever heard him utter. He had thought of something—heaven knows what!—that had frightened him. He leaned across the table and exclaimed, "I want to get out of Paris—for a while. I don't want to be just another Quarter hound. I've a

good mind to go down to St. Jean de Luz and play some golf." Coming from him, it was belligerently athletic and He-mannish.

"Why don't you go back to the States?" I challenged him.

That made him gasp. But at last, "Well, I might," he admitted sheepishly. For one moment, he became middle-class and humdrum enough to be downright homesick. I think he was even warming a bit to the prospect of his parents' welcome.

"I'm going home to bed now, anyway," he said after a long silence. "See you later," and he broke up our session.

I saw him again, three nights later. He and the long-lost malarial Nelly swaggered up to a table at the Dome. They weren't exactly steady on their feet, either of them. Nelly had on her tuxedo, and her crush-hat was at a more fantastic angle than ever. She had lost all control of her facial muscles since I had last seen her. Squinting and twitching, she threw herself down into a chair. In a few moments, she and Damon were the center of a noisily convivial band. Their talk grew louder and louder and it was far from pretty. All at once Nelly spied me and began to shout an imperious summons to join them. I demurred, politely but firmly. So Nelly came over to my table, Damon in tow.

Her greeting was effusive and fidgety and didn't make sense. Out of the jumble of incomprehensible sounds I did gather that she considered herself and me kindred spirits, friends till death even though our paths seldom crossed.

Damon looked me over suspiciously, sulkily. He was sorry for his recent avowals, that was obvious. When I told him I was sailing back to the States in a few days he treated me to a pale leer of disgust.

"Thank God I'm over here for good!" he exclaimed aggressively. "What's your idea, anyhow, leaving Paris?"

Nelly swept him aside and took the floor. Damon interpreted her long speech for me. He and she and four other "damned fine people" were leaving Paris, too—for a week. They were bound for Toulon. "It's worse than Port Said, you know," I was told.

To-night they were all going down to Bal Noygues on the Rue de Lappe—I'd come along, of course? Charmingly informal, the Rue de Lappe—a beautiful freedom from race distinctions. Nigger boys dancing with Apaches—that sort of thing—really tonic. But I couldn't be persuaded.

"Oh, come ahead, Nelly!" Damon snapped at last. "He's too damned decent." The crowning insult, of course!

I stayed on at the Dome a half hour longer, watching the party of "damned fine people." In time they reached the bellicose state. Insults and imprecations rang out, with Nelly as ringleader; but even wrath can't be sustained for very long, apparently, among our brilliant expatriates. A sullen silence shut down on the group, punctuated by infrequent rumbling curses. It was as if their fireworks of a moment ago had got damp and their powder could only sizzle and indulge in a few sick, wet pops. Finally they all dragged themselves up and began to hail passing taxis in tones of infinite languor.

I saw Nelly lurch crazily and go down on all fours under a table.

"What's the matter with you?" someone asked her.

"Sunk," she confessed, sitting down with a bump on the pavement and leaning her head against the table-leg.

A taxi had drawn up at the curb. The Young Thinkers gathered about Nelly, discussing her case.

Damon settled the problem for them. "Oh, leave her there. She's all right."

They did leave her there. By the time they had piled into the taxi and called out "Rue de Lappe" they had forgotten her very existence. I have never heard whether or not she came to in time to take the little idyllic excursion to Toulon.

THE MODERN CHRISTIAN SPEAKS

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

I AM myself a Christian, but I quite understand and respect the non-Christian point of view.

I make this bald statement at the outset because it expresses more completely than several paragraphs of less direct statement could possibly do the immense difference between the Christian of today and the Christian of fifty years ago.

In those earlier days, in the closing quarter of the last century, Christianity was not an elective; it was obligatory—obligatory, that is, if you wished to be saved. There was but one path. That was pretty generally taken for granted in all Christendom. But the one path was itself beset by the pitfalls of wrong doctrine. Even those enrolled under the same banner—the tolerant, large-hearted, all-inclusive banner of the great Nazarene—could not feel entirely sure as regards their own personal salvation, or the salvation of their fellow-sectarians; and when it came to the sectarians of a rival communion there were very grave doubts about the fate in store for them. In the minds—I will not say in the hearts—of the stricter dogmatists these doubts amounted to certainty, and they themselves lived, a small company of the elect, surrounded by a world all too obviously headed for disaster. I remember distinctly that my grandfather, who lived a gentle, blameless life, was generally considered to be in a very precarious situation because he declined to profess the specific doctrines my grandmother held to be essential, and contented himself by trying, day by day, to live a simple, genuine Christian life. Her attitude, and the attitude of her fellow-sectarians, was entirely sincere. Their minds worked less flexibly than our own, and their hearts could be hardened over considerable periods of time. To them the chosen body of doctrine was so altogether clear and convincing that its non-acceptance indicated a stubborn, stiff-necked, wilful spirit which quite deserved temporal reprimand and even the dire punishment extending over a long lifetime of eternity. They really held that if a man would only let himself go, would only submit, he could quite honestly believe just what they believed; and that a failure to do so, instead of representing a psychological inability, was the certain sign of a perverse and reprehensible wickedness. In attempting to judge these earlier sectarians we sometimes forget that their harsh attitudes were not conscious and intended cruelties, but merely the contemporary necessities of popular village thought.

One spark of toleration glowed in practically every Christian community, but its warmth, curiously enough, instead of going out to the neighbor at hand, was reserved for those more remote and sketchy persons, the heathen. Missionary zeal was greater in those days than now—or, at least, it was different—but the available workers were few and the available funds were meager. It was early recognized that millions and millions of heathen must be born, and live, and die, without having the Gospel preached to them. The command to preach had been given to the Apostles, and the Christian world was, therefore, disposed to believe that the failure to

make the Gospel preaching universal represented an omitted duty on their own part, for which the heathen world could not logically be held responsible. In claiming forgiveness for their own imperfect ministry, the majority of Christians found it easy to believe, or at least to hope, that meanwhile the heathen, by reason of their entire ignorance of the Gospel, would not be held responsible for not accepting it, and might expect grace and pardon. There were, indeed, timid souls who deprecated foreign missions on the ground that any inadequate preaching of the Gospel resulting in its non-acceptance would place heathen souls in jeopardy, while without this partial and unconvincing knowledge they might at least have been safe.

And yet, even in those more dogmatic days there were thoughtful individuals, here and there, who held more generous views of Christianity, and who led the devout, joyous lives of those who expect largeness on the part of Deity. But their number was not great and, though respected for their pure lives, they were none the less suspect. It was a day when labels were not considered unmannerly and were held to be descriptive. If you failed somewhat to understand a man's religion you called him unorthodox; if you failed still more, he was a heretic; if you failed utterly, he was an atheist. To be called a liberal or a free-thinker was a distinct term of reproach. Unitarians were hardly accounted Christians. I gathered the impression as a boy, that Universalists were too childish and soft-hearted to be worth discussing. Yet I was surrounded by good religious persons, whose lives, fortunately, were better than their creed. But they lacked the joy of my own later life. It was their great, disabling misfortune to hold a small conception of Christianity.

II

My first and major point is, then, that the modern Christian differs from his grandparents, even from his parents perhaps, in being a Christian from choice. Not from necessity, not from fear, not from favor of public opinion, not from any meaner motive of self-interest, but in the unpersuaded, passionless atmosphere of free-will, he is a Christian because he has elected to be a Christian. It is a case of religious self-determination. This divine freedom of choice represents, I think, the most important and far-reaching advance in the evolution of modern religious thought. It means everything—growth, joy, utter sincerity; the modern Christian is really a Christian, a genuine follower and lover of our Lord. This freedom of choice presupposes two essential convictions, neither quite novel; but neither, until recently, at all current.

The first conviction is a profound belief in the value of all religions. The modern Christian is first of all, a world-religionist. He accepts quite literally that great pronouncement of the blessed Bhagavad-Gita—"All paths lead unto Me." His personal goal is the realization of God; to know God and to live increasingly in his presence, and by his wisdom; and he realizes that millions of other human beings are bent upon the same happy quest—they are in a true sense his brothers, whatever their nationality or creed or color. For every man has a religion; it is his attitude towards life, the most important and all-inclusive thing about him—his attitude towards himself, towards his family and neighbors, towards his country and the great outside world; his attitude towards that superior world of saints and heroes and angels; his attitude towards the Christ of history and towards the supreme God. Furthermore, it is his attitude towards the great problems of the thoughtful life, the problem of values in our present-day life, and of our destiny beyond the grave.

The sum of these attitudes is the man himself, for they shape the whole of his behavior. It is commonly stated that some men are religious, others irreligious;

but this is not a sound classification. Defined as I have just defined it (and correctly, I think), religion is a man's whole attitude towards life, and he acts out this attitude in every event of his conscious life. It is worth remarking that this is equally true whether the attitude be negative or the sum of large affirmations.

These religions are not of equal value because the men who hold them are not of equal worth. We may never say that a man is better or worse than his religion, for he *is* that religion. He may be better or worse than his verbal profession, his formal creed, but he is at every moment the faithful incarnation of that religion which is the very heart of his life. To respect another's religion is to respect his personality. When he turns to God, whether in worship or extremity, one must turn with him, standing reverently in the Presence of the Divine. My own attitude in this respect is not unique; it is typical, I think, of the modern Christian. I have worshipped in Buddhist temples and at Shinto shrines in Japan; with Hindu and with Parsee in India; at the Greek Church in Paris and in Tokyo; in Roman Catholic cathedrals in many parts of Europe, and with as deep sincerity as in the parish church at home. That is to say, I am first of all a world-religionist, and after that, I am by birth a Christian; by family tradition and upbringing an Episcopalian; by personal preference a High-Churchman. This represents for me the chosen path, but it is not the only path—"*All paths lead unto Me.*"

I emphasize so strongly this first conviction, this profound belief in the value of all religions—calling it, indeed, a fundamental conviction—because without it one may hardly account modern Christianity an elective. Choice requires alternatives, and not alternatives declared in advance to be worthless, but alternatives sympathetically recognized as having great value, possibly even equal or superior value. No earnest student of religion can go far in his studies without realizing that there are elements of great value in all the major religions of the world. Some of these elements are identical with our own Christian attitudes; some of them are superior to the professions of our less advanced Christian thought. I have come to believe that no man can be a Christian who does not feel at perfect liberty to accept any other discipline which more strongly appeals to him; just as I have come to believe that no one can honestly hold a given dogma unless he feels at perfect liberty to decline it utterly. The modern Christian seeks and finds a free field with no compulsions.

III

The second conviction upon which our modern freedom of choice rests may seem at first a bit curious, and even perhaps contradictory, but it is, nevertheless, fundamental. I think that I speak for other modern Christians as well as for myself when I say that we are no longer much preoccupied with the question of our own personal salvation. We are firmly convinced that we may safely and suitably leave that to God. We quite literally commit ourselves to his keeping, now and always. Our situation seems to us somewhat as follows: we find ourselves in a highly perplexing world, full of unguessed riddles, rich in possible knowledge. We are in daily touch with the unknown and the unknowable. We believe ourselves to be immortal, experiencing, like our dear Lord, a brief and amazing incarnation here on earth. It began in mystery, at birth; it follows its mysterious course over a short span of years; it ends, in mystery, at death. That is to say, we experience something which does not explain itself—human existence. But so poignant is this experience that we cannot think of ourselves as non-existent. We are vividly conscious of the present, that significant hyphen which, as Bergson puts it, connects memory with anticipation, but we cannot see behind

the veil whose strange tissues hide our prenatal life, nor can we see beyond that more luminous curtain which is only drawn aside at death.

I confess to a lively curiosity as regards both past and future, but I can truthfully say—and again I think that I speak for my group—that I feel no disquietude in the face of these great mysteries. I find to-day equally mysterious; but I love its dimensionless quality. I love the ever-present sense of the immediate presence of God. I love to think of that higher order of beings, saints and gods, of the superior men and women still on earth, of the charming children, of the unfailing resources and beauty of nature. We modern Christians really mean it when we pray, "*Thy will be done*," so sure are we that the Divine Will is better than any scheme of things which we, finite, could offer the Infinite. But I, personally, quite realizing my own too-great tendency to meditation, and fearing the inefficiency of fatalism, am pretty sure to add, "And grant, dear Lord, that I may do *my* part!" For the beatitudes are not actualities; they are simply possibilities. It is for each aspiring soul to co-operate with God and create them for himself. I am rich or poor quite as I will; it is a question of self-activity. As Emerson somewhere says, of our own volition we proceed unto heaven, unto hell. To-day is all we have; our ignorance of the great yesterday and the great to-morrow is entirely wholesome, for it permits us the better to concentrate upon to-day, to live in the present moment, as children do—for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

I think I may claim for modern Christians that we have entered into this kingdom of the child; that we do live intensely in the present moment; and that we do seek to make this moment overflowingly rich. We seek to do this by means of rugged health and keen, well-trained intellects, above all, by augmenting that great motive power of all immediacy, the life of the spirit. To save to-day interests us profoundly, but we are impelled, not by any sense of being lost, for we can never be that while God's in his world and the moral law still holds, but we are impelled by a sense of the wealth which is ours for the taking. We call ourselves Christians, and accept Jesus as our Lord and Master, because it seems to us that more forcibly than any other teacher he taught the supremacy of the inner life, the timeless immediacy of our real existence, the beauty of that disinterestedness which, asking nothing, possesses everything. Salvation through spiritual insight and growth is the major concern of a modern Christian. He is a conscious evolutionist. But he cannot accept at all seriously those artificial and all-too-human schemes of salvation which man offers, ready-made, to God. It seems to the modern Christian that this august function belongs to God alone, and that we are perfectly safe in his keeping. He has offered an acceptable way of life, we believe, to those who heed the life and conversation and death of our Lord, who try to bring their own lives into complete harmony with the large orderliness of nature, who do no violence to the moral law, who profit by the example of all those saintly lives which have been lived from the time of Buddha, to the time of St. Francis of Assisi, to our own time. Paul summed it all up in the one terse injunction—to grow in grace. To the modern Christian salvation is not a *fait accompli*, to be acquired all at once, in one dramatic moment. It is an endless operation, a lifelong process of becoming. It is as certain as the succession of day and night, as the law of gravitation, and quite as continuous.

These two convictions are the basis of our modern freedom, the conviction that those who seek shall find, and the conviction that we may leave the future to God.

IV

And now, one who has followed me patiently as far as this may well ask why, in such a fair and assured field, should one

choose to be a Christian—why, indeed, should he choose any specific religion at all? These are very natural and proper questions, and I will try to answer them, dealing with the second question first. The answer seems to me very simple and obvious—it is not necessary to make any religious choice. It is not necessary to attend any church, or even to inaugurate any private religious cult of one's own. One may drift through life, as so many do, quite regardless of its spiritual values. There is no compulsion. But I must point out that this indifference, this negative attitude towards the inner life, is itself a religion. It is just as much a scheme of life as is the most articulate faith and the most elaborate ceremonial. It is an attempt to deal with life as if the body were all of man, and its desires and appetites and reactions constituted an adequate motive power for the rich and varied pageant of our daily human life. Such an attitude is seldom held during the whole of any single lifetime, for it is so prone to be upset by events which stubbornly refuse to be explained by so limited a theory of life, and often by events of such a far-reaching and dramatic quality that they force a re-evaluation of our human experience. And yet this religion of indifference to all but bodily sensations is held by large numbers of persons over considerable lengths of time, and finds expression in dreary and commonplace modes of living.

To those of us who hold a more positive and complete religion, who admit all the claims of the bodily life and value all its wholesome potentialities, but who realize that this bodily life is made significant and satisfying only through the activity of its greater partner, the spirit, that attitude towards life which takes cognizance only of the body seems to us singularly partial and inadequate. It seems to us like trying to solve a problem with only a part of the data given, and the smaller and less important part, at that. In a word, it seems to us inaccurate and unscientific. It is not a theory of life to satisfy even a moderately developed intelligence, for it does not square with one's own personal experience, or the experience of one's neighbor, or with those tremendous events in history where it was the "imponderables" which proved to be the decisive factors. The real drama of the world takes place in the inner life. To be strong in the spirit is to be the leader and conqueror, the hero in every walk of life. The gift of the spirit is not apportioned to men in equal measure, nor do they cultivate their portion with equal assiduity. They differ in spiritual development, and so they differ in power and worth. This is the basal fact which leads to the inescapable conviction of human inequality.

To deny the spiritual life and to ignore these spiritual measures is, we think, to close one's eyes to the most obvious experience of our every-day life, and to turn from observation and fact to fantastic theories of human equality, and that sinister myth of democracy which to the man in the street is like charity, in that it covers a multitude of sins. Nor does this popular attitude, this religion of indifference to spiritual values, seem to satisfy the heart any better than it does the intellect. We do not observe that these masses of people who live these sordid, materialistic lives are either happy or successful. It is not an accident that in those homes where bodily luxury and indulgence have taken the place of spiritual refinement, we find the scandals and tragedies and degeneracies of our social life. It is not an accident that so many of our people are vulgar in their ideas of beauty, of amusement, of conduct. It is not without cause that so many of them are restless and discontented. I have known so-called religious persons who were not happy; I have never known a really happy person who was not sincerely and deeply religious. Laughter and loud speech and hilariousness are not the assured signs of happiness: they may easily be a mere grimace, the gesture of pretense and substitution,

and if you look beneath the surface, more dreary than tears themselves.

A developed religion is not obligatory —one may do without it and adopt the religion of indifference—but it is so highly desirable that the man who declines it is sadly cheating himself. For such a religion is a way of life, wrought out by the aspiration and out-reaching of a multitude of earnest seekers, and he who walks in it day by day robs these days of ugliness and insignificance, and transforms them into a glorious adventure. Whether one regards life as a garden or a wilderness, there must be a path if one is to travel any reasonable distance and reach any given goal. One need not be a Christian—I, a Christian, insist upon that freedom—but one must adopt some intelligent, inclusive scheme of life, some religion of completeness, if one is to make life satisfying or even tolerable. Religion touches upon the future, regards the past, but its major concern is always with to-day; let me repeat that religion is a way of life, a more perfect way of a richer and more adequate life.

There are solitary, shut-in souls who must work out such a way of life for themselves; and for all of us, indeed, the most profound religious experiences are personal and intimate, but one may not wisely dismiss the proffered aids to spiritual culture any more than one might decline the approved methods of education and hygiene. The field of knowledge is vastly too great for any single man to discover it, or perhaps I ought to say re-discover it, for himself. However earnest and gifted, the student who traveled alone, who would only deal with the arts and sciences *de novo*, would hardly touch them at all, could never know even the most elementary facts, could never possibly make any contributions himself. It is hardly thinkable that anyone, even the most provincially minded, would attempt such a futility. A peasant may describe something as the most wonderful he has ever seen, but instead of impressing you, it only makes you smile. In the domain of the spirit the case is hardly less striking—one may not travel alone. One may travel far, and especially the mystic, who is always conscious of the immediate presence of God, but in addition to this intuitive knowledge, one must seek the widest possible culture, the most complete knowledge of what the human spirit in its totality has accomplished. For it is an integral part of our modern view that no authenticated knowledge may be dismissed as secular; that all knowledge is fundamentally spiritual. In setting forth upon such a comprehensive religious life we are all neophytes—to gain wisdom we must seek the instruction of the masters.

V

I have tried to indicate that a large attitude towards life, a carefully thought-out religion, is essential to the successful conduct of life; and if I have made it seem as if such a way of life is almost synonymous with good breeding, I shall not be sorry, for the two have much in common. But why, if religion is so universal and precious a possession, should one specialize at all—that is, I come now to the first question, Why elect to be a Christian? There are many intelligent and devout persons here in America who are not Christians. Some are New Thought people, some are Bahaists, some are Agnostics, some are Jews, some are Theosophists, some are Buddhists, and all are seeking God as honestly and eagerly as we Christians are. If they have found what is for them the path, a modern Christian would not even suggest a change, and in this complete toleration he is no less loyal and devoted to his own faith. He elects Christianity for himself for two major reasons. If he were born a Christian the traditional reasons for remaining in the faith are singularly compelling, for the Christian tradition is in his very blood and is the spiritual world in which he has grown up. It is a part of his vocabulary,

a part of his thought, an integral part of his feeling. It has found expression in the art and architecture, the music and the literature with which he is the most familiar and which he most cherishes. The Christian attitude towards life is the very framework of his thought, the presupposition upon which he carries out his own daily life, and enters into easy and helpful relation with his fellows. He is, like them, familiar with the Christian Scripture, and like them is largely influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by its teaching. He understands the almost daily reference to the Biblical stories and narratives. The Christian attitude is so large a part of his own attitude that it goes to the very roots of his life and can hardly be eradicated if he tried; if it could be eradicated there would be very little of the man left—he would be a fragment, a man without a country. These conservative, traditional reasons for remaining a Christian may not lightly be thrown aside; they are so inborn that they hardly represent free choice, they are rather an organic necessity.

But the man whose hold upon the Christian faith is limited to this traditional view can hardly be called more than a nominal Christian. To be a real Christian he must come into personal relation with the Master, and must consciously make the Christian attitude towards life his own attitude towards life. This is a matter of deliberate choice, a volition, and is open to all the world, to those born outside the Christian tradition as well as to those whom we may call birth-right members. Such a choice used to be called conversion and is still so called by many less advanced church people. But I think it can better be described as a gradual awakening to the beauty of the Christian way of life, and a resolution to make one's own way of life increasingly conform to it. Whether this awakening be sudden or gradual, it has, if I may speak from my own experience, all the force of a revelation, and marks the change from being a nominal Christian to being a real Christian. When one catches full sight of the beauty of righteousness one comes to love it and in the end to love it passionately. It is not a question of rewards and punishments, but a disinterested love of righteousness for its own sake. The path has been found and, as one starts to follow it, one is conscious of a deep longing to come into sympathetic relation with those who are treading the same path, and especially with those who preeminently blazed the trail and made the path possible.

It is now that one becomes personally conscious of the Christ. As one studies the incidents of his life and conversation and death, one realizes gladly that here is a Master whose example and teaching point out the ideal way of life. To live the Christ-life, with its inner purity, its immediacy, its unfailing sense of the Divine Presence, its immense disinterestedness, becomes the major ambition of the disciple. Each step in the realization of this ideal brings him nearer to the chosen Master, and makes his love and devotion more real and personal. In the language of the East, it is the relation of chela and guru, of the seeker and his chosen teacher: and I know of no relation during the whole course of our earthly pilgrimage so permanent, so disinterested, so thrilling. I accept Christ as my Master because he represents the most cherished ideals of my own spirit, because he has followed the way of life that I aspire to follow. As I study his life and conversation and death, the ideals which led me to him are chastened and enlarged; and the way of life which I saw dimly becomes an illuminated pathway.

And now comes what is, I think, one of the most wonderful and beautiful experiences of the Christian life; the profound admiration which one has felt for the deep ideals of the soul becomes transformed into a more personal and all-absorbing feeling, an adoration of the Master who has realized these ideals and transcended them. This love of the

disciple for the Master exceeds the love of a mother for her child, of a lover for his beloved. These human loves, sacred as they are, grow chill with time, but the disciple's love mounts until the very end.

If again I may judge from my own experience, I do not think that modern Christians are greatly concerned over historic evidence or over the divinity of the Master. I myself believe that he belonged to a higher order of beings, that he was a god, and that his incarnation on earth was entirely voluntary and for a purpose. This belief is perhaps the easier for me because of my assured belief in human inequality. Men differ from one another in degree, almost in kind. It is only logical to believe in a still higher order of being, and that the great spiritual leaders like Buddha and Christ differed from us, as gods differ from men. We believe that our Lord came to earth to redeem mankind, and that he did this, not by requiring any specific beliefs, not by any commercial bargain imagined by theologians, but by re-affirming the ancient wisdom that man is essentially a spirit and only incidentally during the earth-life, a body; and by pointing out a way of life befitting so high a destiny—the path of perfect purity, of complete disinterestedness, of unfailing compassion, of a resolute immediacy. That the Master lived such a life himself makes me believe him to be divine. And that we can all approach much more nearly than we do to this divine mode of life is a belief fully confirmed by such small experiments in goodness as I have myself been able to make. Mr. William James gave us a useful hint when he urged that in following this quest of a better life we allow no exceptions. It is quite as possible to make a habit of goodness as it is to make a habit of careless, unsuitable living. This is easier if we express these eternal aspirations in daily prayer. And it is still easier, I think, for those of us who are mystics, who constantly live in the immediate presence of God, and feel the comforting comradeship of our dear Master, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Saints.

If, then, one has decided to be a Christian, to accept the Christian way of life, and to select a recognized Church, there are, alas, too many denominations to choose from. I am myself a firm believer in Christian unity, and see no reason at all why everyone should not come right in to the Episcopal Church! Quite seriously, I see no reason why all Protestants might not unite in one Church—whatever name we gave it—if loyalty to the Master and to the Christian way of life were made the essential of membership, and all specific beliefs, while presented and explained, were made optional instead of mandatory. In reality that is what now happens in all communions, for men can only believe what they *can* believe. We do not belittle the importance of specific, time-honored beliefs; a well-formulated dogma seems to us an hypothesis of the spiritual life and quite as helpful as the hypotheses of science; but they should be equally plastic. If our united Protestant Church could then unite with the Roman and Greek Churches to form one Christian Church, this world-wide fellowship would be an immense aid and encouragement to every individual Christian, and would make Christianity a vastly more effective force in the betterment of the world.

It has been the fashion these last months and years to criticize Christianity very severely. Personally I welcome this criticism quite cordially, for it seems to me salutary. We modern Christians have no thesis to defend against all comers, even against those who bring new and authentic facts. What we want is simply the truth and nothing but the truth, and we hope that in this respect our critics are quite with us. We may honestly say what a non-Christian friend of mine has so well said: "What is needed is the quiet acceptance of life in its actuality. In this and this alone lies the opportunity for freedom and growth." But I may add, since I do it with entire good nature, that our

critics would help us more effectively if they first informed themselves as to what modern Christians *now* believe, and wasted no time in attacking positions which Christians themselves have long since abandoned. In all acceptable scientific criticism, the critic limits himself to current science rather than to the abandoned theories of the Nineteenth Century. I think that religion may ask a similarly contemporary treatment. Both deal with the eternities, and to the modern mind are one and the same quest, but these small glimpses of the eternities change and grow with the passing years.

It has been the purpose of my brief essay to express the modern Christian attitude towards life. We want our critics to know just where we stand, and to help us, if may be, in rectifying our position. We want still more profoundly to show the nominal Christian and the non-Christian alike something of the beauty and reasonableness of the Christian way of life in the hope that they may feel disposed to join us in trying to follow it. As I have said, it is not necessary to become educated, to travel, to go to Europe, to the seashore, to the mountains; it is not necessary to taste the delights of art and music and literature, to meet superior men and women, to seek new and inspiring experiences, to enter into a world of larger ideas and deeper emotions. In a word, it is not necessary to grow. Instead, one may stop at home, an ignoramus, and live in a hall bedroom. But it would be difficult to praise so meager a scheme of life. One feels the same about religion; one knows that the larger and more complete and more effective religion is vastly better than the smaller and sluggish attitude. We modern Christians feel that we have found something of great value, a way of life, a path, and though we are hardly missionaries in the old sense, or propagandists, we are eager that others shall join us in helping create the larger beatitudes. As we follow this path, as we imitate the Master in love, in purity, in disinterestedness, in compassion, in resolute immediacy, we find that we have entered into the joy and vitality of a great adventure, and in our hearts is peace.

THE MOMENT

A STORY

BY CONRAD AIKEN

MY FRIEND Ward Hamerton and old Miss Thingumabob (he always referred to her thus) had been sent to Italy by some museum or other to examine and catalogue and describe and photograph certain Etruscan ruins and relics. I don't know exactly where these things were, or what they were, or whether they were worth the trouble. All I do know is that Hamerton found it a great trial. He did the photography—Miss Thingumabob did the rest. They traveled furiously from one part of Italy to another, riding all day in trains, trying to keep down their expenses, putting up at cheap and obscure hotels. Hamerton was bored to death. He hated it. He disliked photography—God knows how he happened to have got so singular a job.

And Miss Thingumabob was by no means an ideal companion. She was about twice his age, white-haired, distinguished-looking, ultra-refined, horribly intellectual. After a hard day's work of travel and photography, running from museum to museum and ruin to ruin, she would be prepared, and eager, at dinner to discuss the descent of Van Gogh from Cimabue, or the moral implications in the later novels of Henry James. Hamerton would reply in monosyllables, drinking the wine of the country in great quantity. She was awfully nice—he kept saying to me—awfully nice; but she was a holy terror. And the worst of it was that he couldn't in decency abandon her. He couldn't run off by himself and have a good time; he had to be a gentleman. If Hamerton had been more dashing, more adventurous—but then there would have been no point to this humble story. Hamerton was nothing of the sort. He was shy, finicky, something of a highbrow; and if he nourished in his bosom a secret desire to be something of a Don Juan, he kept it a very dark secret. At any rate, from Miss Thingumabob.

He did nourish such an ambition—but alas, the whirlwind of official duties and the constant and zealous companionship of his aged Egeria made it hopeless. He encountered a charming creature in a train going from Rome to Naples—perfectly ravishing. But although he did manage to engage her in talk, what could it possibly amount to, under the bright maternal eye of Miss Thingumabob? She too had taken part in the conversation; and of course that had been the end of it. The talk had at once taken an official and "tourist" turn. The subtle something-or-other which had been on the point of being born had been slain outright. The ravishing creature had withdrawn to her Baedeker again. And Hamerton cursed.

That was only one of several such incidents. After a series of them he positively hated the sight of ravishing creatures: an obvious enough case of sour grapes. If a lovely young thing asked him the way to the Colosseum, or the Baths of Caracalla, he was downright rude to her; and at the discovery of a bevy of beautiful girls who were dining at the next table to his and Miss

Thingumabob's in the hotel, he would become as morose as a hypochondriac. He would listen in torment to the delicious voices, the charming and fatuous conversation, the amusing attempts to speak Italian with the bored old waiter, who vastly preferred to conduct the meal in English; and then, when the agony became no longer endurable, he would plead a headache to old Miss Thingumabob and retire to his room. His trip to Italy was being ruined. Absolutely ruined.

He bore it, nevertheless, with fortitude; and he was careful (he insisted) to remain scrupulously polite to his extraordinary companion. What else, indeed, *could* he do? Duty was duty, the work had to be done, he was not the sort that sulks. He was unhappy, but he behaved like a perfect gentleman. Day after day, therefore, they rushed from place to place, cataloguing and photographing; and he simply tried to forget that this was, after all, Italy, attempting to see it as simply a corner of his blessed museum. And he comforted himself with the thought that some day, at last, it would come to an end.

It did; but not before it had culminated, for Hamerton, in what he termed a "moment." He had a singular theory about moments—he believed that one's life consisted of at most half a dozen moments of supreme experience, or perhaps not even as many as that. There might be nothing to show for these moments—they might be simply an instant of acute awareness, or of misery, or of exaltation. You never knew when they were coming, or whether you would have the courage to seize them by the tail as they flew. A great deal depended on this matter of courage. Hamerton said that it was a source of perpetual anxiety to him that he was rather timid about these things. Several such crises had come and gone, and he had remained supine before them—paralyzed, hypnotized, fascinated, but unable to act or to feel with sufficient speed and self-forgetfulness. The chief requisite was a complete and glorious recklessness, a sublime willingness to risk one's whole life, one's sanity, one's everything; and all for the very dubious pleasure of being able to say, afterwards, that you *had* so jeopardized yourself.

His singular trip to Italy was destined, for all its unpromising beginning, to provide him with a really first-rate example—a brilliant and unique specimen. It happened in Rome. He and Miss Thingumabob used Rome as a kind of "support"—they would dash away from it to some obscure hill-town, where they had heard rumors of some priceless item hidden away in a church crypt and then, having tracked down this phœnix of Etruscan beauty, or discovered it to be a myth, they would dash back again. They always stayed at the same hotel, a small one in the Piazza Barberini, which had the great advantage of being cheap. They had been to it half a dozen times in all, and on the eve of their final departure from Italy they returned to it once more. On this particular occasion, they had come from Assisi, and the return journey had been brightened and blighted for Hamerton, in about equal proportions, by the fact that the train was filled, simply filled, with beautiful English girls. There were about fifteen of them, and they were all entrancing—very free-and-easy, smoking cigarettes, sophisticated, charmingly dressed. They literally swarmed over the train, chattering like sparrows. Hamerton had gone to sleep, finally, in sheer self-defense. With old Miss Thingumabob sitting opposite him, bolt upright, mercilessly eager to assimilate every detail of Italian life as revealed in the sliding landscape (and terrifyingly intelligent about it), he couldn't bear to look at them.

Imagine his delight and horror, therefore, when he discovered on arriving at the Hotel Concordia that the fifteen beautiful English girls, every one of them, had preceded him. There they were, swarming round the bewildered old

concierge, quarrelling with three or four taxi drivers, darting in and out of the portico—they had simply taken possession of the poor old Concordia. It was exactly, he said, as if a flock of Brazilian parakeets, or birds of Paradise, vociferous of tongue and hued like the rainbow, should suddenly take possession of a bare little tree in the Public Gardens of Boston, Massachusetts; just as brilliant, and just as surprising. The Concordia was at once changed for him. It became a place of more than tropic beauty and luxury—it glowed, it sang, it vibrated, it positively rocked, with color and light. The hotel had acquired a soul.

For the first time since his arrival in Italy he was ridiculously happy. He sang as he washed in the little washbowl, which was all that his room afforded; it was the same room that he had had once before, but now he felt an outburst of deep affection for it. He looked out into the dark courtyard at the back, surrounded by tenements with high balconies, and saw the camellia tree standing there in the moonlight. There it was, in bloom, and there, as usual, were the innumerable cats who used its shadow for their nocturnal assignations. How he had hated those cats! But now he almost loved them. An indefinable magic, emanating from the fifteen English girls, had touched and altered everything. He put on a clean shirt and the most splendid of his neckties and sauntered down to the dining room, feeling exalted and powerful, like Jason approaching the golden fleece.

But, alas, everything went wrong. Miss Thingumabob had forestalled him. She had already arrived and she had already taken a table; she was sitting there, dressed in decent black, like the Sibyl herself; and worst of all, the Brazilian parakeets had been assigned to a long table at the extreme opposite end of the long room. There was absolutely nothing to be done about it—he groaned to himself and sat down; and for once he allowed his feelings to overcome his manners. He was unable to say a word.

Miss Thingumabob tried one topic after another, with her usual unconquerable brightness, but to all of them he was wearily unreceptive. The Colosseum by moonlight, she suggested? No, he was too tired. A concert at the Augusteo? Heaven forbid; he was sick of these Italian audiences with their childish habit of booing and hissing and jumping up on their seats. He never wanted to see another Italian as long as he lived. A café in the Piazza di Venezia, with perhaps a *cassata a la Siciliana*? Miss Thingumabob obviously played what she thought was a trump card in this, for she knew his passion for *cassatas;* but even to this he turned a deaf ear. He wanted his parakeets—he wanted to sit near them and see them, he wanted to listen to their delicious gossiping chatter, to see them come and go in the lounge, reading guidebooks and magazines, pulling the bright silk scarves over their shoulders, smoking their English cigarettes, and glancing eagerly about them with their beautiful English-blue eyes. That was all he wanted—and he wanted to be able to do it alone. He wanted to be rid of Miss Thingumabob. He urged her, therefore, to go alone to the Augusteo—she could take a cab, and it would be quite simple and quite safe. Perfectly. He found himself becoming really oratorical on the subject, in the hope of making it obvious to Miss Thingumabob that he wanted, for once, to be by himself. Perhaps if she realized this she would be offended and go to her room. But he had no luck. She merely sighed and smiled and gave him up; realized, with excessive reasonableness and good nature that he must after so hard a day be very tired; it would indeed be better for both of them to spend a quiet evening in the library, talking things over.

And they did so. They marched unswervingly through the lounge, where the parakeets were already chattering and preening and splashing their bright

colors about them—and settled grimly in the deserted library. Poor Hamerton had never been so miserable in his life: he wanted to die. Miss Thingumabob got out her notebook and went over all the details of the work at Assisi pitilessly. Items were checked off, accounts were balanced, the expense list was verified for the fifth time, with emendations and queries (Miss Thingumabob had a terrific sense of honor with regard to the expense account), and when ten o'clock came Hamerton was in a state of suppressed fury. He yawned frankly and said he was going to bed if she would forgive him. She forgave him sweetly, and off he went. He sneaked into the lounge but, alas, the birds had flown. The room was empty, barren, dead. The ash-trays were littered with cigarette-ends, the air smelt faintly of Turkish tobacco, but otherwise it was as if the stale room had never known any such seraphic visitation. Defeated, Hamerton crept off to bed. A last despairing hope that he might at least encounter one or two of the parakeets on his way upstairs or passing through the winding corridors which led to his room was frustrated. He didn't meet a soul or hear a sound. He paused outside his door, with his hand on the knob, as if waiting for some blinding apocalypse, but no apocalypse was vouchsafed. The Hotel Concordia had resumed its natural deadness.

He undressed slowly, with many excursions to the open window to survey the camellia tree and the Roman cats, looked longingly at the Roman moon, resting his hands on the stone sill, listened resignedly to the fragments of Italian conversation which came to him from the adjacent balconies. But now the subtle flavor of these things was again lost. The magic had departed. The cats were cats; the courtyard was a smelly dank hole, none too clean; the loud conversation of the Italians was a nuisance. He crawled into bed, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

Almost at once, it seemed, he was awakened. He was wide awake, but at first could discover no reason for it. Something had happened, he knew, but he was not aware what it was. Was it a knock on his door? Had someone called his name or spoken to him? Or was it merely the usual crying of cats? . . . He lay and listened, with his head raised from the pillow, and then the sound was repeated: it was a distinct knock on the wall beside his bed. It sounded startlingly near; and then he remembered that when he had occupied this room before he had noticed this peculiarity. The wall which partitioned this room from the next was extremely thin, and the bed in the next room rested against the wall at exactly the same point as his own. He had been able to hear the nocturnal twistings and turnings of his fellow-sleeper with extraordinary distinctness, a distinctness which at the time he had thought distressing. But now a sudden and deliriously exciting idea burst into blossom in his mind, with something of the beautiful violence of that mythical aloe which blooms only once in a hundred years, and then with a clap of thunder. Suppose this should be one of the fifteen? Good heavens! He went over in his mind as many of the other guests as he could recall—but there was practically nobody else in the hotel. Nobody. The chances were at least ten to one in his favor. At the mere thought he broke into a miraculous perspiration and began to tremble. The knock had not sounded like an accident—not in the least. But perhaps it would be as well to make certain. He lay there, propped up on one elbow, scarcely breathing, and waited to see if it would be repeated. And almost at once it was. There was a tap, and then a pause, and then another tap. And then the midnight silence was resumed, a silence broken only by the distant wail of a cat.

Immediately Hamerton became a being transformed. His lethargy was gone, his wits were sharpened to a point almost excruciatingly incandescent, a

divine fury of excitement possessed him. His heart began beating so violently that it shook the bed. He nerved himself, listened a moment, as if indeed he expected to hear the breathing of his mysterious tête-à-tête who lay so near to him and who was nevertheless unknown, and then, lifting his hand, gave an answering knock—just one deliberate knock, neither too soft nor too loud: a knock that *might* be an accident (in case it should turn out that he had been mistaken in his assumption) but that would, on the other hand, be considered an unmistakable reply if his assumption should turn out to have been correct.

The assumption was correct. The reply came without hesitation—*three* knocks this time, and Hamerton, exulting, knocked three times in answer. There could now no longer be the slightest question, on either side, of the fact that a deliberate, and marvelous, and profoundly exciting conversation was in progress. Confessedly, they had become Pyramus and Thisbe. Hamerton moved as close to the wall as he could get: he was determined to miss nothing. He wanted to hear every sound—every rustle, every whisper—even, if possible, the creature's breathing. If she should murmur something, for instance, or give a little cough . . . ? It would be horrible to ignore an overture of that sort. He pressed himself against the wall, therefore, with a zeal that was almost amorous, as if the wall itself were the body of his beloved, and then lay perfectly still, in an agony of suspense. Would she continue this extraordinary conversation? Or would she drop it at this point, having already sufficiently amused herself with it? Perhaps she was merely teasing him, merely pulling his leg. On the other hand, it was just as possible that she had been overcome by timidity, at this point—on discovering that her vis-à-vis was, if anything, too eagerly responsive. And then again, it was also possible that she now felt that the initiative should pass to him. It was perhaps *his* turn to commit himself.

He waited another moment, accordingly, during which a church clock struck one, and it seemed as if all the cats in Rome yowled in despondent unison; and then, trembling, he raised his hand, poised it, and gave one loud thump on the wall with his knuckles. There was a perceptible pause, and then the answer came: this time the knock was a rather gentle one, rather remote, as if the lady had decided that she might have appeared a little too forward and had wished to be more modest. As if, indeed, she were saying, "Oh, well—perhaps, after all—" or "This is really rather silly of us, don't you think?—and we'd far better be going to sleep." Hamerton was immediately aware of all these implications. He concluded that he must himself at this point mitigate his eagerness. He controlled himself, counted fifty, and then gave a tap even more fugitive and half-hearted than hers had been—a tap in which he contrived to say, "I too am a modest violet. Did you think I would wish to be a nuisance to you? Heaven forbid!"

He had no doubt that the reply to this would be instantly and urgently reassuring, but in this he was mistaken. His beloved proved herself more femininely subtle at this juncture than he had given her credit for being. She made him wait. A minute went by—two minutes—three—and then four. An appalling chasm of silence opened in the night. There wasn't a sound, not a ghost of a sound. Hamerton felt himself growing old, white-haired, tottering to the grave. Should he repeat his summons? Did she mean by this that he ought to assume a masculine role, be importunate, confess frankly and uncontrolledly his passionate eagerness? Was she going to sleep, or had she *already*, bored, fallen asleep? . . . His thoughts raced in a panic, and he resolved to be really bold. He smote the wall three times with gusto, and then held his breath. No answer. He began to sweat with mortification; a feeling of genuine and profound embarrassment

came over him. He had been a fool—an idiot—a blithering idiot. Good Lord! How she must be laughing at him. She had been leading him on all this while, and now she was going to ignore him, hard-heartedly and implacably. It was even possible—wasn't it?—that he had imagined the whole thing. Her first knock had been an accident. It was only upon hearing his serious reply to it that she had taken the thing up, and then only with the idea of humiliating him. He relaxed a little and very gingerly allowed himself to fall away from his tense position against the wall. He too would pretend that his participation in the exchange had been accidental. He would give a casual and meaningless thump or two, as if it were merely the natural collision of one who was restless in his sleep, and then withdraw entirely. . . .

It was while he was calculating what ought to be the precise weight and nature of this blow—calculating it as much with the contracted muscles of his raised forearm as with his mind—and just as he had reached the conclusion that the blow, for best effect, should be a *grazing* one, a reply came which was as witty as it was startling. It was a rendering into a series of sharp taps, sharply rhythmed, of a familiar whistle-call: rat-atat-tat, tat-tat, *tat*, with a magnificent emphasis on the last syllable, magnificent and at the same time deliciously interrogative. Instantly Hamerton became burningly alive again. He flung himself against the wall as if he were positively going to embrace it and gave with alternating hands a double tattoo of the same kind. He even, he said, pressed his face against the cold plaster in his eagerness to be as near as possible to this subtle being. That she was subtle and witty and charming, there could now be no doubt: he could see plainly just what sort of creature she must be, rather sharp, rather cruel, a good deal of a tease, decidedly a flirt, but also just as obviously a woman of extraordinary charm and depth. She was, in fact, everything that he desired. The whole course of the conversation proved that—with its delicious mixture of advance and retreat, of the candid and the ironic. She was more than a match for him. And the cunning cruelty with which she had pretended that the whole thing was a joke or an accident and that she had dropped it—all so beautifully calculated to sharpen their mutual pleasure when the interchange was renewed! This was a stroke of genius.

It was nothing, however, to what was to come. For if the interchange had been delicious up to this point, it now became a thing of transcendent wonder, a thing of poetry and genius all compact. They began conversing, through this extraordinary medium, with a rapidity and (on her side, at least) a virtuosity which had no parallel in Hamerton's experience. Stubborn assertions were followed by satirical queries; satirical queries led to gay denials; gay denials gave way to joyous duets of sheer lyricism, the lyricism of the skylark. If the palm of the hand asked a question, the knuckles gave emphatic answer. The finger-tips interpolated a sly objection, the elbow truculently insisted, the fingernails etherealized the objection and made of it the most delicate of innuendoes. Pauses now and then prolonged themselves until they became agonies in order that the ensuing dialogue might all the more take to itself the hue of the ecstatic. And with what abandon, after such a pause, they threw themselves against the dividing wall! Hamerton was simply beside himself with joy. He said he would not have believed it possible that a human being could display such an inventive genius in the medium of pure rhythm, or in the shadings of loud and soft: it was the most exquisite music he had ever heard. Without a word spoken, without a murmur, without a whisper, these two creatures exchanged the profoundest secrets of their souls, sounded the deepest and brightest abyss of human knowledge,

met angelically with poised wings in an ether of pure communion.

It was when she reached finally an ultimate perfection of communication, by *clawing* frantically at the wall, as if in frankest desire to dig her way through, that Hamerton awoke with a sudden and sharp sense of reality to the fact that one of his "moments" was before him. What else, indeed? There it was, staring him in the face: the most brilliant moment of his life. Incredible that he should only now have perceived it! But he perceived it, and at once he was paralyzed with all that it meant. For what did it mean—what *could* it mean—but that he must now definitely and courageously and unreservedly go forward? To allow the thing merely to end like this would be tantamount to disastrous retreat. It was clearly impossible. Everything—every discoverable signpost in the whole universe—pointed the other way. Forward into the unknown—forward into the untrodden. For him, as for Faust, there was no alternative.

Hamerton admitted to me that it took courage; but for once he had it. There was a bad moment, an instant's agony of hesitation, when the thing seemed madly reckless, possibly ruinous; his whole career might conceivably be wrecked by it; the shape of the possible catastrophe hung huge before him. To act or not to act—there was the question. But the question was no sooner formulated than decided. He sprang out of bed, slid his feet into his slippers, went to his door, opened it, listened intently for a second or two, and then, hearing not a sound, and finding the hallway deserted, he stepped forth. He proceeded without further hesitation to the door of the next room. His heart was beating painfully—he was in the most terrible funk he had ever known—but Destiny now had him firmly in her grasp. He raised a trembling hand and knocked.

There was no answer; but he heard within the room the creak of the bed; and then slow footsteps—footsteps that sounded frightened and reluctant—came toward him, the key was turned in the lock, the door was cautiously opened. And Hamerton faced the most stupendous surprise of his life.

A young man—a German young man, clad in a grotesque old-fashioned nightshirt—stood before him, very obviously shivering with fright. They stared at each other, "goggle-eyed" (as Hamerton put it) with astonishment. And while they stared, caught in this extraordinary predicament, alone together in a hostile and inscrutable world, Hamerton found himself, all of a sudden, feeling very superior and extremely angry.

"Were you knocking on my wall?" he said, belligerently.

"*Wie?*" said the German.

"I said, were you knocking on my wall?" Hamerton's voice rose to a higher note, and he gave with his hand in the air a quick knock at an imaginary wall.

The frightened German youth shook his head, his eyes wide open and appalled.

"*Ich verstehe nicht,*" he said stupidly.

Hamerton stared at him furious. There seemed to be nothing to do or say. Should he slap the fellow's face, knock him down? He desired to do something like this, something really outrageous; but the suitable action didn't occur to him. He merely stared, therefore, with concentrated contempt for any such worm, at the same time, in the back of his mind, feeling that the whole thing was extraordinarily funny, but that he wouldn't for the world admit it. They continued to stare at each other; the grotesque scene protracted itself timelessly. And then, turning on his heel, "Oh, hell," he said, and stalked with extravagant dignity back to his room.

And the moment was over.

PEACE BY INCANTATION

A STUDY IN INTERNATIONAL FOLLY

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

CERTAIN Siberian tribes believe in secondary local gods, and in the power of the priesthood to influence them. When something unusual turns up in the order of nature, such as the outbreak of a plague, for instance, the people expect the shaman to rise to the occasion with his regular formula of noisy incantations. There is no record, I believe, of the efficacy of this method, but one may say without irreverence, I think, that it is in some respects open to criticism. As far as one can see, it takes no account of the possibility that a plague may have physical causes largely in control of the laity themselves, or that certain physical circumstances, also controllable, tend powerfully to keep a plague going. Second, there seems no natural relation of cause and effect between the incantations and the results they are supposed to produce. Third, the system seems presumptuous. Assuming the possibility of divine intervention in human affairs, as one easily may and most of us do, it seems very cheeky to keep on with the mere routine of invoking divine intervention against a fresh plague without having opened one's mind to the lessons taught by the last one.

On the other hand, the conveniences of the system are considerable; they are quite enough to account for its persistence. First, the people do not have to think; they merely assent. The shaman himself does not have to think; he merely goes through certain stated motions. This is a great gain. What is a little run of plague once in a while compared with the comfort of emancipation into a completely stagnant mind? Even if the plague carries off a great many people, what of it? Most of them, if they had free choice, would rather die than think. Again, by simply trusting things to the shaman, the people can roll all responsibility off themselves, and we all know how sweet that is. They can continue in their gladsome plague-breeding, plague-fostering habits, and when the plague returns look to the shaman to get out his kettledrums and charms and go to work again. This is easy when the alternative is the terrific job of living all the time in intelligent decency. Finally, plagues are not continuous, but recurrent, and after one has burned itself out there is always a chance that the next one may lie a long time on the lap of the gods.

II

Certain aspects of what in our modesty we agree to call civilized society make it appear that the heathen in his blindness has a good deal to say for himself. I can discern absolutely nothing in the foregoing that is not a bedrock characteristic of our civilized approach to the problem of international peace. Some projects for peace-by-fiat have lately been put before us by Senator Borah and others; and their only actual merit is their witness once more to the mighty truth that superstition dies hard. Mr. Borah's method with war is like his method with whiskey-selling—

forbid it; make it a criminal offense, unjustifiable under any circumstances, and substitute a codification of international law, with compulsory recourse for arbitration to an independent international court. On the strength of experience, one may only observe that there is quite as much to be said for his method with war as for his method with whiskey-selling. Senator Capper has taken a leaf out of the late Mr. Bryan's commonplace-book, and would dispose of war by a set of international agreements not to fight, quite as if the world were not already littered up with noisome vestiges of all manner of international agreements. The French Foreign Minister has held out an olive-branch of this kind to Mr. Kellogg; and as I write this there is a great deal of newspaper-talk about Mr. Kellogg's willingness to accept it, and even to go farther by inviting similar arrangements with Great Britain and other nations. Well, one tries hard not to be cynical, but one simply cannot help remarking that there is an election coming on, and that a gesture of this kind would beckon out a good many votes. It is no disparagement of Mr. Kellogg's interest in peace to say that if I were in his place I should make this gesture at this time, and so, I fancy, would any reader of this magazine if he were similarly situated.

As an old Scots metaphysician said of an opponent's arguments, Mr. Borah's proposals and Mr. Capper's are only "cauld kail made het again" except for a fantastic rider attached to Mr. Borah's, to the effect that every nation should be encouraged to bind itself to indict and punish its own international war breeders and war profiteers! One rubs one's eyes at this and asks oneself if Arcadia can possibly be located somewhere in Idaho. Mr. Burton of Ohio, too, comes out with a somewhat analogous proposal of closing the American munitions market to any nation that breaks its agreement not to go to war, leaving to the President the uncommonly delicate task of determining which nation is the culprit in any given instance! Ten years puts a mighty strain on any politician's memory, yet if Mr. Borah and Mr. Burton made a great effort, might they not be able to see how these naïve suggestions look in the light of conditions preceding the entry of the United States into the late war? Surely no other criticism of them would be needed.

Another suggestion is the rather indefinite one that the United States should formulate for itself a constructive foreign policy based on co-operation instead of on force. Its advocates complain that our present foreign policy is "nebulous"—which, considering their own proposal, seems one of the oddest charges they could bring—and that while we talk a good deal about peace we decline to co-operate with the rest of the nations "in a common effort to make world peace secure." In reply, it is quite sufficient to observe that the United States is the one country in the world which is estopped by its Constitution from having a foreign policy which is either constructive or continuous. Our foreign policy is in the hands of our representatives, and our Constitution provides that these representatives must reside in the districts which they represent. Therefore, as politicians, they cannot formulate a foreign policy with reference to the nation as a whole; they must keep a careful eye on the local interests of their districts. Senator Borah, for example, is chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, but he keeps his seat in the Senate only by grace of the votes of the people of Idaho; and this ties his hands. If he represented an English constituency which disagreed with him on some point of foreign policy, and ousted him, he could at once hunt up some other constituency anywhere in the United Kingdom that he could find one likely to agree with him, and stand for re-election. If Idaho ousts him he must either recant or stay ousted.

Thus our foreign policy may not perhaps be so well described as nebulous—

though it is that—as improvised. It is a series of improvisations, and under our constitutional system it cannot be anything else. Complaints against it on this score, therefore, are nugatory. A letter written to President Roosevelt in 1903 by Senator Lodge, a predecessor of Mr. Borah on the Foreign Relations Committee, shows exactly the principle on which our foreign policy is and must be constructed. It was at the time of the collision of imperialist economic interests in the Far East, especially (as far as American interests were concerned) in Manchuria and Mongolia. "I have been thinking a great deal about Manchuria," Mr. Lodge wrote. "Our trade there is assuming very large proportions, and it seems to me we ought to take very strong grounds. . . . I have had letters from Lawrence, where some of the mills make cotton goods which go to Manchuria, urging the strongest possible action, and then that a fleet be sent."

III

One can see at a glance how completely all these plans, projects, and suggestions correspond with the theory and practice of shamanism in the three essential particulars laid down at the outset of this paper. One sees the same correspondence in the work of all the endless societies and associations for the promotion of peace. The Carnegie Peace Foundation is as shamanistic as Senator Borah himself. All these peace movements and peace proposals persistently shirk the causes of war and the conditions that promote war, persistently shirk the relation of their plans to those causes and conditions, and are persistently presumptuous in pretending a possible efficacy of their plans against future wars, while showing no semblance of having opened their mind to the most patent and obvious lessons taught by preceding wars.

One of our newspapers, presumably well informed, says that what Messrs. Borah, Capper, and Burton really want is general public discussion of the policy of the United States in respect to war, not only in Congress, but in the press and at public meetings. This statement is what has heartened me to say my humble say about their peace plans; and I hope it is true. Nay, I believe that it is true, provided the discussion be carried on within the well-established limits of a strict shamanistic orthodoxy. No doubt these gentlemen would gladly welcome, and the press gladly publish, any discussion that did not impugn the essentials of shamanism or the specific value and appropriateness of shamanistic practices. I am not quite clear about their willingness to go beyond this. A liberal-minded Eskimo tribe might welcome a free discussion of the merits of one set of incantations over another. Even the shamans themselves might take a hand. But if someone showed cause for the thesis that no sort of incantations amounted to anything against a plague, and that the way really to get at the matter was quite different—well, one is not so sure. If he went farther, if he put it to the Eskimos that, in the premises, their faith in shamanism was a great disservice to their own interests, and that a pretense of efficacy for really inert practices was of dubious morality, it is ten to one that he would be treated to the "one plain argument" with which Lord Peter surmounted the skepticism of his brethren in Swift's *Tale of a Tub;* which, being far from books, I quote from memory, "'To convince you,' cried Lord Peter, holding up the crust of bread which he declared had been miraculously transformed into a shoulder of mutton—'to convince you, I will use but this one plain argument: I say, it is natural good mutton, as any that was ever bought in Leadenhall market; and if you do not believe it, God damn you and yours to all eternity!' Such a thundering proof as this," concludes Swift, dryly, "left no room for further objection."

Lord Peter's sense of logic is, in fact, vividly recalled by the discussion of

disarmament at Geneva last autumn. The Russian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Litvinov, appeared before the League of Nations with a proposal for complete and simultaneous universal disarmament. This, of course, would of itself not end war; Litvinov never pretended that it would. Plenty of peoples have gone to war with homemade slings and arrows, and they could do so again; they could go to war armed with flat-irons and hoe-handles, for that matter. But it would be a substantial expression of the much-advertised desire for peace, and a considerable guarantee of good faith; and Litvinov represents, it is said, the second largest army in Europe. Was his proposal discussed? It was not. The great majority of press opinion the world over contented itself with rehearsing Lord Peter's "one plain argument" in different keys. One of our newspapers, for instance, which makes some dubious pretensions to editorial character, said summarily that "the Russian proposal reeks with hypocrisy. . . . Litvinov was obviously playing a game." Well, but if one can be as sure of Litvinov as all that, and really concerned to make other people equally sure, why not rap for a show-down on his little bluff? This is as convincing a procedure in diplomacy as it is in draw-poker. Merely blackguarding the Russian proposals butters no parsnips; showing them up would butter all the parsnips there are.

This incident helps to direct the imagination in forecasting what might befall anyone who ventured to carry a discussion of international peace beyond the limits set by a safe and sane shamanistic orthodoxy. Let us suppose a case. We all know the Williams College Institute of Politics. Probably, since peace plans are so much in the air at present, the Institute will devote some part of its sessions next summer to the subject of peace. Suppose it should invite someone to give a thoroughly realistic treatment of the thesis that "nations in general will go to war whenever there is a prospect of getting anything by it." If the speaker did even a moderately honest job, we should be likely to hear a good deal of Lord Peter's "one plain argument" against the economic interpretation of history and against Bolshevist detraction of statesmen's motives. The arcana of shamanism are so sacred, the devotee's faith in them is so anxious, that the merest motion of a finger towards them provokes alarm. Yet, curiously, the parentage of this thesis gives the Institute a clear title to its use. The man who laid it down was of a type that has appeared only two or three times in American public life. He was no half-lettered and incendiary disciple of Marx, but a man of profound learning and the most austere integrity, an aristocrat of the most straitest sect, who held anything like democracy in utter detestation. The basis of his political system, in his own words, was that "those who own the country should govern the country." Surely that ought to be good enough for Williams College and Mr. Baruch. He was our first Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the Articles of Confederation, the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Governor of New York, and the best American Englishman whom President Washington could find in the whole country to send to London to negotiate the treaty of 1795, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, John Jay. But not all this glory and renown, one fears, would save his thesis a single scurrility if it were seriously propounded at Williamstown next summer.

Yet this thesis is fundamental to the question of peace, even though propounding it were ever so subversive of shamanism. There never was a war in human history that did not have its gestation in some project of economic gain at someone else's expense. If Messrs. Borah, Burton, and Capper will name a single exception and prove it I will take back every word I say and subscribe to their peace-projects.

Moreover, I am willing to take all chances that the economic intention of any war that may be cited is not clearly demonstrable. I am careful to specify *intention*, not pretext; for it is a rather significant fact, I think, that no war has ever been fought in America, and none in modern Europe, except upon some pretext that the mere passage of time has differentiated sharply from its actual intention. The barbarian wars, as they are called, were avowedly organized for plunder; no one pretended otherwise; but never a modern war.

The economic intention of our earlier wars has become a commonplace of history; the frontier war, the Revolution, the Indian and Mexican Wars, the War of 1861. The intention of the Spanish War, and of the informal and private executive wars in the Caribbean and in the Central American regions, such as the one going on in Nicaragua while I write these lines, is unfortunately obvious. We have also become aware, by force of very unusual circumstances, of the economic origins of the late European war, and the economic bearings of our share in it. Lamentable as the facts are, they are not without their humor when seen in retrospect. One would bargain off one's chances of salvation, almost, for the sake of attending a decennial reunion of the American war-propagandists of 1917, under the chairmanship, say, of Dr. Henry van Dyke. What would it not be worth to see an assemblage of the clergymen, professors, bankers, three-minute men, publicists, and editors who distinguished themselves so manfully ten years ago; to observe their behavior in one another's presence, and hear what they could find to say to one another? But this treat will not come off; and Messrs. Borah, Burton, and Capper might learn a good deal about the prolegomena of peace by examining into the reasons why it will not come off.

IV

It is useful now to take a brief survey of what is being actually done at the present time in the direction of peace. The French Government has set up a complete ring of military alliances around the remains of the late Central Powers. The last treaty to be signed was with Jugoslavia; it gives the French a military hegemony straight down from the Baltic Sea to the foot of the Adriatic. The astute French Foreign Minister was reported as saying the other day that this treaty was quite innocent, that it was the mere formal registration of a long existent friendship, and conceived throughout in the spirit of Locarno; which last led an irreverent Austrian paragrapher to remark that there seemed to be no reason now why we should not have a good rousing Locarno war. The Italian Government—I think rightly—suspects the French of designs on making Italian influence play second fiddle in the Danube States and on the Mediterranean; so the Italian Foreign Office strengthened its position by a treaty with Albania, which would now play a part in regional diplomacy and in war somewhat like that played by Belgium in the last war.

Coming to another group, the British Foreign Office would no doubt show proper gratitude if Germany should take on a settled anti-Bismarckian policy towards Russia. Perhaps Germany might get back some "mandated" territory by so doing, maybe a slice of her former possessions in Africa, for instance. A friend of mine in Germany, a banker, remarked to me two years ago that "the time is probably coming when a certain country will need help pretty badly, and then Germany will get a good price for her soldiers." Sir Austen Chamberlain might also do something very decent for Mussolini—something like letting him have a free go in Albania, perhaps—in return for a similar settled anti-Russian policy. This is no mere disagreeable innuendo; in Sir Austen's place, who wouldn't? Politicians are always realistic; there is no politics but *Realpolitik;* so why should those who observe them not be realistic too?

As for the United States Government, it seems to have started in on about the program for "defense" that was to be expected. It has every valid reason for so doing, and chief among these reasons are two. American production, in the first place, is geared to a large and rapidly increasing volume of foreign trade, which we cannot get and keep except at the expense of other industrial and carrying nations; and we all know what that means. Second, we have an unconscionable lot of debts out, both public and private, and their sum represents an economic accumulation that would be quite worth confiscating "on the side."

It is repeated and repeated in many quarters that war with England is "unthinkable." It is not unthinkable, because I can think of it, and if I am the only person who can I want the credit of it. I have heard that kind of talk before. I can remember when good-will delegations used to cross between Germany and England by whole platoons, and when all the speeches of all the dignitaries on both sides were pitched to the same key. There was a good show of reason for it, too, because Germany was England's best Continental customer at the moment; but there were other economic considerations that outweighed this one, or were thought to outweigh it. I agree, I cannot think of England's attacking the United States out of hand any more than in 1911 I could think of her attacking Germany out of hand. But it is no trouble at all for me to think of the United States being suddenly shorn of her outlying possessions by a group of nations acting together, with England either as a silent partner or, if necessary, "coming in"; I can think of American production under a stroke of apoplexy through disorganization of trade-routes; and I can think of a great many billion dollars' worth of debts due to us, public and private, being automatically annulled as an act of war. In fact, the one thing I cannot think of, in the premises, is a single good reason for not seeing that the last war left the United States, in the new alignment of nationalist economic interests, exactly in the position that Germany occupied in the old alignment.

I hope my plain speaking will not expose me to the cheap and easy slur that I am a Thompsonite who takes a mean pleasure in twisting the lion's tail. Let me take shelter behind Mr. Tomlinson, whose spirited paper in the December HARPER'S I so much admire, and whose sentiments are in every respect my own. Mr. Tomlinson makes no bones of intimating that his Government is the docile bond servant of certain special interests, and I can say the same thing of my own Government without reservation. I ask Mr. Tomlinson, then, to imagine himself in Mr. Kellogg's position, while I try to imagine myself in Sir Austen Chamberlain's. How would matters look to us, and what should we do? The interests behind Mr. Tomlinson-Kellogg wish to hold and consolidate their gains, collect their debts, and extend their markets. The interests behind Mr. Nock-Chamberlain would like to arrange a *modus vivendi* or, as we say, "go in cahoots." Mr. Tomlinson-Kellogg's interests are indisposed to that, owing to an apparent mastery of the economic situation. Well, then, Mr. Nock-Chamberlain would certainly carry forward the traditional Foreign Office policy to cover the case, regarding it as the best and cheapest from the standpoint of the interests that he serves.

This seems to have been the policy that was carried forward in the years preceding 1914, according to the candid confessions of some who had part in it. Can Mr. Tomlinson say that in the view of the interests concerned, this policy would not be again justified if carried out by a combination of debtor nations? I cannot say so. Mr. Tomlinson does not mention noticing that these interests were at all disserved by it in 1914, and in one place he seems to intimate the contrary. Would they be worse

served if it were put in force again? The public debt would be annulled by an act of war, and the private debts confiscated as alien property, as England confiscated (and still holds) alien property in the last war. I do not know what these private debts amount to, but they were estimated the other day at over twenty billion dollars, and increasing at a rate of nearly two billion dollars a year. All this would be some gain. Probably enough of our extra-continental possessions could be picked up to make the venture worth while; at least, it would cost us so much to protect them, and at the same time to protect our coast and our trade-routes, that it would be money in our pocket, as a matter of military policy, to let them go, though our politicians would undoubtedly not have sense enough to do so. Mr. Tomlinson foresees correctly that we should be very badly off for being set upon by the right combination of debtor peoples; but does his imagination not fail a little when he foresees that our enemies—meaning always the special interests behind the diplomacy and guns—would fare as badly?

V

Here at last we are brought in sight of the real trouble with our peace plans. All our prospects for peace are permitted to hang on the works and ways of men who serve, and who must serve, economic interests whose furtherance does not make for peace, but on the contrary, against it. Any major collision of those interests, any interference with them, results inevitably in war, provided there is, or is thought to be, "something to be got by it." Even so admirable and experienced a person as Mr. Arthur Ponsonby loses sight of this when he offers his plan for "disarmament by example," in the *Contemporary Review*. He says that "no nation, no Government, no statesman, would be a party to" aggression upon a country which had openly repudiated the idea of ever resorting to force. Mr. Ponsonby does not know my country; a country, I regret to say, that has not hit a man of anywhere near its size since 1812. We have carried on a long string of unprovoked aggressions, and are still carrying them on—the papers this morning report a mobilization of our forces in Nicaragua—against utterly defenseless peoples. Mr. Ponsonby has surely heard of Perry's expedition, our Indian and Mexican wars, our annexation of Texas, not to speak of the Spanish War, in which we simply sandbagged a preposterously helpless country out of its valuable insular possessions. As a citizen of the United States I appreciate the compliment implied in Mr. Ponsonby's plan, but I cannot accept it.

The point is, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman once said, that it is vain to seek peace unless you also ensue it. Every plan of our politicians, and every *démarche* of our peace-societies, contemplates just this impossible thing. It is a plan to have one's cake and yet to eat it; and any pretense that such a plan can succeed, any adventitious prestige given to such a plan, is simon-pure shamanism. But on the showing of Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Ponsonby themselves, politicians can do no better, and obviously the peace-societies cannot. This is by no means to say that our politicians and peace-propagandists are necessarily scoundrels. If society commissioned Pougatchev, Razin, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, Robin Hood, and Jesse James to devise a plan for the abolition of highwaymanry, we pretty well know what we should get. Yet this does not necessarily imply that these men are scoundrels, or that they would act in deliberate bad faith. Those who have read Count Tolstoy's novel *Resurrection*, and who remember his masterly analysis of the prostitute Maslova's view of her trade, and of its place in the social order, will easily understand that such an implication would be gratuitous and unwarranted. Pougatchev and his associates, like Maslova,

and like all the rest of us, would necessarily proceed on the one and only theory of social organization that they understood; and hence, whatever plan they devised must fall within the scope of that theory. Our politicians are in precisely the same case.

It is permissible to point out, however, that the social theory held by Pougatchev (who seems, by the way, according to Poushkin, to have been quite something of a patriot) or the theory held by Maslova, is not accepted by the best reason and spirit of mankind as competent; also, that any fortuitous prestige or window-dressing given to such a theory is misleading; and finally, that people who labor under the disabilities of that theory are distinctly the wrong sort to be entrusted with the determination of matters upon which that theory may have play. Just this may be said of the efforts of our politicians and our peace societies; it is all that can be fairly said, and it is all that need be said.

The establishment of permanent peace presupposes an entire revision of the purposes and functions of political government. More than this, it presupposes a radical revision of our existing economic system. A pretense for anything short of this is a mere reversion to shamanism; and our politicians and our peace societies are simply incapable of contemplating anything of the kind. That is the sum of the matter. If the idea can be entertained in other quarters, let us hear about it. Perhaps Mr. Tomlinson's loathing of war may move him to look into the matter and broach it for us; I hope so. But at all events, let those of us who dislike war, and who are neither politicians nor propagandists, be realistic about war. If we are unable or indisposed to examine the causes and conditions of war, and to speak in terms of those causes and conditions, let us be silent and leave the subject. If we can not talk sense, let us promote a salutary surcease of nonsense. Whatever may be said about the justice of hauling Admiral Plunkett over the coals for war-mongering, he is miles ahead of his critics in having put his finger firmly on the invariable causes of war; and in this respect, if no other, his utterances were worthy of a very devout consideration.

I close with a parable told me long ago by Lincoln Steffens. This gregarious soul once wandered into the company of some clergymen who were talking about original sin; they were speculating upon the story of Adam and Eve, and trying to make out where sin came from, who was to blame for it, and what could be done about it. Presently they asked Steffens for an opinion, and he said, "I don't agree with any of you. I don't blame Eve or Adam or God or the devil. I blame the apple. If the apple hadn't been there, nobody would have sinned. In regard to sin nowadays, and what can be done about it, I am of the same mind. I suggest taking away the apple. If you take away the apple, people won't sin."

THREE LIVES

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I HAD just lighted the lamps when up from the middle of the floor—a turtle! A common garden kind. A thing of mud and water as lonely on that concrete as a sail on the bald ocean. Odd the moment—the dark followed by the sudden light—the immenseness of the laboratory and the smallness of the creature. How it got from the animal tank I had no idea.

Next morning for no reason I found myself wandering to the tank. And morning after morning I found myself wandering to the tank, lured to it, as soon I began to suspect, by something new, something absurd, something toward which heretofore I had always been able to maintain the doctor's easy unconcern—by the number of those smoldering things. By the way that number dwindled. How every few mornings there was one less. How one more had gone the road of experiment. Sentimental, of course. A tougher-minded of my colleagues slapped my back, spoke of psychosis. And he was quite right. The thing did bear abnormally upon me. Notwithstanding, when no one was about I slipped the two turtles under my coat and casually went out of the place.

The college gardener, an Algerian, who drops in daily for a bit of chatter, speaks of them as "*Monsieur et Madame.*" He is a canny fellow, this gardener. There is something in what he says. It is the neatness of them, the customary solemn black—I do not know exactly—at any rate the man is a natural godfather.

A month since they came. A great weight is off my mind. I was afraid they would never eat. Animals in captivity often starve themselves to death. I had left food too, everywhere, in their corners, under my bed, behind the chairs, wherever they might stumble upon it while on the nightly constitutional. Once I went so far as to lock Madame all day into a drawer with a tomato and some beef—no use.

But to-night (Good Friday) I was watching them bathe. I was meditating how I should like to cram food willy-nilly into them, cheat them into it, force them—then an inspired thought—make them swim in broth. Quick, some scraps of beef into the bath. And instantaneous the effect. The bodies trembled. The two were like tadpoles I once saw a playful doctor drop into electrically charged water. No, they were like boxers, boxers preparing for the first try. They edged round the beef. They drew close arms and legs. They behaved as if they had grown afraid of each other and wanted no unnecessary part exposed. Round and round till—one impulse!—each thrust an open mouth at a scrap. Then, wildly, scrap succeeded scrap. And, more leisurely, scrap succeeded scrap. And more leisurely still. They must begin also to note there was beef to spare. They must get into a mood that chooses and rejects, must have each piece tender, each piece small, and where there was a tag of fat must discard the whole. An all too mortal course. For myself, nevertheless, the sight filled me with the gaiety of one who has nervously

watched the sick and sees the first unmistakable sign of health.

II

But the looting of the tank is out. This morning a student knocked at my door, said yesterday she was a-walking in the country and something crossed her path, something that should interest me—this!

Yellow and red and gold, and a she! A mademoiselle! Verily, I must never have looked at a turtle before. The irises are a flaming mahogany, the beak that of a bird of prey, yet with some mitigating pathos, making the whole more the face of a chicken.

To think of her purloined while crossing the road.

She leans toward me. Even in this first moment she is more approachable than her two more poetically beautiful brethren. She is younger than they, more easily humored, has an awkward immature charm that would have struck the eyes of Burns before ever the eyes of Keats. A beer companion, some might say. But her tail—an afterthought of the Creator surely. It is this tail that makes me uneasy about letting her alone on the floor. Suppose one of the two should be tempted to take hold? Not maliciously. By mistake. It would be safer this first time to sit, myself, beside her. And so I do. And off she glides, like an elephant in miniature, her broad stern seeming to push off the earth behind.

And now Monsieur has spied her.

It is half-past nine by the clock.

And now Mademoiselle has spied Monsieur.

Both stand preternaturally still—two antique copper lamps rather than living breathing things. At a quarter of ten they are nearer each other by a yard. Quarter of eleven, side by side, their heads not an inch apart. Is it some Chinese species of combat, or merely the slow absorption of the personality of one into the personality of the other?

What happens now is quick as quaint. Mademoiselle draws in her head, far in, shuts her eyes, shuts them tight and, though there is the space of all the floor to tramp across, chooses the narrow path that leads over the summit of Monsieur's back. Once to the other side of Monsieur, she looks about her, selects her corner: to wit, that under my bed. He is as dazed as I. Never was there a more bravura gesture of contempt.

The bold are often the lonely of heart. Night—the third since little Mademoiselle came. Monsieur has gone to his corner, Madame to hers, but little Mademoiselle, like me, finds it hard not to keep awake. Again and again she circumnavigates the room, hugs always to the outer edge—where the leg of a chair is too close to the wall for the girth of her she tilts on end and, like a thing wooden and warped, bumps between.

Once she stops at my shoe, studies the shoe a long time, then lets one eye travel slowly up my trouser leg. Once she stops in the corner where Madame sleeps, does not touch Madame, only stands by.

It is strange, she feels. It is this floor where there should be the muddy earth. It is this wall of wainscot, this light where it should be night. And I know not how to make her less strange. I think again of her purloined while crossing the road. I think of the conceit with which we arrogate to ourselves dominion of these smaller lives. In the day I should not think of this. But in the dark I do. In the dark I must comfort myself that it will not be long now till I put all three out-of-doors.

And so thinking, I fall asleep. Presently she wakes me, as she waked me last night and the night before. She gets the notion she can climb the wainscot, fancies that beyond the wainscot must lie the lost road. Excitedly, therefore, she stands on her hind feet, stretches till she attains the perpen-

dicular, stretches some more, stretches till over she goes, lands on her back, all appendages out. Then she begins to roll, rolls and rolls on the rumbling wood —starts me dreaming of the coming war—rolls till, once more, over she goes, the next moment telescoping her head into her neck, adjusting that head as a man may adjust his in a badly fitting collar.

When she has waked me three times I take her to my bed, and under the quilts she lies, snug in the warm dark, not at all afraid, the strange wiped away. A kind of peace creeps even into me. A little later it is day. She has not budged, is fast asleep.

The indoor life grows hard on Monsieur. This morning he woke with another cold in the head. His nose was running, and his lids were red and swollen. I gave him a warm bath, afterward took down the brown medicine bottle, put a drop into his left eye. He was frightened at the drop and struggled, and some overflowed, ran the length of his flat negro face, leaked into the slit between the lips. I know how the brown medicine tastes, like water in a brass cup. But in spite of the taste when I came with the drop for the right eye he did not jerk away. No—that quickly had he learned—he was even anxious to assist, cocked his head and kept very still. And to-night he is well again; and to-morrow night he will be indoors no longer. I have found them a place for the time I am away. There is a yard, with a fence, and grass, and even a pond. The Algerian too has promised he will look in on them every day.

III

A gentleman from the Transvaal—the gentleman was on his vacation too—told me of the great sea turtles there, turtles with heads like men and mouths enormous. But the native children do not fear the mouths. Quite the reverse. The children wait all day for one of these creatures to pass, mount from behind onto its back, use the skin of the neck for reins, drive out to sea. To be sure, the children must be a bit cautious for their hands and feet. But no hardship in that.

Another gentleman, overhearing the first, spoke of turtles coming from South America to the coast of California, crossing a thousand miles of open ocean, vigorous animals, some of them centuries old—if one were to judge by tales the sailors tell. This the gentleman was not disposed to do. Had he not with his own eyes seen a sailor mark a shell "Genoa 1493"?

And another. For his part he detested the beasts! Back of his camp the river was full. They sucked the bait off every hook thrown in, and once they were in a humor for that there was nothing to do but move on to some other point. And afternoons came when even moving did no good.

In Kiushiu—there was also a gentleman from Kiushiu—it is the custom if you meet a turtle on the road to take him with you, paint your coat-of-arms on his shell, then set him free. Whoever recognizes the coat-of-arms returns the turtle to you, and graciously you crack a bottle of *shotsu*. Now, to drink *shotsu* with a turtle is to pour a libation to your household gods. Which does not make the *shotsu* go less to the turtle's head, and when he is again set free he is not so circumspect as before. Naturally, the oftener he is caught the oftener he is caught, and he is caught and caught and caught, and the household gods have an honorable day.

At Tutuila the natives go to the beach by night, sing a song, and up from the waves come a turtle and a shark—lovers these, ages back.

Finally there was a gentleman who made me think of my own. The gentleman had half a hundred turtles, had had them years and years, had given them names, and when he called them they came. The first, Granny, he had raised from an egg more than two human gen-

erations ago. Despite her age Granny was in highest health. As the gentleman says, it is easier to be fond of a turtle than of a cat or dog because you need not always think how it will be dying soon.

October 26th. Returned home this morning. Went at once to the yard—they knew me! True, little Mademoiselle, when I took her, clawed at my fingers, but she had always done that. And in the midst of her clawing, as always too, she forgot, let the claws stand still, gave me a longish look with one round melancholy eye. Then someone nudged my shoe—Monsieur. He greeted me—talked. Not a talk you could hear in a railroad station, but emphatic enough. I set Mademoiselle on the ground beside him, and up shuffled Madame, said nothing, did nothing—which is Madame. So heavily was she caked with mud her jaw looked like a tumor. I reached to stroke her, but startled her, and she drew her head into her neck with such a speed that the neck remained outside the shell, hung there like an empty sleeve. And out of the sleeve dropped mud. I washed her. I washed the others too, left them together in the yard. Afterward I searched for eggs. But there were no eggs. And no young ones either—a disappointment to me. Really it is ridiculous how they live, like two maiden sisters with a bachelor brother.

November 3rd. A sharp turn of weather. High time I brought them in. At first I could find but two. Little Mademoiselle had already dug herself into the wet earth; only a patch of her remained above, and a patch not easy to pick from among the oak leaves, splashed as it was with their very colors. When I had freed her she did not wish to come. Sleepy though she was, she resisted. She actually *preferred* the wet earth. Very unwise of her. The Algerian assured me she must most certainly have been trapped in the freezing surface and killed. Countless, he said, died that way every year. The gladder I to have her safely in the room. I put her on the desk, and for a long time she lay there, her eyes closed, her body inert. Then wearily she opened her eyes, but as though she knew not what she saw. Still later her head drooped. It drooped helplessly, almost paralytically. This settling hibernation is an ugly thing. It is more like sickness than sleep.

November 8th. They are uneasy at the thunder and lightning. The rain they did not hear, nor the hail, though it lashed the windows, but with the first clap were out of their corners, were moving blindly across the room, were fleeing something they did not see. And the faster they fled the more bewildered they grew. With each succeeding clap they stood still, stood unnaturally, like figures in a frieze, then brusquely made off, anywhere, forsook their accustomed paths, changed their directions again and again. Eerie, but there would have been humor too had not their misery been so real. It unsteadied their gaits till between the claps I could hear the scraping of their shells along the wood, a sound I had never heard before. Scrape, scrape, scrape—then the clap—then the long stillness—then scrape, scrape, scrape—then another clap—and another stillness.

November 18th. Cold as midwinter. I gathered them together, covered them with an old jacket. But immediately I had covered them they began to walk in their sleep, came from under, came at different points, came with shut eyes. And again I gathered them, and again I covered them, and again they came from under. Stupid of them. Plainly, the jacket had not the feel of the winter earth. The room, nevertheless, was colder and colder. Yes, stupid, and stubborn. Vexed, I snatched up the jacket—alas, little Mademoiselle must have been caught in the lining. She sailed through the air, thumped the wooden floor, made a hollow hideous

sound. Poor little Mademoiselle. I hurried her to the light, examined her for cracks. I also took hold of her head, moved it in and out, made sure that it worked. It was relaxed as a drunkard's arm. Even after so much handling she was not yet fully awake. These are the very dregs of sleep. An unhallowed state.

November 19th. The baths are now half a comic, half a gruesome performance. To-night little Mademoiselle did not rouse at all. I dropped her sleeping into the tub, and she floated sleeping. The others bumped her hither and thither. Disquieting to see. Disquieting too that none should drink. I tried to force them to drink, but did not succeed. They seem to have lost all sense of bodily necessity.

December 2nd. Queer—toward eleven, sitting alone with my work, suddenly I thought of them lying next me on the other side of the wall, in the warmth of the closet, a mattress below them, blankets above, lying three in a row, like babies in cribs, babies nightly stolen upon in their sleep, watched from out the dark. And the fancy sent a foolish happiness into me. Someone besides myself was alive in this place. I was not alone here. And I rose from my work, tiptoed to the closet—but, as I was tiptoeing, abruptly I thought of death. Very peculiar too. I do not otherwise think of death. I did not think either as the doctor thinks, but as the sentimentalist plays with the notion when the clock stands still, when twilight damps the noises of life, when anything reminds him of the silent side of the world. Nonsense, certainly.

IV

December 10th. Monsieur is frightfully changed—what a black medieval piece of humor this hibernation is. Late to-night he came from the closet, infinitely feebly, took one step, rested, then took another. And sick too. His nose was running again. The covers must not have been warm enough. I had thought the covers all too warm. I had counted too much on the cold these animals bear in nature. I should have realized that was no criterion. I should have remembered how it was with my rats once they had got used to the life of my room, what extraordinary quantities of heat they might require on the occasion of a little illness. I offered him water. He refused. I treated his eyes, then carried him to the others, and gave them all heavier blankets. Odd to see them in the candlelight, their grotesque shadows running off into the dark. And odd, too, to see their shells move up and down with every breath. These breathings were fainter to-night. Fainter even than last night. I was hardly able to mark the inward and outward movement of the heads. Someone at dinner spoke of hibernation depending on the temperature. They are wrong, of course. These animals hibernate by the calendar, however incredible that may seem.

December 25th. Once in the bath, he stayed and stayed, appeared unable to bring himself to leave, and when I dried him he crawled into the depths of the blankets—as if he were chilled. But how should he be chilled? There is almost a foot of blankets now. I cannot believe he knew what he was about. He was as one in a nightmare, as one sensible of peril but powerless to stir. Suddenly he talked. But the life was out of the talk. All the male lustiness was soaked from the voice. Indeed, the whole of him was shriveled into a little old man. Oh, more pitiable than that. It is unbelievable he should be the same who a few months ago fled ahead of me across the floor. It must be impossible to go on losing weight at their present rate. The very eyes are shrunk into the skulls.

December 28th. Something terrible has happened, something I shall never get over. I went as usual to see how they were. I kneeled at the edge of the mattress, set the candle beside me. So

soon as I had set it beside me, I knew. I felt ill. It was hideous, the feeling. I scarcely dared lift the covers. All three —all three dead.

December 29th. There is no room for doubt. I killed them. In what way I killed them I do not yet know. But in some way I did it. Somehow I failed to understand their needs. I should never have taken them from the tank. At least I should never have taken them from the yard. Little Mademoiselle had already dug herself into the wet earth, and I should have left her in the wet earth. She made me clearly comprehend she wanted to stay. Nevertheless, I must dig her out. I must think her ignorant. I must think her instinct as sluggish as her body. I must dig her out against her will. It is true the Algerian assured me she could not have worked herself far enough down to escape freezing. But I listened to the Algerian only because he was saying what I wanted to hear. Had he said anything else I should have dug her out just the same. I know I should have. Was I not more intelligent than she? Did I not love her? Must I not, therefore, procure her a better wintering place than she could procure on her own?

Of the last she was not so sure as I. I see that now. I see everything now. I must reinterpret everything. That half-sleeping face, that immobile face, which looked to me so quaint, was it not mostly sad? Even then I sometimes thought it sad. But each time I thought it sad I would laugh at myself, would tell myself the sadness was only a poetry of my own making, and each time would set with fresh zest to observe the deepening hibernation. The ghastliness of it! Night after night, candle in hand, quietly to watch them, to study them—the very callowness of the experimenter. And yet I was not experimenting. To say I was experimenting is to exaggerate. And part of the picture too was indubitably the deepening hibernation. But that I should not disengage the parts—for the doctor in me, be it understood—was not that the worst? That I should not remember there may be two things in such a picture? That I should be so taken with one I should not see the other?

Yet can I be sure it was lack of water killed them? Can I be satisfied with that? Not that I did not know they needed water. I put them regularly into the tub. But what apparently I did not know was how much they needed. Little Mademoiselle appeared so to detest water. Water she must have though. I kept thinking of it. What I failed to think—oh, fool that I am!—if she did not get it by mouth she might get it by some other route. Obviously this other route was the skin. Hence the yearning for the wet mud. And from the wet mud I dragged her away. I dried her to death. I dried all three to death. Dried them day after day. What it means to be dried to death I can only half imagine. A fierce thirst, of course, a thirst to the point of pain, to the point of agony. There is but one alleviating fact—they were asleep. And if this sleep was like any other, then must they suffer less than if they were awake. It is even conceivable it was easy so to die. For from sleep to unconsciousness cannot be far. Nor from unconsciousness to death. And yet, did not Monsieur again and again push up through the whole weight of this self-same sleep? Did he not occasionally of a night approach me with a something so pitiable in his bearing—especially now I know its meaning—so pitiable I shall never be able to forget? No, this sleep could not have been too sweet. And still, if it was water, why was Monsieur so indifferent to water when I put him into the tub? Why did he not drink? Why was that?

And if not water, what then? What is left? Food? The common foods he had, of course. But some lack of a factor, as the doctors express it, without which these animals are not fit to meet the many months of sleep? Some lack

that began long ago, perchance last summer while I was away? In that case though, how should all three have died on the same night? Three different constitutions starve to death in precisely the same interval of time—it is impossible. It could not have been food. It could not have been drink either.

Ah, I have it! I smothered them to death. Yes, that is what I did. I heaped blanket after blanket, thinking they were cold, till finally there was too little air to live. That surely is it. And why have I not thought of it before? Or perhaps I have thought of it. Perhaps even I have been thinking of nothing else—yet why, why if they began to feel they were smothered, did they not make their escape? Monsieur came from the blankets again and again. He came as often as he chose. He came—but, no, he did not come the last three nights. He did not come from Wednesday on. Very likely he could not come. Very likely the deeper one sinks into this winter sleep the easier for something to supervene, the easier for one not to know when the fatal level is reached. There is nothing inside one awake enough to warn one. It is then but to subtract a little more from the perilously little one already breathes.

I do not know. I do not know. I seem only to reason myself into uncertainty. I might turn to one of my colleagues. But the colleague would smile. Or if he did not smile he would console me, would tell me something that neither of us believed.

They are dead. That is what I know. That is the irrevocable fact. And that I shall get used to. One always gets used to the irrevocable. And when everything is said, they were but creatures. They were made to die. For a time there will remain this strange, this quite incomprehensible emptiness. I shall get used to the emptiness too. I shall—but if Monsieur had been smothered, slowly smothered, would he deliberately, wholly of his own accord, would he again and again have chosen to bury himself in the blankets?

WEST POINT

BY C. T. LANHAM

O SPARTAN Woman, I have peered behind
Your stoic pose and found the mother there
At last: the proud gray eyes, the cool gray hair,
The tender face a hundred years have lined
With sorrow for the still, straight sons returned
Upon their blameless shields, the quiet pride
That they had lived by you, went forth and died
The Doric way. Gray Mother, they have earned
Those shields, and having justified the trust
You placed in them they come again to live
And breathe as part of you. To-day you give
A burnished shield to me, to guard from rust . . .
To hold before my heart . . . and bid me go.
Stern Spartan, I salute you . . . but I know!

O HYGEIA!

BY FORD MADOX FORD

A KINDLY, velvet-fingered physician removed the other day from the writer's eye a fragment of mineral substance which had entered it during a taxicab ride on Sixth Avenue. In the course of the conversation it appeared that the kindly physician had come from dining with the richest old man in the world to remove that splinter. It further appeared that the richest octogenarian in the world, having till a very advanced age subsisted on a daily diet of two crackers and a half pint of sour milk, had latterly blossomed out into a normal lunch and a seven-course dinner, and felt none the worse for it. And there—exaggerations and all—you have health-talk!

Now, quite good-humoredly and altogether without cynicism, because I think it is time that the ordinary citizen took his own destinies more in hand, I am going to set down a number of medical instances, rather haphazardly, and then to make, not any dogmatizations, but some suggestions about them.

My father was murdered by the wrong diagnosis of the most eminent throat specialist of his day; my mother died of the pain of an operation because the operators said that an anæsthetic would kill her. Another member of my family after *thirteen* specialists had declared that she was not tuberculous—and after the usual analyses—was operated on by a fourteenth, an organ being removed and found to be tuberculous. Another, having had an organ removed by the knife of an eminent surgeon in an adventurous, after-dinner frame of mind, the organ was declared to be perfectly free of any malignant traces which the surgeon had alleged to exist. Similar histories distinguish almost every family in our Western World.

So in all that there is nothing to write home about. Let us get to another class of medical belief. My maternal grandfather was a remarkably abstemious man. He hardly ever ate red meat or drank alcoholic liquor. He died of apoplexy at the age of seventy-two. On my father's side one of my direct ancestors used to boast that he had never gone to bed sober after attaining the age of eighteen. He died at eighty-two while shooting wild boars in the snow. Happening to be on the bench in an English northern county's petty sessions, I heard two octogenarian witnesses, both remarkably well preserved and intelligent, testify in a right-of-way case. One of them was eighty-two, the other, older. Complimented by the chairman of the bench on his lucidity and asked to account for his age and condition, the junior replied that he had never had a pipe of 'bacca in his mouth and never swallowed a drop of liquor. Asked the same question, the elder replied:

"I was never without a pipe of 'bacca in my mouth for sixty years and I haven't passed a completely sober week since . . ."

Similar histories exhilarate every court house in Christendom.

Now here is a story of yesterday—literally of yesterday.

I was lunching with a young man with whom I lunch frequently and who is usually in blooming health. Yesterday he appeared to be under a cloud. He

said that his wife, who had been ill and in contact with doctors, had made a date for him with her physician. He objected that there was nothing the matter with him, but she replied that since she had made the date that young man might as well keep it, for he would have to pay in any case.

The physician overhauled that young man thoroughly. He said (Mark this!):

"There is nothing the matter with your throat, so I cannot order you to stop smoking. I wish I could but I can't." He then said that that young man had been suffering from bronchitis for three weeks, that he was on the edge of a nervous breakdown, must do no work and take an extended holiday in the south. That young man is now in a nervous breakdown and left this morning for the south!

I will not for the moment comment on this case, but as a corollary will state that my own life was completely ruined and myself for six years reduced to a condition of hypochondriacal lunacy, a long time ago, by the chance remark to myself of a doctor who had been called in to see a member of my family. Except for influenza and the haps of the late War, I have not passed a day in bed for thirty-three years; but that gentleman—an old-fashioned country doctor of a cheerful and irresponsible type: I can still see him tap the top of his high hat as he put it on!—that gentleman so efficiently auto-suggested me with the idea that I suffered from a chronic disease one of whose sequelæ is epilepsy—so efficiently that for six years I expected at every minute—at *every* minute of the day—to drop under the dread malady which is alleged to have afflicted Napoleon and most other great men. I have not yet done so.

It would seem that destiny has decreed that mankind shall live in a dark forest of fears—of Nightmares! I look abroad on this fair world into which pour the rays of the sun—for truly today the sun shines over Greenwich Village as if it were Florida. It is, the world—and Greenwich Village too—full of gay and gallant men and of women utterly charming. The children laugh over their games; artists paint in the garrets; in the basements poets are hard at their verses; on the intervening floors are musicians. The radio sounds unceasingly. Who could not be happy in Greenwich Village?

But who is?

Behind each member of the apparently gay throng rides black care. Do you remember how Doctor Johnson used to sigh at Ranelagh or Vauxhall, which forerunners of night-clubs he used to describe as the most miserable spectacles that human misery could afford? . . . He sighed, not as Moralist but as Hypochondriac. He was of opinion that every participant in the lively and agreeable scene faced black misery when he retired to his closet and the dark night. That was true of himself, but his companions always protested that it was not the case with the rest of humanity, and I daresay they were right. The eighteenth century pretty well chanced its luck so long as it got itself bled at regular intervals.

But it would be absolutely true of today, for there is no adult without a skeleton in his or her cupboard, and for the little children at their games they are preparing. Oh, yes, they are preparing! Even for me before I frequented this country they were preparing!

I cannot remember to have owned a bottle of medicine for my personal use in twenty-one years except quinine for influenza. Of course, in Red Cross Hospitals I was made to take things which I would not have taken had the disobeying of the doctor's orders not been a court-martial offense. And then the V. A. D.'s were so charming it was a pleasure to take things from their hands! But the only specific I ever carried was a very old-fashioned toothache tincture which dentists always declared to be a quack medicine. But it used to burn all the skin off the inside of my mouth, and the toothache would go—so why it should

be called a quack medicine I do not see. It did what you paid your tenpence-ha'-penny for. However, during the last six years I have had no toothache and even at that, when it was at its worst I could cure myself by assuring myself that there was no such thing as pain. Apart from that, I used to like to have handy some boric ointment made with yellow, not white, vaseline for cuticular abrasions, an old-fashioned horse-liniment for sprains, and extract of witch-hazel for sunburn and the like.

Alas—I have just been to my toilet closet to see what skeletons now are there—now, after protracted frequentations of these shores. And what do I find?

1. A bottle of Eau de Cologne, recommended for use with witch-hazel after shaving.
2. Witch-hazel.
3. A jar of something that describes itself as an Effervescent Saline Combination. Laxative and Cathartic! For *me!*
4. A jar of Bicarbonate of Soda. I used to use this for tooth-brushing, but I am told that American public opinion demands its internal consumption whenever you have a hang-over. And when don't you?
5. A bottle of frightfully advertised disinfectant. I don't know what I am supposed to do with this.
6. An eye-cup.
7. A lotion for use with above. Only moral pressure of the direst, amounting to physical coercion made me use this.
8. A bottle of Hydrogen Peroxide. I was told, I think, to use this as a mouth wash. I found, however, that its use was turning my mustache prematurely white. This bottle is, therefore, empty.
9. A jar of ointment for keeping chaps from the hands. I never wear gloves even in the coldest weather, and my hands are never chapped.
10. Another jar of something dark brown. For colds.

Now I am led to believe that the above is the minimum equipment for the American gentleman. I mean that if you travel with less than this you will be regarded with suspicion in hotels or country houses . . . as if you should lack a toothbrush.

That is all very well in its way, and for myself I try here in every way I can to be a good American, not politically of course, but in the way of doing at Rome what the Romans do. But there is the reverse of the medal. I mean that I find myself beginning to have "symptoms"—symptoms of what I don't know, nor can I in any way precise them. It is a sort of all-overish feeling. In Paris where I live and work, since I take no bit nor sup when I am writing and eat only one meal a day, I should put it down to an empty stomach. Here . . . well, it feels slightly different. A more sinking feeling!

I am told it is due to blood pressure—by half a dozen solicitous persons. They say I must wear a blood-gauge on my wrist and watch it. I shall then see the blood spouting terribly, as coffee bubbles up in a certain type of coffee-maker that has a glass bowl. They say it is glorious. It must be. It is also painful.

Now I hold no brief against doctors. On the contrary, it is obvious that if you have something definite the matter with you, or have been in a street accident or fallen out of a window, you must go to a doctor who may or may not cure you. For myself, I like doctors—I mean their society. I even like to have little things get into my eye so that a velvet-fingered gentleman may coax them out. And doctors are usually contemplative and well-mannered—and they never write novels! That is curiously significant. But it is to be remembered that if the doctor has taken in modern society the place of the priest he *has* taken that place, and that the priesthoods of Anglo Saxondom are largely Puritan in coloration. Anglo Saxondom, in short, believes that salvation lies only in negation of joy and, since nations have the doctors that they want, the first thought of the doctor in seeing a new patient is: "Let me see. What can I forbid him to do?"

I have never before come across so clear a statement of this tendency as in the case of the poor young man whose doctor said he wished he could forbid him to smoke, but could discover no reason for doing so. Here, in truth, you perceive how very much more than the player of the game is the game; and how very much more a doctor's thoughts are set on morals than on medicine. It is not a question of whether smoking is harmful or no; it is a question of whether it is enjoyable. And the doctor in Anglo-Saxon countries assumes the same attitude towards wine, meat, sweet stuffs for children, and any other human practice from which enjoyment can be obtained. For a century or so it was held that smoking was bad for the eyesight. There was absolutely no demonstrable ground for the belief any more than for the old women's and fishermen's belief that piercing the ears for ear-rings was good for the eyesight. Nowadays it is held by the most advanced oculists that smoking as such does nothing whatever to the eyes. If you let the smoke get into your eyes they will smart just as if you let smoke from a wood fire get into them. And the thing to do if, as I do, you wish to smoke all day and all night, is to use a long cigarette holder or a pipe with a long stem. This, upon the recommendation of my own oculist—a Frenchman—I have found to be perfectly efficacious. I cannot say how far it would work in the case of everybody, since it takes all sorts to make a world.

It is precisely the same with wine. Noticing the other day that a lady in whose company I was dining drank no wine but did drink cocktails, I was bold enough to ask the reason. She told me that, although formerly on the Continent she was accustomed to drink a reasonable amount of wine without noticing any ill results, her doctor had lately told her that wine was bad for persons of rheumatic tendencies and that, if she must drink anything at all, she had better drink spirits. So she drank cocktails made of bootleg gin instead of a perfectly natural, if not very good, wine, which was then on the table. She must have consumed at least twice as much alcohol as was contained in my pint of *ordinaire*. In addition she is in no way of a rheumatic disposition.

Now a French doctor will give you the same advice as St. Paul, not because he is of any specially religious leanings, but because living in a country whose most important industry is the production of wine, he has under his eyes continuously specimens of wine drinkers in every stage of bibulousness. Moreover, wine is not to him a Frenchified and foreign beverage, and he lives in a country whose inhabitants implicitly believe that anything which "changes your ideas"—*ça change les idées* is the phrase perhaps the most often heard in the broad lands of France—anything, then, which changes the ideas is salutary, and, indeed, necessary for the salvation of body and soul. I remember years ago being told in Boston by Professor Münsterberg that a certain quantity of alcohol was absolutely necessary for the brain worker before going to bed. He said that alcohol changes the specific gravity of thought, and without some such change the man who has spent his day in thinking will go on thinking thoughts of the same caliber and complexion, this keeping him awake and being bad not only for the body but also for the quality of that man's thought itself.

I daresay he was right. I know I sleep very badly myself if I do not take a little something—preferably light wine—before going to bed.

I hold again no special brief for the consumption of alcohol. I merely point out that here in the matter of the consumption of one article one body of men who know something of its nature and action on the human frame recommend its moderate use while another body of men who, by the nature of the case, can know nothing about the *normal* consumption of alcohol say that it is bad for you. Most French doctors do indeed

hold that white wines taken in any quantity or persistently are bad for rheumatic persons. This I should say is true in my own case and in those of several of my friends, for I have found that I can personally consume a quite large quantity of light red wines—a couple of bottles or so at a sitting—without feeling next morning any ill-effects at all whereas a relatively small quantity of quite good Chablis or Sauterne will give me more than a little hang-over. I should say that I am talking only of French wines in France. In England all wines have varying degrees of alcohol added to them by the wine merchant in order to conform to the public taste and to make them keep longer—and the best French light wines practically never leave that country, either because they will not carry or because they will not keep for more than a year or so. And the same is true of the lightest, most delightful and most healthful of all wines, those from the Moselle and Sarre valleys.

But see how difficult it is to write judicially—I have just said "most healthful" and I let it stand, though all I mean is that they have been most healthful to *me*. And even at that I am quite aware that they may have proved most healthful simply because I have usually drunk them *in situ*, on the banks of the Moselle or the Sarre, in summer conditions of a great deal of air and exercise.

And this brings me to my theme—to my suggestion, for I am offering the public no more than suggestions. This is a good-humored, slightly cynical monologue, no preaching of a crusade, my suggestion being that the public—the good, normal public—should take its own rules of health much more in hand. If you think of it, what would you do if the souls to whom your priest had ministered were posthumously visible and you saw a large proportion of them writhing in flame from Tophet? You would change your priest, possibly your parish, possibly even your denomination. There is, indeed, a Chinese legend to that effect. A stranger arrives in a town and has need of a doctor—on the night when the souls of all their dead patients throng round the physicians' doors. Round most of these doors there are great crowds. The stranger chooses one with only two dead attendants and puts himself under that doctor's charge. Next morning he discovers that that doctor has been in practice for only two days. The stranger left that city precipitately.

You see! The Chinese are of an older civilization than our joint one which spans the Atlantic. Every Chinese child has that legend told to it by its careful mother: I have never heard the like of it in the Western World. The Germans have a practice of some value as a precautionary measure: They pay a doctor not by the visit but an annual lump sum to keep the family well. That is sensible, but even that will not protect you completely, for every practicer of medicine, being human and having been professionally disciplined, is filled with *esprit de corps* and inhibitions. One will insist on prescribing buttermilk and salad for all the complaints of every type of human being; another will operate on you for appendicitis if your head but aches. Others delight in finding that you have maladies—like the doctor of my young friend—for the sheer love of the thing. So that it would be a good thing if before employing him you could be engaged to your doctor as you are to your wife before marriage. That, I suppose, is impracticable; one usually employs a doctor on someone's recommendation, which appears to be the only way; but it is a good thing to make careful inquiries as to a medical practitioner's fads before accepting the recommendations of your friends. In my pre-converted days I knew a doctor who insisted on giving everyone belladonna, which is quite a good thing in its way but which acts very differently upon various individuals. One artist I knew went temporarily blind merely because she spent some time in arranging deadly-

nightshade plants in order to make a botanical drawing, and I myself am so susceptible to its action that if I put a single drop of belladonna upon my great toe it will affect my eyesight. Before I knew this my friend the doctor—he was such a nice fellow!—prescribed belladonna for me for the sequelæ of influenza. My eyesight became so blurred that I went to an oculist who accused me of having used belladonna to enlarge my pupils. At that I told my friend the doctor that he must give me no more belladonna, and he substituted strychnine. But the next time he prescribed for me he gave me belladonna.

Another good method when engaging a new doctor is to let him prescribe a complete regimen for you. You will, of course, pay no attention to his regimen and, as far as possible, you will deafen your ears to his remarks about your health, otherwise by auto-suggestion you will acquire the diseases to which he declares you to be liable. I may cite in parentheses the case of an American friend I had long, long ago. He used to invite me to his house to eat Welsh-rarebit—at the confection of which he was an adept. I used to invite him in return to consume salads, at the making of which I considered myself an adept. One day I said to him that I wondered at his eating Welsh-rarebit late at night because it was terribly indigestible. He wondered, in reply, that I could eat anything so indigestible as salad. (You see how long ago it was!) Ever after that he suffered tortures after eating his dish, and I could not eat lettuce without gastric pains.

I will now interpolate a great truth and then return to the consideration of how to deal with doctors—two great truths: one is that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. This is known to everyone but doctors and the kindly persons who are interested in your health. The other is that nothing will do you any harm that you like. *Nothing will do you any harm if you like it.*

To return to the choice of a physician. After you have got your regimen you will send to him for regimens for as many friends and members of your family as possible, each unlike the other and yourself in temperament, bodily habit, and complexion. You will then compare his recommendations, If they prove to be the same in each case—for a tall, lean, dark man, as for a bullet-shaped man with red hair and a tendency to gout, you will go to another doctor and begin again, and so again until you find one who varies his recommendations to suit his patients, and does not, regarding his art as a sacred mystery, insist that the physical necessities of every man should bow to the dictates of his theory.

This would be a practical and fairly sensible way of dealing with the matter, but there is this warning to be uttered: this is merely a method of selecting a doctor to whom to go in case of actual illness, not for selecting a permanent medical adviser. This functionary no man should ever install, for, in what I would call living through the green, by the use of only a small amount of common sense and courage, any man is much the best guide for himself in matters of health.

And this should begin with your children, particularly in the matter of diet. A child should be allowed to eat what it likes and as much or as little as it likes of what it likes. If a child likes potatoes it should be given as many potatoes as it wants; if it likes meat as much meat as it wants—or as much sugar, or as much pie, or as much or as little fruit. Medieval doctrines of abstention as a road to godliness and seventeenth-century superstition as to the avoidance of damnation by denial remain so ingrained in us that even parents who allow their children to be the most infernal nuisances so as to avoid inhibitions in the child in after life—even those parents will flinch at the idea of letting a child follow its natural inclination in the matter of diet. Yet it is the merest common sense to recognize that if you

force a child's inclination in regard to food you are inculcating in it unnatural tastes and storing up in it physical inhibitions which will cause it in after life to indulge in every kind of dietetic excess. If we Anglo Saxons are to-day two nations of dyspeptics and hypochondriacs (for there is nothing to choose between the English and the American, and if I write more about American instances it is because of late years I have seen ten times as many Americans as English people. The English consume fewer packet goods and fewer horrors in the way of cereals with delusive names, but their approaches to their health, their dietetic superstitions, proportions and doctorings are almost identical), if, then, we Anglo Saxons are two nations of dyspeptics and hypochondriacs, it is largely because of the ignorance and the dietetic devil-worshipping of our parents. We have all been forced to clean up our plates when we had no appetite, to eat, say, cabbage when our systems revolted against it; we have all been refused food when Nature told us that we needed it, and the consequence is that when in after life we are free agents we have not the least idea of how to deal with ourselves and are at the mercy of every craze-monger and of every advertiser with sufficient capital to force himself upon our attention.

As the power of the priest has waned and our thoughts are less and less fixed on the affairs of the next world, so the power of physical superstition has gained and gained. It has, indeed, gained all the more with the disappearance of the religious-ethical factor. In the Middle Ages the Church would enforce days or periods of abstention, and probably health was the better for it. But this was done in the name of morality, not of health, so that hypochondria was not encouraged and hardly existed. We are accustomed to dwell on the superstitious dreads of the Middle Ages, but I question whether it is not better to go in dread of a personal devil or of hobgoblins in churchyards than to live in a perpetual state of concern for one's health.

But the unfortunate child of to-day who is whined at by parents and nurses to take something or other that he detests "because it is so good for you," or who is refused something that it likes and, therefore, needs because it will cause him to have some disease or other, is at once auto-suggested into a tendency towards those very complaints. No child should ever be induced to think about its health, and it is far better, if you cannot bring yourself not to meddle with your unfortunate youngster, to say to him, "You shan't have it, you little devil, because I say you shan't!" than with every term of endearment to reason against the unfortunate's desire for another spoonful of jam on the plea that jam causes acidity of the stomach.

Of course a child that is left to itself will occasionally over-eat certain substances, but it will not do that twice with the same food, the automatic memory of the stomach causing nausea at the idea, and thus gradually it will evolve a system of diet which will leave it free from all cause ever to think of digestive troubles its life long. An occasional fit of vomiting early in life is a small price to pay for lifelong immunity; and it is astonishing to observe in children who are allowed to choose their own foods how moderately they eat and how their chosen diet resembles that of a sensible and rather frugal adult. But that is, of course, not the case with a child that has been already badgered about its appetite, for it will have developed all sorts of abnormal tastes. I remember that, as a child, I was always forbidden to eat ham, cream, and cheese of any kind except Dutch cheese. The result has been that, whilst still steadily disliking Dutch cheese, in after life when left to myself I consumed such quantities of ham, cream, and every kind of cheese that now I hate the sight of them—which is a pity because they are handy comestibles in days when domestic help is scarce.

This, of course, is the merest adumbration of what is the vastest subject in the world of to-day but, after I shall have related what led to my conversion, I shall be content to leave it at that, since it is a matter in which every man can think for himself once the originating suggestion has reached him.

My conversion took place in this way: my mother was the most careful of parents, and her injunctions made me the most careful of sons. I was impressed with the fact that I had a weak heart, an enlarged liver, a tendency towards tuberculosis, hereditary gout, and throat troubles—these last suggested by the eminent throat specialist who killed my father by telling him to get up and go about his business because there was nothing the matter with his throat. Actually he was suffering from a heart rendered temporarily weak by erysipelas and dropped dead at his bedside immediately after the specialist had left the room. That gentleman operated on my own throat six times—for tonsils and adenoids—that in itself being pretty bad for an already nervous child of eight. Thus, in short, from my tenderest infancy I was taught to watch my health at every minute of the day and night. I did so—and no human being can have had a much more miserable inner life than myself. Not *much* more! Then, when I was twenty-three or so I had the epilepsy-dread which, after I was thirty or so induced a nervous breakdown that lasted a year and a half during which I was unable to walk, forbidden to work, and reduced in weight to one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. I was taken to visit at least seven of the most eminent nerve-specialists in Europe—including Vienna!—and those gentlemen doing nothing to mend me, I came home to die.

Then Conrad recommended my seeing his own general practitioner. This gentleman—I owe him eternal gratitude—was of the most mournful cast of countenance I have ever seen. He sat beside my bed for three hours and a half, saying very little and scrutinizing me all the time infinitely lugubriously through very large spectacles. Then he answered the first question I had put to him: mightn't I do a little work because I was evidently dying and I had a book almost finished? He answered:

"Yes, you may as well do a little work. You will be dead in a month!" and that was all he did say.

I exclaimed on the instant, "By God! I won't!"

And I sprang out of bed, dressed, took a hansom to Piccadilly Circus, and walked backwards and forwards across it innumerable times, through the traffic—and from that day to this I have been able to walk pretty well—as well, I mean, as most people. . . . It was that doctor who first told me that nothing—eating, drinking, or smoking, will do you any harm as long as you do not think it will. He cured all his patients at one sitting—gazing at them as he had done for me, for hours, occasionally asking a question. Then he would write a prescription that cured them—but he never suggested diets.

Well, at the end of a month I went to see him and exclaimed triumphantly, "You see, I am not dead." He answered, "If I hadn't said you would be dead you would have been!"

I had by that time finished my book—it was about Holbein—and had begun another, but, although my nervous breakdown was finished, I had not yet faith enough even in that doctor to be finally cured of my hypochondria. He told me to eat what I wanted and do what I liked, but I still lived on half a handful of rice a day, drank only warmish water, and followed the rice with half a handful of pepsin tablets. And I still weighed practically nothing, though I no longer lost flesh.

Salvation came to me in New York. I was asked to lunch at the Players' Club by a gentleman who, although a qualified physician, was, by the stern decree of his father, touring the United States as an actor. He is now professor

of biology at the University of Cambridge. That sounds an eccentric career; it is none the less true. So, says he to me, "Have some beer!" And I scream, "My God, it would kill me!" He, "Have some lobster Mornay!" I faintingly produce my little packet of flaked rice and my dozen pepsin tablets. Then he propounded his theory of life which saved me and would save any man.

"Eat," he said, "always what you like and nothing but what you like. If what you like disagrees with you, eat it all the more. I mean, if you like grilled lobster and it disagrees with you, eat it every night for a fortnight before retiring. At first you will feel baddish, but you will know what is the matter with you and will have no extraneous fears. And the unpleasant feelings will lessen as your stomach disciplines itself until at last you will feel no inconvenience at all. Do that with all the food you like, in turn, and you will arrive at the happy condition of a diet that you like and no indigestion. That being so, you will be immensely improved physically and much brighter mentally. But never eat an ounce more or an ounce less than you are disposed to!"

By that counsel I have abided for twenty-one years and I have never looked back and never thought about my health. And do not believe that it is reckless counsel or leads to gluttony! I am personally an extremely abstemious person and rarely eat more than one meal a day, and that quite a small one—at any rate in periods when I work; for naturally during sedentary periods one needs less nourishment than during periods when one can take a great deal of exercise. I find that my appetite for long periods leads me to eat almost nothing but meat, and at others very little but fruit and cooked vegetables, and I find that my tastes change curiously. At the end of the War—probably because during that period we did not get enough fat—I had a passion for sardines and olive oil and oranges, and I lived on them almost exclusively. Now I dislike sardines as I do green peas, spinach, and lettuce, all of which I used to like very much. Thus Nature readjusts her balances.

I do not mean to say that such a rule of life is very easy to carry out. You cannot always get just what you like, and occasionally at the solicitation of someone else you must eat something that you do not much like, or for reasons of politeness at someone else's too hospitable board you must eat more than you want. For myself I never do either of those things but that automatically and without escape I suffer from indigestion and dizziness. For instance, I was lately induced to try a morning course of some of that Effervescent Saline Combination that I have catalogued above. I was told that it would restore to me all the lightness and gaiety that I did not have in my youth, and I hoped that it might. But for three days it made me feel very ill, so I gave it up.

After all, we have tastes and we have appetites. They have been conferred upon us by Nature, by the Deity, or by a process of the survival of the fittest, or by what you will. And, to speak anthropomorphically, for I am not concerned with the niceties of neo-scientific diction, they have been conferred upon us for a purpose. They are there, if we will let them be, to be our guides towards health. We never insist upon our horses, cats, pigs, dogs, or poultry consuming diets unnatural or distasteful to them; we are ready to allow that all wild animals know what is good for them. Why, then, do we enforce these measures upon ourselves? Is man with his lofty intelligence, with his achievements, his methods of government, of warfare, of justice, of communication—is man who aspires to the heavens with his skyscrapers and scours them with his airplanes—in this particular a little lower than the beasts that perish and the worm that never sees the light?

The Lion's Mouth

PSYCHOLOGY TO ORDER

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

"IT'S NO use," said Parke sadly, putting down his book. "I can't keep up with them."

"With whom?" said I.

"The psychologists. They move too fast for me. Time was when psychology would stay put for whole months at a time. In those days a little knowledge of it was a real social asset. You could subscribe to the doctrine of a new psychologist with as much assurance as you could order a new roadster; you knew it would go right on being smart till next year's model came on the market. Freud, in fact, was conversationally chic for years; he stayed in fashion like a conservatively cut dinner-coat. But it's all different now. The boys put out new style patterns every few weeks. Nowadays the innocent layman mentions what he supposes to be a nice reliable complex and finds people looking at him as if to say, 'Well, I'm sure that's very becoming, but you know complexes are being worn a good deal longer this spring.' What's the poor fellow to do?"

"You'd like a sort of Psychology-of-the-Month Club?" I suggested.

"That's the idea. Or a weekly market letter, let's say, telling me when to take my profit in Behaviorism and when to buy Gestalt for a rise."

I thought a moment. "Parke," said I finally, "have you no imagination?"

"I don't see how that would help," said he gloomily.

"But it would," said I. "Enormously. Why don't you invent your own psychologies for conversational purposes? Then you can be *sure* you have the newest one in the room."

Parke seemed impressed. But at that moment we were interrupted; just how impressed he was I didn't realize until several evenings later, when we met at the Daltons' for dinner.

Parke and Delia Marcy, as it happened, were seated directly opposite me. In the course of the dinner there came an interval when the partners on both sides of me were talking to other people, and there was nothing for me to do but eat nuts. I heard Delia asking Parke's advice about a preparatory school for young Andrew Marcy. "It's such an *important* choice, after all, isn't it?" she was saying.

"Indeed it is," I heard Parke answer her. "Doctor Schlinger's work makes that plain enough."

"Doctor who?" said Delia.

"Schlinger — Adolph Schlinger, the great Viennese psychologist. You know —the man who's making such a stir in Europe now. The author of *The Orientation of the Ego*."

(I went on quietly eating nuts. I didn't even dare look up.)

"Oh," said Delia. And then, after a pause, "Of course." (*Oh, Delia!*)

"The head of the famous Institute for Adolescent Experimentation at Vienna," added Parke.

"Isn't he a behaviorist?" hazarded Delia brilliantly.

"Heavens, no!" cried Parke. "They used to put all the emphasis on the baby. Schlinger's gone way beyond that. He puts all the emphasis on the adolescent. He's the head of the new Adolescentist

school. That's why I mentioned him—on account of Andrew."

"Oh, yes—I'd forgotten," said Delia. "Tell me about him."

"Well," began Parke, collecting himself, "the Adolescentists have found that one of the determining factors in our lives—in fact, *the* determining factor—is the way we develop during adolescence. Schlinger showed that there are two general types, the pre-physicals and the post-physicals. The pre-physicals are those who get their physical growth early. They become the big boys in any school group, the leaders, the bullies. The post-physicals get their growth late; for the time being they are the weaklings, the boys who get kicked round. Now here is the significant thing in Schlinger's work. He found that these post-physicals, these weaklings, thereupon turn to intellectual pursuits as a defense reaction, both to satisfy the otherwise thwarted demands of the ego and to secure the admiration and protection of the schoolmasters, many of whom remind them of their uncles, thus giving them avuncular or Mithridates complexes. They excel in school work and ultimately become intellectuals; their developmental trend, as Schlinger puts it, is psycho-centric as distinguished from physico-centric."

"How interesting!" said Delia. "Andrew is psycho-centric, I'm sure. One of his teachers told me the other day that he was very bright."

"Exactly," pursued Parke. "But is he *really* bright, or merely becoming conditioned toward psycho-centrism?"

(I wasn't looking, but I could almost feel Delia wince.)

"That," continued Parke, "is the sort of problem on which Schlinger would throw light. Schlinger studied a group of post-physical boys, who averaged 2.1 inches shorter and 4.6 kilometers—no, kilograms—lighter than a corresponding group of pre-physicals. He found that their innate intelligence, as determined in the famous Hofbrau tests, was no greater. Yet they led their classes in fifty-seven cases out of sixty-three. Psycho-centric, you see! He also made exhaustive studies of the adolescent history of five hundred leading men of Vienna and Budapest, and found—as he knew he would, in fact as he was determined he would—that in the majority of cases the poets had followed the post-physical pattern of growth, whereas the bond-salesmen had been pre-physicals to a man.

"'Now,' said Schlinger, 'this is very interesting. Some profound influence is at work here making pre-physicals into bond-salesmen and post-physicals into poets. What is it? I have a theory already, but I must conduct some experiments to show that it is right, for what is science without experiments?'

"So Schlinger sat on the fire-escape over the school playground hour after hour, day after day, with stopwatch and notebook, watching the boys play the old Austrian game of—just a moment—*Gansamsteinsetzend*. There was a point in this game where the loser had to assume a position of humiliation and allow the others to throw things at him. Schlinger noted the expletives applied by the boys to the victims in no less than 4,556 such cases, and found that in 3,983 of them the harsher expletives were applied to the post-physicals. That proved his case and revolutionized science, which at that time hadn't been revolutionized for several weeks.

"Schlinger's experiment proved, you see, that the post-physicals were goaded by such expletives into turning to their books and to the teachers who reminded them of their uncles, and thus became intellectuals whether fitted for the role or not (and that's the sad thing). Whereas the pre-physicals, ungoaded, became satisfied with their physical prowess, let their minds lie fallow, and ultimately drifted into bond-selling (which again is not without an element of sadness).

"Keats, says Schlinger, was a post-physical psycho-centric. So were William James and Aristotle. On the other hand Mussolini, Scipio, and James J. Hill were pre-physical physico-centrics."

"But Andrew—" began Delia.

"I'm coming to Andrew," said Parke. "Schlinger has now decreed that the schools of the future must be organized entirely differently. All our schools are all wrong now. In the future there must be no mixing of the two types. That's what causes repressions, lack of adjustment, unfortunate behavior patterns, and a rotten time generally for everybody concerned. They must be kept separate until adolescence is over. Especially on the playground must they be kept separate—even out of earshot of each other. A single expletive, Schlinger discovered, may drive a boy into or out of bond selling. Teachers trained in the new psychology—preferably teachers trained in the *Schlingerschule* at so much per year—must take them in hand to see that their intellectual and physical maturity is approached harmoniously.

"But we cannot do away with the ignorance and superstition of the present day with regard to the schooling of boys like Andrew until parents and teachers become educated to the importance of Adolescentism. And that is why Schlinger regards the future with grave concern. For the parents and teachers all seem to have passed the stage of adolescence. They have already been irrevocably conditioned by the experiences of their youth. What, then, can be done with them?"

Parke took a long breath. It had been a great effort.

I leaned forward amiably. My dinner partners were still occupied; why shouldn't I make my contribution to science?

"But," I put in, "there is more hope for the parents and teachers if we listen to the even more recent teachings of psychology. Have you forgotten the still more recent work of Doctor Nils Hundlich, the founder of the Adultist school?"

Parke gave me an ugly look.

"That stuff of Schlinger's is all right so far as it goes," I continued rapidly, "but Hundlich has pretty well knocked the props out from under most of Schlinger's conclusions. Haven't you heard that Hundlich has succeeded in transforming the whole mental attitude of adults by talking to them in their sleep? He has discovered that during sleep the whole mental equilibrium, or *Psychogesellschaft*, is so perfect that a slight push will send it in any direction. The process is dangerous, he admits, as the subject may easily be pushed in the wrong direction; that is why it is important that it shall never be attempted except by psychologists properly trained (at so much per annum) in the *Hundlichsinstitut*. But in the proper hands almost anything may be accomplished in overcoming the results of unfortunate adolescent conditioning. Hundlich took a bond-salesman of twenty-nine, and not only did away completely with his physico-centrism but taught him to recite the entire Bavarian constitution by heart. Schlinger is wrong, says Hundlich; the time will come when, with the assistance of graduates of the *Hundlichsinstitut*, we all may be reconditioned this way, no matter what sort of schools we went to. This, you will immediately see, revolutionizes not only science but everything else. Delia, where were you going to send Andrew?"

"We were thinking of St. Mark's," confessed Delia.

"Schlinger would not approve," said Parke.

"Hundlich," said I, "would be enthusiastic."

"This new psychology is so *fascinating*," said Delia.

At that moment my right-hand partner asked me what plays I had seen this winter, and for all I knew the careers of Doctors Schlinger and Hundlich came to an abrupt end. But perhaps after all they didn't. For several days later the chairman of our local Parent Teacher Association called me up.

"I wanted to get your advice," she said. "We are looking for a speaker on the new psychology. Amy Nelson says she has heard you know all about those

new men in Europe. You know, men like—is it Schinkel? Can't you suggest somebody who could tell our intelligent, wide-awake mothers about them—not too technically, you know—and show us what we ought to do for our children?"

So Schlinger and Hundlich may get their chance after all.

Meanwhile I recommend my plan to the embattled conversationalists of America. The social triumph of the man whose friends smiled when the waiter spoke to him in French is as nothing to that of the man who always has a brand-new psychology up his sleeve.

REMONSTRANCE

BY MARIE BLAKE

MADAM, I wonder if you dream
(Or does this take you by surprise?)
How hopelessly passée you seem
To modern eyes.

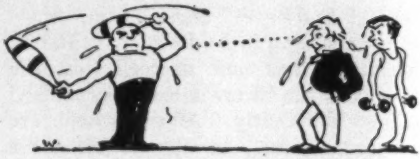
Now when all things to swiftness yield,
When leisure is so out of date,
You still stand pensive in a field,
And ruminate.

Does not the raucous motor horn
Break in upon your dreams abstracted?
Don't airplanes throbbing through the morn
Drive you distracted?

No, placid still beside the rail,
Knee-deep in that old-fashioned clover,
You swish an unprogressive tail,
And chew things over.

Even that drink you give away
Is very primitive material:
The same stuff Eve served every day
On Adam's cereal.

Come, come, ma'am, this will never do,
Calm such as yours spells retrogression,
Snap out of it, I beg of you—
Join the procession!



THE BIG HEALTH SECRET

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

"I SUPPOSE I ought to go to a gym or something," sighed Stannard. "And, gosh! how I dread it! What should I do?"

"Put your mind to it," I said.

"To what? What do *you* do?"

"I put my mind to *watching other people exercise.*"

Stannard evidently thought this was flippant.

"Wait a moment," I warned him. "This isn't a philosophy of doing nothing at all. When Secretary of State Evarts attributed his splendid health at a vast age to the fact that he never took *any* exercise I knew that he was concealing the really significant part of the trick. When Chauncey Depew said that walking down stairs to breakfast is exercise enough for any gentleman, he wasn't letting out the secret I'm telling you now. You've *got* to give attention to exercise. But it doesn't have to be *your* exercise.

"Let me explain. No one denies that literature or music may specifically stimulate the brain. You don't have to write or compose to get the reaction. You only have to watch the performers. Oddly, the physiologists have never seemed to recognize the *corporeal* results of watching. Remember the night we went to the track meet at the armory? Remember how you sweated *watching* that finish in the mile relay? There you have it. Perspicacity and perspiration can be partners.

"But sweat doesn't tell the whole story. Why are people goaded into exercise? Obviously, to attain certain bodily stimulations. If you can attain these stimulations without the violence,

by the simple expedient of watching, are you not leaping (without hazardous exertion) straight into health? Take the matter of the vaunted week-end outing. We can't ignore the tradition among workers (or, let us say, among the bosses) that it takes a whole Monday to recover from Sunday alone. Incidentally, any doctor will tell you that Monday is the stomach's worst period, and 'too much Sunday' is the answer. You may set it down as a rule—no stomach likes Sunday. Your stomach is a rank conservative. Queer hours for eating, and queer eating into the bargain, are too much for it. Now, if you only *looked* at Sunday eating—

"It can, in fact, be thrilling to watch people eat. If you are of the sort that shudders over what girl stenographers consume in a lunch room the watching won't do you any good. No, you mustn't shudder at anything. You must have just the right optical serenity. With this attitude, a gastric orgy, accompanied perhaps by Rabelaisian mastication, can provide a wonderful escape for the natural glutton instinct of any possible spectator. There will be response not only in the food centers of the body but in the ganglion that houses the sense of virtue.

"However, don't be sure of escaping danger. There is real excitement in feeling virtuous. But the eye-habit of dodging consequences may lead to the delusion that actual functions are safe enough. Watching mastodonic eating, for example, has effectively tempted many a man to become a food drunkard. It is the same way with other sports. One looks on at golf and discovers that the gallery is doing the hardest work. How easy to take the false step of getting into the game itself! *Follow the violences that let you sit.* This is imperative. And it also implies self-control. That you may forever be admonished of evil possibilities in intemperate watching I recall to your mind the Tunney-Dempsey fight. I pass over countless minor injuries to point out that the crisis of the seventh round killed ten men in different parts of the country. Mr. Tunney was not really hurt at all, but ten who watched the historic blow (with their ears, at the radio) died of intemperate participation. Thus the pure science of my theory of response implies that you shall remain physically detached. Let the excitement of the strugglers flow freely into your being. If your conscience assures you that the performers will all die young, and that you, as a looker, are offering a form of encouragement, is it not true that you are all the time a handsome example? When the climbers return in exhaustion from the briars and rock splinters of the mountain, are not you, seated poetically in the valley garden, presenting to any reasonable observer a spectacle of superior rightness? In mentally climbing the mountain have you not had the time, the strength, and the freedom from sensory distractions to get the true spiritual import of mountains in general? Physically you climb one mountain at a time. Spiritually you may climb all mountains at once, with never a broken bone. When, after vulgar agonies, you reach the top of your actual mountain you may find a fog. There is no view—nothing but feet and disappointment. But the vicarious climb has no fog in it. To the vicarious climber all views are unobscured and lovely. And you don't even need to change your shoes.

"I have not consulted Dr. Freud, but I'm sure of his approval for a doctrine that keeps one so free of foolishness. If ever we should be urged beyond frivolity into real evil, the principle becomes the more precious. At the movies we may not only travel but shoot a villain, and suffer neither lumbago nor arrest. The great thing, we are told, is release. What escape is surer than vicarious activity? If you have always wanted to hit a policeman why not try letting a comedian do it? If you have wondered too acutely about a non-stop elopement, a knock-out, or a

night club, why not permit Art to take you by the hand and let you look? Fiction and philosophy ask only a little of your interest and leave your capital alone. For that matter, what can help a bank balance like watching the other fellow spend money?

"Naturally, in the midst of a noble aloofness, you will have moments when you may fear that you are missing something. This can't be helped. We all have moments, and you know how moments are."

WHAT PRICE UTOPIA?

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

THE following document was found among the papers of a friend of mine who died recently.

I am one of these restless unhappy moderns, living in the present, yet always dissatisfied with it. I don't like its noise nor its manners nor its wars nor its speed nor its specialists nor its advertisements nor its movies nor anything that is its. I shall not bow down to them nor worship them. Indeed, I would gladly escape from this world of the present if I could. But where is one to go? To the past? I am not a lover of the past. Much of its glamour is mere romantic illusion. Wasn't it Carlyle who said that even Charlemagne probably found his mutton tough? And I seem to have read that in that period most popular with the *laudatores temporis acti*—the Middle Ages—the stench of a medieval town could be detected from afar. They did not know as much about drainage as even Cnossos knew, and there was neither plumbing nor electric light. Wherever I am to settle down I must have decent plumbing. Well, why not the future then? The advertisements assure me that Plumbing will go on from strength to strength. Yes, the future sounds more attractive. And every day we are learning more of what the future is to be, for it is the substance of virtue with us moderns to be concerned about our descendants. Posterity is our guide and our monitor, and Utopias are rising on every hand. I confess that I am piqued by these eschatological enthusiasms. The future might suit me well enough. But I have one reservation. I could wish that the visions of the prophets were at once more definite and more harmonious. Shall we have bodies (Shaw says we shan't) or shall we be disembodied intelligences? Shall we have children or shall we buy the synthetic products of our choice at some Infant Emporium? Shall we have honest-to-God food or live on tabloids? Will the lion lie down with the lamb or will both survive, as some pessimists predict, only in the zoo? Shall we continue to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" or raise our voices in an international esperanthem? Shall we all be busy workers in some world-state or shall we be able to call our lives and our property our own? I must have more information on these points before I am willing to cast my vote for the future. Meanwhile I continue to be a restless modern, at home neither in the past, the present, nor the future.

Such were some of the thoughts—to borrow the novelist's convenient formula, that were passing through my mind as I . . . I have been trying to think of some particular time or occasion when these thoughts were passing through, but I realize that they have been on the march for months, if not for years.

You will, therefore, understand the surprise and delight with which I opened a parcel sent to me by a scientific friend last Christmas and found that it contained a Time Machine (model: H. G. Wells). At last I could take a ride into the future and gratify my curiosity.

Well, I have been for my ride. I am not going into details. Partly because

my interest in the future has somewhat abated, partly because there were some things to which I deliberately closed my eyes. On the way out, for example, I could not bring myself to observe the circumstances of my own death. I dodged that. "Coward!" you exclaim? All right. Have it your own way. In any event I shall do no more than set down the substance of a conversation I overheard at the end of my stay.

I had pushed right on to the end, you understand, to that Final Society in which the hopes and the efforts of men were to culminate. No one with my opportunity would have denied himself a glimpse at the far-off divine event, call it what you will: The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, Utopia, "The Ultimate Social Well-being" whose coming we had so often been urged to hasten. I was greatly relieved to find that English was the language universally spoken. This, I was told, had proved the easiest way in the end, for (a) the English either would not or could not learn any foreign language and (b) all so-called foreigners were born linguists anyhow. Thus I was able to converse freely with these Finalists, as they called themselves, and to learn much of their way of life. Their conversation was in many ways refreshingly different from ours. No one talked of germs or operations, because disease had been conquered long ago. (The very word handkerchief was unknown.) Nor of the weather, for that was under perfect control; nor of the latest novel for, with only historical themes available, the novel had perished of dullness. Money and business were never mentioned; everyone lived in comparative affluence, although no one had to work more than an hour a day. Golf had been suppressed centuries before in the Year of the Suppression of the Nuisances.

But although, as I say, I learned much about the external forms of their existence, their inner life remained a closed book to me. When I touched upon their religion or their philosophy or tried to discover if they were as happy as manifestly they ought to be, I was met with a slightly embarrassed reserve or was politely put off with a change of subject.

I was sitting on this last evening of my stay in one of their clubs, drinking a cup of tea. (Those two excellent institutions, the Club and Afternoon Tea, had, I was glad to discover, survived all the onslaughts of the reformers.) Three Finalists entered and sat down near me. I was alone, in a dark corner of the room, and could overhear their conversation unobserved. They were evidently continuing a discussion which had been begun outside.

"My point is," said the first speaker, "that altruism and philanthropy and self-sacrifice and Christian love and all the rest of it have been the curse of the human race. At least as far as we are concerned. We read our history and what do we find? For thousands of years prophets and teachers and statesmen, themselves inspired, have tried to inspire others with a vision of a world less cruel and stupid and ugly and chaotic than the world they knew. For thousands of years the best energies of the noblest men have been directed upon the future in a perpetual crusade. And so I seem to see a record of continuous sacrifice, each generation called upon to forget itself in unselfish devotion to the good of the next, and so on, and so on, until at last you come to—Us. We are the Last Men, the ultimate heirs and beneficiaries. We are Posterity. We are the people with whom progress has come to an end. It is for us that men and women have exiled themselves to the slums or the tropics, that soldiers have rotted in the trenches, that martyrs have gone to the stake. It is to make a world for us that the great multitude of the inconspicuous—parents, teachers, doctors, clergymen, the decent common folk everywhere who thought of leaving things a little better than they found them, it is for this that they have piled mountain upon mountain of renunciation."

"And what you are wondering, I

suppose," put in the second man, "is: Are we worth it?"

"Not at all. That rhetorical question is a platitude of contemporary disenchantment. No. What makes me and any other sensitive man indignant is that all these sacrifices have been made without consulting the recipients. Here we are, you and I, with our leisure, our culture, our freedom, our health, our security, and our material well-being, and the price that has been paid for it is an untold sum of human suffering. I, for one, don't want to accept my happiness on those terms. I am put in an unbearably false position. I am compelled without my consent, in fact against my will, to accept the sacrifices of others. And the tragedy of it is that it is too late now to do anything about it."

"Very eloquent, I'm sure," said the third man. "I wish I could share your pity for my ancestors. I am inclined to say rather, Damn our ancestors. I contend that they were never genuinely concerned about us at all. They did not believe we'd ever really happen, so to speak. We were simply a name, a symbol, a device. We were like the carrot hung in front of the donkey's nose to keep him moving. All their fine altruistic talk about the welfare of future generations was a veiled selfishness. What those ancestors of ours prized above all things was keeping on the move. The thought of settling down, of finality in any form, was abhorrent to them. Romance, adventure, excitement, the vague thing called Progress, was the breath of life to them. I don't blame them for it. I think they were right to a great extent. What I can't forgive them for is their selfishness, or, to put it more mercifully, their blindness. They would not or could not see that the net result of all their efforts would be to produce a society deprived of all the things that made life worth living to *them*. I ask you what chance *we* have for adventure or romance? They had the fun of fighting against principalities and powers, against disease, and ignorance, and vice, and disorder, and the still uncontrolled forces of nature. But for us the voyage is over. We ride sleepily at anchor in a tranquil harbor. We are virtuous, we are peaceable, we are omniscient, we are healthy, we are safe. If we want to be heroes or martyrs or explorers, we can't be. There's no opportunity. They had a Beyond. Whether you call it a carrot or The City of God or a Platonic Idea doesn't matter. They had it. That's the point. Beyond us there is nothing. We sit under our tree in our sunny garden and fold our hands over our paunches and stagnate. That's what those precious ancestors of ours would have called Hell. Yet that's what they have let us in for. And so instead of pitying them I say, Damn our ancestors!"

After this outburst there was a pause. Then the man who had spoken second remarked, a little wearily:

"Well, there's one thing at any rate we may be thankful for: no one can say that we live in an age of transition."

This was not the end of the conversation. But I have set down enough for my purpose and in any event my literary sense warns me that the last remark offers too good a stopping-place to be neglected.

And now that I have returned to my restless modern world I see that I shall have to settle down to some furious thinking.

When I said that the author of the above document died recently perhaps I was not quite explicit enough. He didn't just die; he committed suicide.

Editor's Easy Chair

AN OLD SCHOOL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE great problem of these times is how to minimize compulsion; how to get along with as little of it as possible and still keep order in the world. That is the problem of peace, of democracy, of organized religion, of schools and, of course, of prohibition. Napoleon said that nothing could be permanently settled by force. He had had experience, and that was his conclusion. The only thing that finally regulates conduct is the will of the man affected. To be sure, one man's will may change the conditions of life, and by that or in other ways may regulate another man's outward behavior for a time; but it will hardly regulate his thoughts unless the man with the will catches the other very young and is able to shape his mind and make him think as the superior will directs. That would be a sort of hypnotism fixed on its victim. It is not an engaging idea, yet it has been the idea of great religionists and of politicians and educators. There is something to it. One does not teach pupils with the idea that their minds will be unaffected by the teaching, but most people will agree nowadays that the aim of teaching is to qualify pupils to think for themselves and not merely to learn and accept the thoughts of others.

It is a fairly new idea, this idea of people thinking their own thoughts and acting on their own conclusions. One recalls the story of Daniel who was accustomed to pray freely looking towards the east with his curtain up, and of how his rivals in Babylonian politics who wanted to be rid of him appealed to King Darius and got him to issue an order that no petitions should be made between certain dates except to the King. The consequence was that they got the King in a hole, and he had to drop Daniel into a den of lions. The rest of the story we all know. But that illustrates how the idea in old times was that the office of kings and other high and powerful persons, including ecclesiastics and schoolmasters, was to tell people where to get on and where to get off; what to think, what to do. We notice a relic of this ancient idea in the autocratic deportment of the hold-up men who say "hands up" and expect to be obeyed. They are obeyed as a rule, but still the principle that they work on is wrong and, though it may have immediate success in very much too many cases, it does not make in the end for the prosperity or contentment of those who use it, nor yet of society in general.

When the prohibition amendment came before the Supreme Court the Court decided that it was constitutional. It did so in the teeth of Mr. Root's argument that to pass such an amendment was not among the enumerated powers of Congress. The Court did not discuss Mr. Root's argument; it gave a decision but no reasons. I asked a lawyer if he could remember the vote on that decision? He said, "No, but it did not matter." I said, "Did So-and-so vote for it?" "Possibly," he said; "So-and-

so has a philosophical theory that when a branch of the government which seems to be truly representative of the people does something which seems to carry out the popular will it is usually better to let it go and let events and experience determine whether it is endurable, or unendurable and unenduring." That was an incident of respect paid to the idea that no enduring result can be affected by mere authority, even of a court, but that things in the long run have to work out in the minds of the men affected.

IN THE month of May this year there will be celebrated at Andover the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Phillips Academy. The captains and kings of that famous school will be on hand, aided and countenanced by persons eminent in contemporary education from other institutions. No doubt they will have a great time. Phillips Academy at Andover has a very respectable antiquity as an American school for boys. I do not recall another still strong and prosperous that is as old, though its companion at Exeter, also started by the Phillips family, must have pretty nearly as long a record, and possibly the Boston Latin School is even older. Into the Andover Academy there has flowed of recent years quite a copious stream of money. It inherited or purchased the lands and buildings of the Andover Theological Seminary when that consecrated foundation moved to Cambridge, and with ample grounds has added to a number of admirable colonial buildings so acquired (some of them by Bullfinch) some more by Guy Lowell. So in its exterior nowadays it is very handsome and at the same time goes strong and usefully as an institution for the training and instruction of youth. In that school in the very early 70's I spent two years and one term and have lately, for the purpose of the celebration, recalled what I could of the life which went on there at that time and reinformed myself to some extent about the men who originally made the school, and about the very notable master, Samuel Hervey Taylor, who was at the head of it when I first went there. It was preëminently a God-fearing institution founded by consecrated vessels and very fine ones, carried along by masters who held an intense conviction that the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom. That attitude of mind has certainly been justified by the record of that school. It has never been rich and never very fashionable. The necessary cost of living has always been kept at the minimum for the sake of the boys with whom money was scarce, yet it has never failed of an imposing family of pupils nor faltered in the reputation it won for turning them out with due qualifications for what next they undertook. Of course, it is and has long been a school where boys prepare for college. It was when I was there and long before, and has been ever since, but that is not the whole story, for it aimed not only to do that but to be a school where boys prepared for life. In a way it was a school of democracy, for there were boys there from a variety of social planes, not of so very different derivation, but of a great dissimilarity in means and manners.

It has scandalized me somewhat to find how little I remember about the teaching and the studies and how large a proportion of the pictures left in my mind were of the boys and what they said and did, the games they played, the school politics they took part in, the life of the school rather than the learning of it. If you did not learn something, you could not stay there; but when it comes to what one remembers, teaching and studying are taken a good deal for granted. Thrills are not furnished so much from the class rooms as on the baseball field, the hockey pond, and such places.

Uncle Sam Taylor, universally known to his pupils as Unc, was a formidable and considerably fabulous figure. He was a strong believer in authority, which had more vogue in schools half a century

ago than it seems to have at present. I got my early idea of him from my brother in the class ahead of me who had been subjected to his admonitions. He had described to me the charges of frivolity and general worthlessness with which Uncle Sam had assailed him in private interviews; how he had accused him of bad associates, of his intimacy with X and Y and Z; and in turn, when he admonished X, Y and Z, accused them of pernicious association with *him*. Nothing much ailed my brother except that he was a cheerful spirit and had no uncontrollable thirst for book knowledge. The truth is that Uncle Sam, to the schoolboy mind, was an ogre, reputed to be very fast on his feet in chasing boys who got out into the landscape, especially in the dark, in defiance of regulations. The rules held that every boy should be in his room at night unless he had a valid excuse for being out of it. If he was at a prayer meeting or at the weekly meeting of the Philomathian Society, or otherwise improving himself spiritually or mentally by permitted association, that was lawful, but the pursuit of pleasure after dark was never lawful, especially if it led into Pike's oyster saloon which was frequented by adventurous spirits who felt the need of regaling themselves with oyster stews at unlawful times.

Of Doctor Taylor my impressions were merely those of a young boy who took in what he heard. To us, as said, the master of the school was considerably an ogre, but my class never came under his personal instruction, and that I regret, for he might have made something even of me. He was Scotch-Irish by descent, from Londonderry, New Hampshire. That accounts for a good deal of the impression he made on the boys, but anyone who really wants to know about him can get full information out of the funeral sermon preached about him by Professor Park, his next-door neighbor, highly gifted in discourse, who knew him long and intimately and greatly liked and honored him. He was Principal at Phillips Academy for thirty-three years and was only sixty-four when on a snowy Sunday morning in January, 1871, he fell dead at the door of the Academy. Among grown people who really knew him, he ranked very high indeed both as a man and a schoolmaster, and as a classical scholar and a teacher he won a great reputation.

Go back sixty years and you will doubtless find in most important schools very much the same ideas of school discipline and the means of enforcing it that prevailed in Phillips Academy in the 60's and 70's. Uncle Sam scolded the boys for their sins. When their infractions of the rules seemed to him too serious to be corrected by exhortations he suspended or dismissed them. There wasn't any flogging, so separation from the school was the only available form of correction. Of course, in sixty years the attitude of schoolmasters towards boys has changed very much. God looked different to our grandfathers than He looks to us. What Uncle Sam thought of boys no boy in my time ever knew. As far as they were concerned he was the great natural obstacle to sport. Nevertheless, his purpose in life was undoubtedly to make as good scholars as possible, as good characters as possible, and to keep order during the process. To the boys who were earnest students he must have seemed much less awful than to those to whom lessons were not much more than an unavoidable incident of connection with the school and an indispensable preliminary to admission to college. To poor boys he was tireless in aid and counsel.

I suppose it is not fair to expect justice of schoolmasters. There is the story of the man who, parting at the courtroom door with a judge of a high court, said to him, "Good-by, Judge, go in and do justice." But the old judge turned back to him. "Justice!" he said, "what has that got to do with my job?"

True enough, the job of a high court is to define and expound what the law is, so that men may know what they can do

and what not. Enforcing the law as it is may do an injustice and often does. No doubt schoolmasters' justice is something like that. Their purpose is to maintain a discipline that is essential to the usefulness of their schools. To do that they must enforce such rules as seem necessary, and in enforcing them they may often do injustice toward this or that pupil. Being fallible, sometimes they decide wrong, but oftener, in the hard cases, the trouble is merely that they must reach some decision.

Moreover, it is with schoolmasters much as it is with doctors: their successes shine forth and do them credit, their failures in due time are buried, and meantime are not apt to be advertised as failures of a system of education. When one reads of the old style of discipline and teaching at Andover and of the quality of the men who put it over, the propensity is to discourage all contemporary efforts by comparison. We may remember for our comfort that the glorious results of the old method have been pictured on the very sky, and where they slipped up pious hands have drawn veils over the consequences.

There were restraints in those days, but after all there was plenty of legitimate fun. In the spring there was lots of baseball; in the fall there was a primitive football, played with a rubber ball, by all the boys that came out; in the winter there was skating and hockey on a pond somewhere up beyond the Theological Seminary, and it seems to me that coasting on double runners down School Street was sometimes allowed.

When we think of the past we see it in pictures that have stayed in the mind. In my mind there is a picture of a boy with a large green necktie who played right field on our class nine, a natural Yankee, bright eyed, interested in sports, apt, too, in discussion. That boy was Charles Sumner Bird, who came to be well known as a politician and notable manufacturer in Massachusetts.

Another picture is of a lively boy with light curly hair, abundantly articulate, captain of our class nine, more or less disorderly, inattentive to raiment, but a good enough scholar and a competent debater. That was William Henry Moody, afterwards Secretary of the Navy and finally a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Another eminent character in our class was Robert J. Cook, who came to wide advertisement as a Yale oarsman and coach. He was older than most of us, as also was Victor Lawson, of Chicago, a graceful figure of youth on his way to be a famous newspaper publisher in Chicago.

A schoolmaster, the head of a girls' school in New York and a notable scholar, once said to me, "When we have provided the building and heated it and assembled the pupils, that is three-quarters of the job." He had the feeling, apparently, that the provision of environment and association furnished the most important element in school. As one looks back on school days the same impression stands out. Of course the teaching is important. It is the great central fact of the school. I think in my day at Andover it was good, but what one remembers is not so much the teaching, which is taken for granted, as the association with the other boys and the gradual progress in the understanding of life. The world is so new to a school boy! Adolescence is an extraordinary time anyhow, bringing all manner of new thoughts, impulses, and developments. Add to that the shift from home direction to the qualified liberty of the school, and you have a tremendous change.

School administration has grown gentler but is still very much under consideration and discussion. Capital punishment is weakening, and management of prisons is under drastic criticism. The whole job of infecting disorderly people, especially youths, with better notions of deportment, and to make them better characters, is under constant study by thoughtful and sympathetic minds. Schools have changed very much since Uncle Sam Taylor's time and the movement still goes on.

Personal and Otherwise

THAT Dumb Lizzie is Middle-Western will, we imagine, be hotly denied. We ourselves are inclined to concede her a wider range than ***I. A. R. Wylie's*** title would imply. But Miss Wylie, though English, has for several years past spent most of her time in the United States and knows Lizzie well; so she may be right. Miss Wylie is the author of several novels and has written extensively for American magazines; HARPER readers will recall her "Gentlemen Prefer Wars," which we published a year ago last January.

The popular notion that college unfits men for business is by this time pretty thoroughly dead; it was succeeded some time ago by the belief that college will help you in business provided you go in for athletics and social contacts and don't waste too much time on your studies. But even this latter idea appears to be doomed by ***Walter S. Gifford's*** unimpeachable statistics. Mr. Gifford is himself an outstanding example of the validity of his own contention. As a member of the Class of 1905 at Harvard he distinguished himself chiefly in his studies. By 1908 he had become chief statistician of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In 1916—though still in his early thirties—he was chosen director of the Council of National Defense; with the entry of the United States into the war this position became one of commanding importance. After the war he was appointed vice-president of the Telephone Company, and in 1925 he succeeded to the presidency.

Fleta Campbell Springer has been recognized for many years by discriminating critics as one of the ablest short-story writers in this country. She contributes from time to time to this Magazine, and in 1924 won first prize in one of our short-story contests. Her most recent HARPER story was "Severson" (June, 1927).

An able and well-known historian, whose name we withhold in order to allow him complete freedom for speculation, contributes the second of our three articles forecasting the future of America. The first, dealing with our biological future and written by a notable biologist, appeared last month; the third and last, in which a distinguished critic and man of letters will forecast our cultural future, will be a feature of the June issue.

We have published recently several articles on various aspects of American marriage. In "Feminist—New Style," Mrs. Bromley set forth the point of view of an increasing group of contemporary women; in "This Two-Headed Monster: The Family," Mr. Carey argued for masculine authority; in "Why They Failed to Marry," Dr. Davis gave the results of a scientific study of the present-day causes of spinsterhood; in "Whom God Hath Joined," Mrs. Bromley studied the peculiar relation of the church to the institution of marriage. This month ***Henry C. Beers*** surveys this whole much-debated problem from a novel point of view. Mr. Beers, a bachelor, is a New York writer of cosmopolitan tastes who believes in the economic interpretation of history—including, it appears, social history.

Cyril Hume, who won critical applause and popular success only a few years after his graduation from Yale by writing *The Wife of the Centaur*, and has subsequently published *Cruel Fellowship* and *Golden Dancer*, is now living in Connecticut and working on another novel, in which, we understand, the incidents recounted in "Hell Gate Tommy" will figure in a somewhat different form. We published Mr. Hume's "Fantasy in the First Person" in HARPER'S for September, 1926.

It was during a recent stay in California that ***Sarah Comstock*** collected the material for her Los Angeles article as well as for her

recent striking portrait of Aimee Semple McPherson. But, though Miss Comstock has lived most of her life in New York, she did not go to California as a stranger; she is a Stanford graduate and her first job was with a San Francisco newspaper. Since then she has written several novels, including *The Soddy* and *Speak to the Earth*. Her new book, *Roads to the Revolution*, is a volume of travel over the terrain of our Revolutionary War.

The young sophisticates so devastatingly portrayed by ***Richmond Barrett*** form the outermost left wing of the contemporary revolt against nineteenth-century moral and cultural standards. Probably there are not many Americans who have pushed the revolt so far. Yet, as Mr. Barrett indicates, these young people are significant as extreme cases of a somewhat general tendency. Mr. Barrett, who has written two novels, *Rapture* and *The Enemy's Gates*, lives in Newport, Rhode Island.

It is a layman who sends us "The Modern Christian Speaks." ***Hanford Henderson,*** formerly head of a school in North Carolina and of a summer camp in New Hampshire, is the author of *What Is It To Be Educated?* and other books, and has had an important influence in the progressive education movement. He is now living in South Carolina.

Author of the much-discussed novel, *Blue Voyage*, and of several volumes of distinguished poetry, short stories, and criticism, ***Conrad Aiken*** turns in his new story to pure comedy. After spending many years in England, Mr. Aiken came back not long ago to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

For some years past, ***Albert Jay Nock,*** biographer of Thomas Jefferson, has been living in Europe, returning to the United States only for brief visits. He contributes frequently to HARPER'S; among his recent articles have been "Fists Across the Sea" (a paper on the debt problem), "On Making Low People Interesting," and "The King's Jester, Modern Style." His current observations on peace and how not to obtain it are based on long and realistic study of international affairs.

Two years ago we published a unique contribution by a new contributor, ***Gustav Eckstein,*** a young instructor in the medical college of the University of Cincinnati. It was a biographical study of two mice, acquired for laboratory use and kept by him as pets. With the same strange understanding which he revealed in that paper, Dr. Eckstein now tells the life-story of three turtles.

Despite his strange views—strange to the medical profession, at any rate—on the subject of health, ***Ford Madox Ford*** appears to be in excellent physical shape after a long and distinguished literary career—his novels include *Some Do Not*, *No More Parades*, *A Man Could Stand Up*, and *The Last Post*—and after varied gastronomic adventures such as he recently described for us in his essay on "A Lordly Dish." Mr. Ford is English, but has lived extensively in New York as well as in France. His latest book is entitled *New York Is Not America*.

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The poets of the month are ***Alfred Kreymborg,*** pioneer in the free-verse movement a few years since; and ***C. T. Lanham,*** second lieutenant in the Thirty-Third Infantry, stationed at Fort Clayton in the Canal Zone.

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The Lion offers his hospitality to ***Alexander Black,*** veteran New York newspaper man, and author of *The Great Desire* and other novels; ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the staff of HARPER'S; ***Marie Blake,*** a Boston writer; and ***Charles A. Bennett,*** professor of philosophy at Yale, who contributes frequently to the Lion's Mouth and wrote "The Cult of the Seamy Side" (published in this Magazine last December).

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George Luks, whose painting "Attaboy" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, received his artistic education at the Pennsylvania Academy and in Germany, and is now a leading member of the New Society of Artists. His portraits and figure studies are refreshing in their boldness and simplicity.

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In "Buffetings in a South Wind," Muriel Draper's article on Norman Douglas, pub-

lished last month, there appeared a statement which might give to some readers a misleading impression of publishing practice and particularly of the practice of Mr. Douglas's American publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company. Mrs. Draper quoted Mr. Douglas as saying that he received seventy-five pounds for *South Wind* and never received another penny for it.

We are informed that this book was imported by both Dodd, Mead and Company and Moffat, Yard and Company at various times, and the arrangement for publication was entirely with the English publisher. A few years ago Dodd, Mead and Company set up the book in a new format and thereupon entered into a voluntary arrangement whereby Mr. Douglas received a royalty on every copy of *South Wind* sold by them. Another novel, *They Went*, published by the same firm and likewise manufactured in the United States, also earns a royalty for the author.

Mr. Douglas in a charming letter to Mr. Frank C. Dodd refers to the royalty arrangement made by Dodd, Mead and Company as "very handsome." It seems only fair to set forth the matter in full here, in order to correct an impression which might have been created inadvertently on the part of Mrs. Draper or Mr. Douglas, that Dodd, Mead and Company were profiting through a situation unfortunate to the author.

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John R. Tunis's article on "The Great Sports Myth" has attracted much comment *pro* and *con*. Among the applauding letters is one from a man who served several years as faculty director of athletics at a large university, and speaks, therefore, from inside knowledge. He says (writing to Mr. Tunis):

I have read with much pleasure and satisfaction your articles in the February and March issues of HARPER'S and especially appreciate and applaud your comments on intercollegiate athletics. You certainly know whereof you speak and your sincerity and straight thinking are refreshing. I passed through one ordeal of a severance of athletic relations and several near breaks, I went through numerous eligibility battles, and was in intimate contact with players, coaches, graduate managers, over-ardent alumni, and all the rest of the great athletic machine.

I hope you are right in your optimistic view as to the future, but my own impression is that "the ever increasing number of sportsmen in this country who are beginning to penetrate behind the smoke screen" have little influence and less say in the management of things. A still small voice crying in the wilderness will, I fear, make little impression on the present system, firmly intrenched as it is in money and popular hokum. However, if you ever organize a relief expedition, let me know and I'll be with you.

Grantland Rice, one of the ablest sports writers in the country, comments as follows in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

In the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE John R. Tunis has an interesting article on "The Great Sports Myth," in which he sets out to prove that organized competitive athletics of all sorts are not only vastly overplayed and overpraised but that in addition their net gain to all concerned is negligible, if not minus. . . .

There is a lot on the Tunis side of the argument. There is no real reason why any champion should be labeled a hero or a national god, because few if any deserve this grade. But there is nothing new about this phase of the matter, dating back to the Olympic games of Greece seven hundred years before the arrival of Christ. They tore down city walls then to welcome home victorious sons. It may be a survival of Stone Age inheritance, but there it stands. Human nature has a habit of changing but little as the years stalk along.

Is "highly organized competitive sport" character building? Not always by six or seven jumps. On the amateur and the professional side it is full of squawks, alibis, feuds, charges and countercharges, sullen enmities and bitter feeling.

Dodge sore at Peltzer—Hahn sore at Conger—Americans protest Olympic skating—French mob referee—Princeton has football feud with Harvard and Penn—Cornell and Syracuse have the same—also Alabama and Auburn and a good many others—Southern California claims safety and victory against Notre Dame in place of touchback and defeat—Tunney got long count—Firpo fouled by Dempsey, etc.

But there is another side. It was largely through the exploitation of certain stars under highly organized championship conditions that tennis passed from a few thousand players to more than a million, most of whom were only out for the fun of the game. The same is true of golf, football and other sports.

Such loud-sung and long-sung entries as Maurice McLoughlin in tennis and Francis Ouimet in golf helped to give each game a big impetus for the millions to know and play and benefit. The ballyhoo caught and held their attention. The Hagens, Joneses, Tildens, etc., get the publicity in golf and tennis, but the four million golfers, mostly duffers, and the million or more tennis players, most of them ordinary players, get the fun and exercise. I doubt that many of them, stars or duffers, get much character building from their games. But they also get no character wrecking and they draw the advantage of fun and better physical fitness. Football stars are publicly exploited far beyond their actual contributions to civilization or existence in general, but this exploitation has helped to put a million young football players into the fields of schools and universities. . . .

Hero worship in sport has been greatly overdone. Exploitation has been overdone. The "anything-to-win" has been overdone. Champions have been overplayed and overpraised. There isn't much amateurism left in the upper branches of competition. Sport has been commercialized along with everything else. But, with all that, the physical and mental benefits of play and sport have gone out to more millions than the world ever knew before and this is far more important than what may happen to a few champions.

Franklin P. Adams, in his "Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," in The Conning Tower of the New York *World*, points out that Mr. Tunis was wrong in speaking of Norman Brookes's clapping his hands to his ears in his match with McLoughlin; it was in his match with R. N. Williams. Mr. Adams reports his agreement with Mr. Tunis's main contention, but adds:

Mr. Tunis thinks that the so-called common sense of the public will ultimately prevail; I think that the sport-nurtured, or, to diagnose it, the sport-page-fed, public—greedy and insatiable for romance, vicarious adventure, and repetitiousness—has no sense at all. It was long ago, methinks, when Public Sense Common passed its dividend.

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Dr. Katharine B. Davis's article, "Why They Failed to Marry," has been the subject of much newspaper comment. In his daily syndicated article in some two hundred papers, Charles B. Driscoll "confesses to a great deal of puzzlement" about two aspects of the question:

For one thing, I wonder whether the presumption that college women as a class make better mothers is well founded.

And how are we going to find out whether they do or not? What constitutes a superior mother? Who is going to establish the standards, and then who is going to determine whether women with or without degrees come nearest to the high standard of motherhood?

I doubt if there is any scientific way of resolving these obvious difficulties, and it must continue to be a matter of rather ill-founded opinion and prejudice.

We are all likely to view the question from a personal angle. Consider the mothers you know and have known. Single out from among them the ones you would be likely to call the very good and capable mothers. Are they collegians or non-collegians? Pick out the mothers of your acquaintance who have college degrees. Do they shine out as exceptionally good mothers, against the background of the non-college mothers you know and have known?

Now as to why they didn't marry. It is my impression that answers are likely to be misleading, even when made in the best of faith. For instance, only two per cent said that they were not attractive to men. Now how could you expect that admission to be made in all the cases in which it might be true, even among college graduates?

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As this issue of the Magazine goes to press, comments on "Whom God Hath Joined" and other April features are just beginning to reach us. Here is one of the first, from an instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

In the midst of many pressing activities one still must find time to voice a loud amen to the ideas which Mrs. Bromley so cogently expressed in your April number. The sensible program of making marriage more difficult and divorce more easy seems to have functioned only with regard to the latter: and even in the realm of divorce, the one sensible ground, namely, agreement by both parties to disagree, seems to have little validity at law.

I hope you will add my enthusiastic applause to that of the many others who have undoubtedly written not only in praise of Mrs. Bromley, but also of that colossal word picture John Vandercook gave us in "The Fools' Parade."

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THE CONTENTS FOR

MAY

1928

Frontispiece in Color	GEORGE LUKS	
Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West	I. A. R. WYLIE	661
Does Business Want Scholars? With Diagrams.	WALTER S. GIFFORD	669
Young Orchard. *A Story*	FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER	675
America in the Year 2500	ANONYMOUS	685
Not Too Reticent Now! *A Poem*	ALFRED KREYMBORG	693
Women and the Marriage Market	HENRY C. BEERS	694
Hell Gate Tommy. *A Story*	CYRIL HUME	704
The Great American Mirror	SARAH COMSTOCK	715
Babes in the Bois	RICHMOND BARRETT	724
The Modern Christian Speaks	HANFORD HENDERSON	737
The Moment. *A Story*	CONRAD AIKEN	746
Peace by Incantation	ALBERT JAY NOCK	753
Three Lives	GUSTAV ECKSTEIN	761
West Point. *A Poem*	C. T. LANHAM	767
O Hygeia!	FORD MADOX FORD	768
The Lion's Mouth		777
"Psychology to Order," by Frederick Lewis Allen — "Remonstrance," by Marie Blake — "The Big Health Secret," by Alexander Black — "What Price Utopia?" by Charles A. Bennett. Drawings by A. B. Walker.		
The Editor's Easy Chair "An Old School."	EDWARD S. MARTIN	785
Personal and Otherwise		789
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
Where to Shop Section		*Among Front Advertising Pages*
In the Financial World	PAUL TOMLINSON	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Community and Industrial Opportunities		*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Travel News and Steamship Sailing Dates		*Among Back Advertising Pages*

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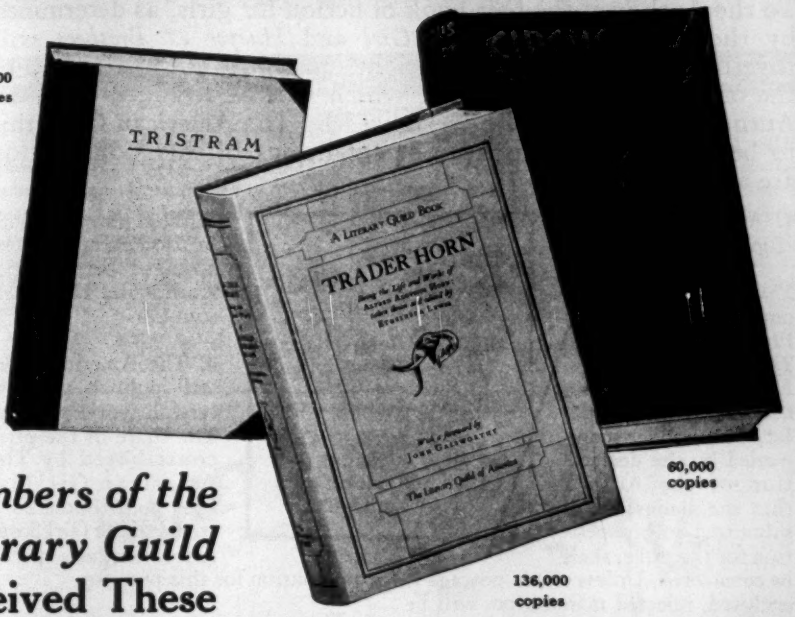

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THE AMERICAN GIRL — HARPER $2,000 GIRLS' BOOK COMPETITION

To the Author of the best book of fiction for girls, as determined by the judges, *The American Girl* and *Harper & Brothers* will together pay as a Prize the outright sum of $2,000, in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty, which will be arranged with the Author. The book will be serialized by The American Girl, this to be covered by the prize. The conditions of this Competition are as follows:

Judges:

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Author

BERTHA E. MAHONY
Director, Bookshop for Boys and Girls
Boston, Massachusetts

CLAUDE G. LELAND
Supt. of Libraries
Board of Education
New York City

1. Any author shall be eligible for the Prize.

2. Only manuscripts of unpublished works in English, submitted to *The American Girl — Harper Girls' Book Contest* before December 1st, 1928, and accompanied by the declaration of the Author that the manuscript is submitted in competition for the prize, shall be considered. Unless return postage is enclosed, rejected manuscripts will be returned express collect.

3. All manuscripts submitted in competition must be offered to Harper & Brothers for publication on terms to be arranged between Author and Publisher, and to The American Girl for serialization. The successful work shall be chosen from among those manuscripts accepted by Harper & Brothers for publication and by The American Girl for serialization and the Prize shall be in addition to and independent of the royalty to be arranged for in the usual way. In addition to the prize-winning story The American Girl hopes to find others suitable for serial publication on terms to be arranged between the Author and The American Girl.

4. The American Girl will publish the successful work serially. The share of the prize contributed by The American Girl has been contributed by a friend of the Girl Scout movement, as a special contribution for this purpose.

5. The manuscript must not exceed 60,000 words in length, and preference will be given to manuscripts between 50,000 and 60,000 words.

6. There is no limitation placed on the subject matter of the manuscript other than it be fiction suitable for girls from twelve to eighteen.

7. The decision of the judges shall be accepted on all questions of eligibility or interpretations of the rules, and their award shall be final.

8. The award shall be made and publicly announced as soon as possible after the close of the Competition.

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Jane Loring's
Suggestions for The Spring Bride

SILVER remains the unexcelled wedding gift, and, when it is hand wrought of original design, the smallest piece is something to treasure. This salt and pepper set are charming, the little salt dish being somewhat novel in requiring no spoon. The pepper is priced at $6.00 and the salt at $4.00. Postpaid.

THIS cake server is but one of the many odd pieces of flatware Jensen has designed, any one of which makes a delightful gift. $25.00. Postpaid.

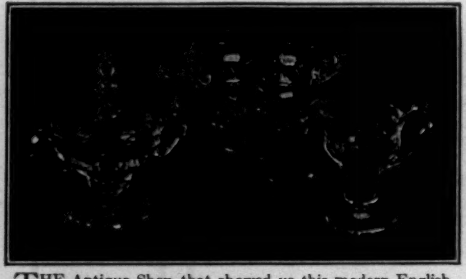
A GLASS jam jar with a silver top and spoon — simple and lovely in design — is priced at $36.50. Postpaid.

OLD glass is being most successfully reproduced and is justly popular. A bottle of pale sea green with a ship design is decorative and may be ordered singly or in pairs. $6.25. Postpaid.

SILVERICE is the solution of how to cool drinks without diluting them. Small balls of a rust-proof metal composition are to be filled with water and frozen in one's electric ice box. Then just let a ball float in each glass, and the trick is done. $6.00 the dozen. Postpaid.

THE Ice tub and tongs are of silver plate and are priced at $9.50 and $1.00 respectively. The glass is iridescent, with an amber base, and comes at $9.50 the dozen.

GLASS bottles with lock stoppers are proving popular as wedding gifts, and they are both attractive and useful. This one is amber, with a cut glass stopper. The lock is nickel and the price is $14.00 for the quart and $10.00 for the pint size. Postpaid.



THE Antique Shop that showed us this modern English Rock Crystal can hardly get it in fast enough to meet the demand. It is so very good-looking and so reasonable! The cream jug and covered sugar bowl are only $4.25 the set, $2.50 each, while the compote of the same gleaming crystal, so nice for fruit, flowers, or cakes, and measuring 4¾" high x 7¼" wide, is priced at $3.75. Express Collect.

WE find Italian pottery quite irresistible and in something as attractively useable as flower pots it is very lovely. The pots are substantial and the designs in blue and pink on a creamy ground will blend with any flowers or plants. In three sizes, 4½", 6" and 7½" diameter of top; $1.50, $2.50 and $4.00. Postage extra, please!

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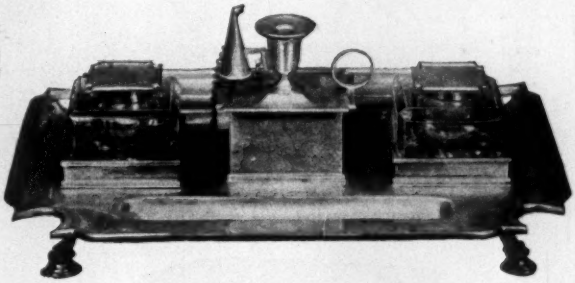
A beautiful reproduction of a George II Silver Inkstand with Candle Holder and Snuffer for sealing wax.



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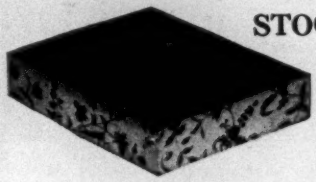

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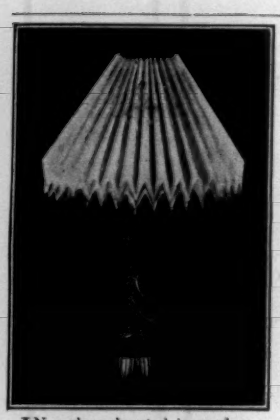
WHERE TO SHOP

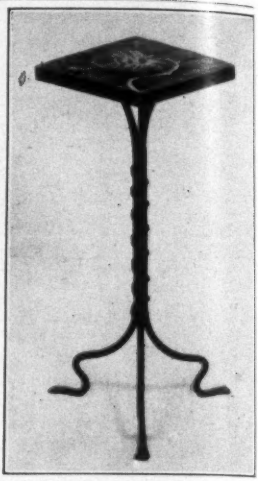
Jane Loring

has selected the things on this page and elsewhere in the Section, with the Spring Bride and her new home in mind. Whether you wish to give silver, or kitchen utensils, whether you care to spend much or little, whether you know what you want or not, *Jane Loring* will be glad to help you. Incidentally, it's a good idea to look through your back "Where-to-Shop" Sections for suggestions!

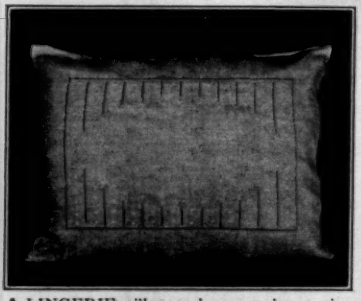


IN a shop devoted to modern decorations we spied this graceful "Diana" brass lamp and thought it most artistic and smart. A pleated paper shade of pale yellow completes the picture. Lam; , $24.00; shade, $5.50. Express Collect.

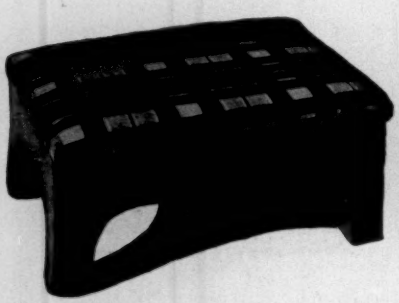
THE designer of these baskets intended them to hold kindling wood, and very nice they are for that purpose. But it has been found that they are just the thing to hold papers and magazines on a porch or sun room, and this makes them especially desirable. Of a fibre material, painted with a solid background of either green or black, with a floral decoration on the side, they are both durable and good-looking. May be ordered in any other color, if you will allow two weeks. 17″ long x 18″ high (including handle), $7.00. Postpaid.



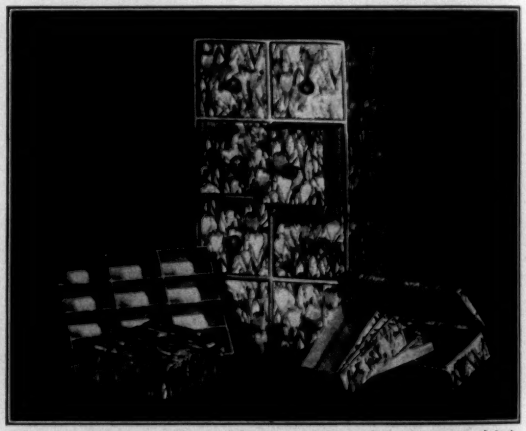
IT is almost essential to have some sort of a stand or table to every chair nowadays. And one that takes up very little space is desirable. This one of wrought iron with a Spanish tile for a top is *very* good-looking. 20″ high, $7.50. Express Collect.



A LINGERIE pillow and case makes a nice gift. This pillow is down filled and covered with a lovely quality satin in perfectly luscious colors. The case is a simple linen one, very sheer and dainty. Pillow, $3.75; case, $2.75; postage outside New York, 25 cents.



A FRENCH Peasant fireside footstool, of brown wood, covered in bright red and blue cotton plaid material, is very charming. 7¾″ x 14¾″, $8.75. Express Collect.



IT is very smart today, to have a set of matching boxes, and it is certainly an attractive way of keeping one's possessions in order. This set is lovely, the boxes finely made of stout composition board, covered with an imported decorative paper. You may order the crocus design (illustrated) lined in green, orchid or yellow, or a sweet pea design lined in rose or blue. The shoe wardrobe — a wonderful idea, really — for eight pairs of shoes, is 25″ high x 12¼″ deep x 12½″ wide, and is $17.00. Express Collect. The stocking box is $3.00; the handkerchief box $2.00; glove box $2.00, and nest of boxes, $2.00, all postpaid. Or, you may order all five items for only $24.00, Express Collect; or the four smaller items for only $8.00. Postpaid.

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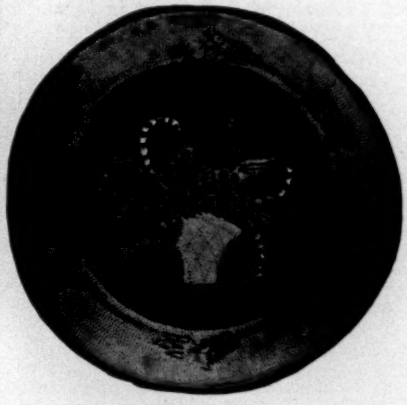
Modern Hooked Rugs

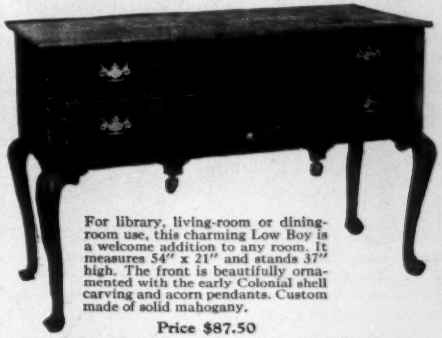
A MADISON Avenue Shop has a wonderful selection of all wool, hand made hooked rugs, those for the nursery, in many patterns and colors, being a specialty. Mary and her lamb on their way to school is the popular theme of this one. Mary's dress and bonnet are trimmed in blue and the lamb has a blue ribbon around his neck, while the background is sand, light green and blue. 24" x 36", $18.00. Postpaid.

HERE is a real boy's rug. Inspired by the race of a motorboat with the 20th Century Limited down the Hudson, an auto and aeroplane have been added to the race, and — crowning touch — the aeroplane skywrites the little boy's name in the sky! 24" x 36", $18.00. Postpaid.



ONE of the most popular patterns is this round rug, with flowers in soft pastel colors on the black center and gray outer band, 27" diameter, $12.00; 36" diameter, $22.50. Postpaid. Same pattern may be had in oval, 27" x 40" for $22.50.

LOW-BOY BUFFET
A Winthrop Reproduction



For library, living-room or dining-room use, this charming Low Boy is a welcome addition to any room. It measures 54" x 21" and stands 37" high. The front is beautifully ornamented with the early Colonial shell carving and acorn pendants. Custom made of solid mahogany.

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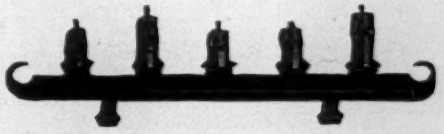

The witchery of candle light is irresistible from these hand-made Brass Holders. Whip tapers or stubby candles may be used. No. 451 — 5-cup, 18 ins. long, **$5.00.** No. 452 — 3-cup, 12 ins. long, **$3.00.** *At Better Shops or Direct.*

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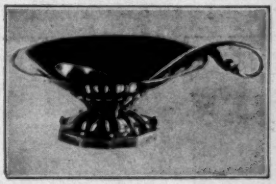

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The Imperial Outfit provides the beginner not only with a representative collection of stamps from many countries, but with the needed accessories. It consists of 300 Guaranteed genuine stamps from all parts of the world (sold with a money-back guarantee), The Imperial Album (more than 100 pages, board covers, 400 illustrations, spaces for 4,000 stamps), 1,000 high-grade stamp mounts, perforation gauge and millimetre scale, and 1 copy of the STANDARD GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, a profusely illustrated guide book for the beginner. Complete for $1.00.

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Exclusive purveyors solicited

"Armadillo Basket"

From the heavy horned shells of the Armadillo, a little animal from the hills of Southwest Texas, come these novel baskets, which lend themselves to many uses. They come lined with silk in various colors, for sewing; enameled, for fruits and flowers. They are strong and durable, and come in three sizes.

	Large 11-inch	Medium 10-inch	Small 9-inch	
Silk lined	$6.00	$5.50	$5.00	Prepaid
Enameled	$5.00	$4.50	$4.00	

APELT ARMADILLO FARM, Comfort, Texas

AMERICAN INDIAN JEWELRY

SILVER AND TURQUOISE

Two pieces representative of a rare collection. Ring **$10.** Bracelet **$18.** Other rings **$2** to **$15.** Bracelets **$2** to **$40.** *Sent on approval.*

HAZEL ANDREWS CATTELL
43 Washington Square
New York City

Five Ways to Use Jane Loring's Shopping Service

First, look through the "Where-to-Shop" Section carefully, noting both Jane Loring's Shopping Suggestions and the advertisements. Then write Miss Loring a note (or use the coupon if you prefer) telling her what you want, and where you wish the things sent, and enclosing your check for the amount, including postage.

Second, ask Miss Loring to buy you anything at all, from a trousseau to a can opener. She knows the shops from A to Z and can find what you want if it is to be found.

Third, feel quite free to ask the names of the shops or any further information about any of the articles shown. Also make any inquiries at all regarding the what and where of shopping.

Fourth, when you are in New York call on Miss Loring for advice and suggestions; she can save you endless time and energy.

Fifth, form the habit of using the "Where-to-Shop" Section as a Shopping Guide, referring to it each month for the newest things and the best shops.

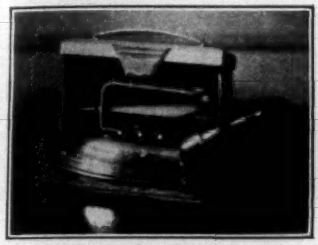
The address is

HARPERS MAGAZINE

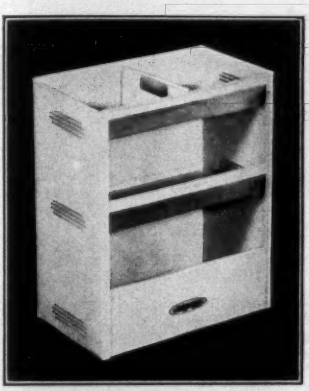
49 East 33rd Street, New York City

and there is no charge at all for this service

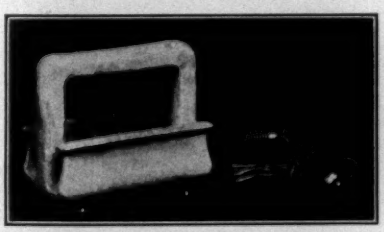
Practical Novelties



HERE is something everyone who travels at all will want, an electric-iron—average size—with a wicker handle, which fits, attachment and all, into a velvet lined tan leather case. All very neat and good-looking, and a marvel of convenience. $10.00. Postpaid.



THOSE whose culinary efforts are confined to the small space of a kitchenette will welcome this vegetable binet, or "Vega-Cary-Al", which is small enough to put on a shelf or under the sink or behind the door. Of rust proof metal, perforated to allow air to circulate, it is easily cleaned and keeps vegetables from spoiling. 17" long x 10" deep x 22" high, $3.50. The shipping weight is 16 ounces so please add postage accordingly.



SOMETHING really new — a china toaster! Of heat resisting porcelain, it may be ordered in orange, yellow, apple green, blue or mother of pearl lustre, or blue willow — to blend with your breakfast set. $9.50. Express Collect.

GARDEN TOOLS

Those who enjoy flowers will find these items add much to the pleasure of their gardening hours.

GARDEN BASKETS

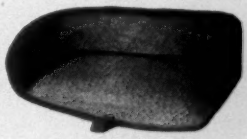
This one is fitted with all the essentials—rose scissors, pruning shears, hand trowel, hand spading fork, pruning knife, ball of twine and spool of wire.

Sleigh pattern, as shown, in green . . $14.25
Oval pattern, in green 16.50

PRUNING SHEARS

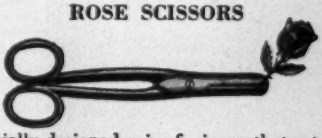
Just the thing for getting in and clearing out dead-wood in rose bushes. Its light weight makes it especially well suited for ladies. Imported, nickel plated finish, 7 inches over-all, each $3.00

KNEELING MAT



A clever idea for the garden is this English-type kneeling mat of woven Chinese rushes made with water-proof bottom to keep out dampness. The sides are built high to protect the clothes. Each $1.50

ROSE SCISSORS



A specially designed pair of scissors that automatically grasps the flower stem as you cut it. Saves fingers from thorns. Finely nickel-plated. 6¾ in. long. Each $2.35

Write for new Garden Tool Catalog—Free

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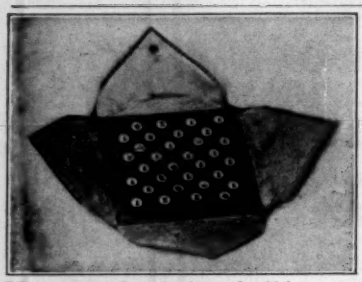
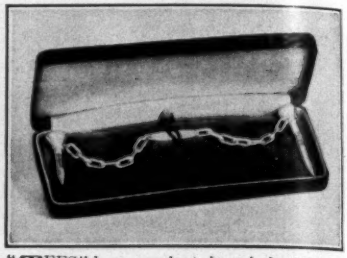
For Good Sports

TO order anything shown in this Section, or anything else for that matter, simply write *Jane Loring* of HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, telling her what you want and where you wish the things sent, and enclosing your check for the amount.

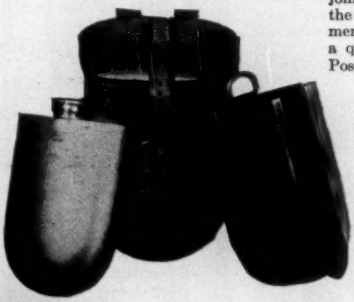


IF you are a chess fiend you should have one of these miniature boards which are magnetized so that the chess men stay in place, enabling you to play outdoors or on a train or under any ordinarily inauspicious circumstances. In a leather case, 5" square, $4.50. Postpaid.



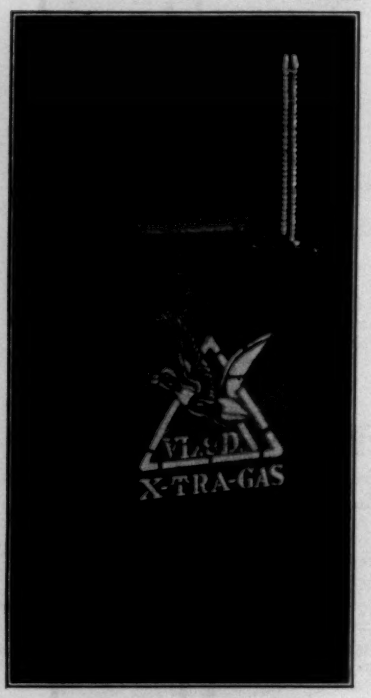
"TEES" have supplanted sand altogether in golf, and a set of these sterling silver ones, joined by a chain to prevent the tee's following the ball, should be part of every golfer's equipment. With a monogram on the plate it makes a quite perfect gift for a golf addict. $5.00. Postpaid.

A WELL known sporting shop finds the "*Hunter's Companion*" one of its most popular riding accessories. A case of London tan leather, just 5" x 4", is designed with a flat back to clamp on the saddle. This contains, most neatly, a small flask and a sandwich case of Britannia metal, enabling one to carry just sufficient refreshment to make one's canter perfect. $20.00. Postpaid.



Form the habit of Shopping with

Jane Loring



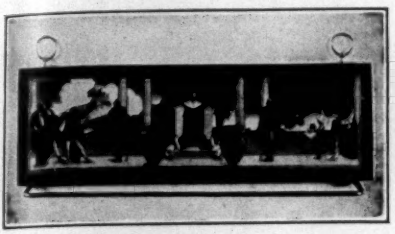
ONE of our favorite shops has come to the aid of all motorists — car or boat — with the X-Tra Gas Can, a strong leakproof can of heavy enameled tin, with a convenient handle for carrying, a flexible spout for pouring, and a real tapered air vent. The air vent and spout screw inside (out of sight) when not in use, and the cover caps are attached to swivel chains, so they can't be lost. Always extra gas and no more spilling! 13" high. Two practical sizes, 1 gallon ¾ pint, $2.75; 2 gallons 1¼ pints, $3.75. Postpaid.

HAVE you played "Horses" yet? If not you'll want to — everyone is and it's really great sport. A race track on your bridge table and your party — formal or extemporaneous — is an assured success. And any number can play, the more the racier! Complete equipment, $5.00. Postpaid.

Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

WHERE TO SHOP

What to Give a Man



I AM told — I asked a man who owns one — that 50 ties may be hung on this rack! And yet it is only 13" long, and takes up very little space inside, or outside, one's closet. The rod is solid brass and the wooden plaque is decorated with Maxfield Parrish's "Old King Cole", the original of which was in the Knickerbocker bar and is now in the Racquet and Tennis Club. This reproduction is welded on the wood with a glass-like finish and is very good. $3.50. Postpaid.

Form the habit of shopping with *Jane Loring*

IF you like to scan the morning's news with your toast and coffee, you'll find one of these reading racks will greatly simplify your breakfast program. Silver plated, 11" x 7", $6.00. Postpaid.

WE are very partial to pewter and think its rather austere beauty appropriate for really masculine smoking accessories. This has a dull finish pleasingly like the old. The porringer ash tray is priced at $5.00; the tobacco jar $20.00; the little pipe rest $4.00. Postpaid.

Helpful Boating Gadgets

FOR night going you'll want a dependable, strong flashlight. This one has a focusing five cell light and a 1200 foot beam which should enable you to see far enough. With a convenient ring to hang by, and of nickel finish, $6.25. Postpaid.

NO matter how recklessly the boat tilts, this compass will prove trustworthy, its floating dial assuring that its face is always level. $8.25. Postpaid.

IF your boat has any power you're required to have a whistle, and we suggest this three tone siren on a chain. In nickel, $1.15. Postpaid.

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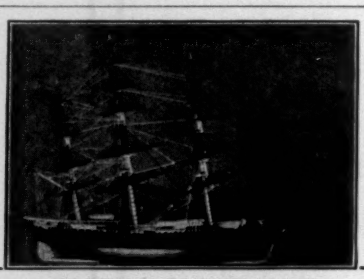

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Scale Models, $50 up. Blue-Prints, Model parts, sea-books, etc.
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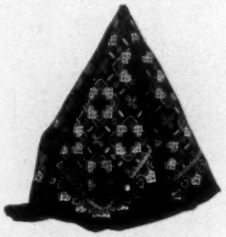
1395 Commonwealth Avenue Boston, Mass.

The Ideal Vacation for Your Boy or Girl —
A SUMMER AT CAMP

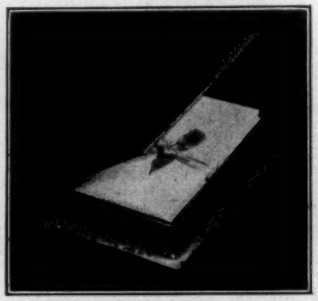
A splendid combination of enjoyment and body-building that will delight your boy or girl. The Summer Camp Section of this issue will help you make a suitable selection or suggestions may be secured from the *Camp Information Bureau*, **Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd St., New York.**

Small Gifts or Prizes

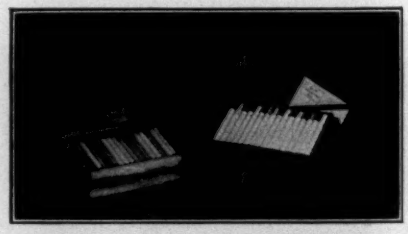
ANYTHING on this page may be ordered through *Jane Loring* if you will send her your check. The names of the shops will gladly be given on request.



WE were intrigued by these Hungarian Peasant cotton head scarfs so gay and colorful for sportwear. They may be worn about one's neck, over bathing caps, are ideal for riding, if you're dude-ranching for instance, and also make nice covers for porch tables or cushions. Backgrounds of green, red, purple, blue or tan, also a combination of brown figures on white, blue on white, or tan on brown. It's a good plan to mention a second choice of color. 30" square, $1.50. Postpaid.



A BOOK-SHAPED box, covered with lovely modern decorative paper, holds 24 sheets of small folded note paper, in a color to match the box with the envelopes lined in a slightly darker shade. May be ordered in green, lavender, bois de rose, grey, white or blue for $1.10. Postpaid.



HAVE you seen these colored cigarettes? They are perfectly stunning, and are an excellent idea for what to give a girl — in case you're asked for suggestions! Those with colored wrappers — delectable soft pastel shades, have gilt tips and come in boxes of 50 for $1.75; the others, plain white wrappers with silk tips of assorted colors, come boxed by the 100 for $3.50. Postpaid. The coloring is harmless and the tobacco the finest.

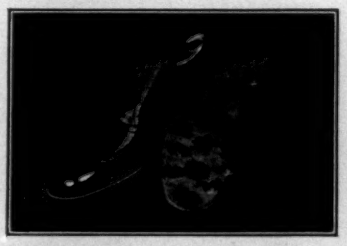
Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

Spring Footwear for Men and Women

REPTILIAN leathers are more the vogue than ever, and the new *water snake* is the last word in smartness. Combined with beige kid, it makes a charming shoe which is priced at $26.50. Postpaid.

BROWN alligator combines with matching pigskin to make a good-looking walking shoe. $22.50. Postpaid.

A MAN'S sport shoe of white buckskin, with black, tan or patent leather trim, is priced at $15.00. Postpaid.



A TAN leather golf shoe boasts a "Twin-Grip" sole, an exclusive French, Shriner and Urner feature, where the spikes are screwed into metal sockets instead of into the leather. This enables you to replace your spikes, to change them for rubber studs if you choose, or to omit them entirely and use the shoe off the links. Great if you must travel light! The shoe comes with spikes for $15.00; you may have rubber studs instead for $1.00 extra, or both for $1.50 extra. Postpaid.

The Perforated Slipper

—a fashion whose smartness comes of its appearance among the exclusive few rather than the indiscriminating many. In mustard calf, $22.50; patent leather, $20.

Fitting the Narrow Heel

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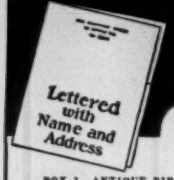

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and 100 plain sheets OR 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes embossed
NAME & ADDRESS embossed like die-engraving in Black or Blue
BOX 2 WHITE SUPERFINE BOND PAPER
200 Sheets 6 x 7 and 100 envelopes
Name and Address printed in Blue Ink
Remit with order, shipped in a Week postpaid—add 25c West of Miss.
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"The Playbook of Columbus," the story by Susan Meriwether; the stage set, characters and properties designed by Frank Dobias. $2.00.

This is the third of a series. The first two — "The Playbook of Troy" and "The Playbook of Robin Hood" — have been approved by the foremost educators of the country and, moreover, by the children and their mothers themselves.

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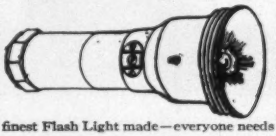

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How The Outstanding Books Are Chosen Each Month

The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. They also choose the most outstanding book amongst these, and this is sent to all subscribers, *unless they want some other book which they may specify*. Or they need take none at all! Over 80,000 discriminating people now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the best new books. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

Have you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice *among recommended books*.

Now, what would be the difference, if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and, above all, you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decided to read. How?

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is Chosen

The publishers of the country submit what they themselves consider their important books to the Book-of-the-Month Club, far in advance of publication. Each member of the Committee reads these books independently. Once a month they meet, and choose the one they agree upon as being the most outstanding among those submitted—this is called the "book-of-the-month"—and usually they select from ten to fifteen other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

What is the effect of this? You will readily admit that books so chosen are *likely* to be ones you would not care to miss. Certainly, they will have as strong a recommendation behind them as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept it.

Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, and a month before it is published, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice from the other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, *and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If you want no book at all, in any one month, if none of them appeal to you, you specify that none be sent. If, however, you decide to take the "book-of-the-month" or any recommended book, and then find you are disappointed, *you can still exchange it for any other book you prefer*.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you really choose your own books—*but with more discrimination than heretofore*—and moreover, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you obtain upon the recommendation of our Committee.

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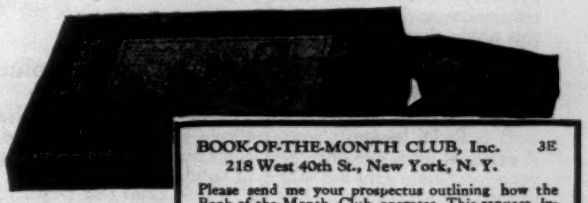

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

JOHN ERSKINE was a student of literature and a lecturer on great poems and books long before he wrote *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. Recently he has been going over the ground of these studies and preparing papers on the great books of the world. These are now gathered in a volume called *The Delight of Great Books*. Like the other guide which I described some time ago, *Much Loved Books* by James O'Donnell Bennett, it opens vistas for those who want to know and understand our classics. Mr. Erskine has also prepared an introduction telling why he believes we should read these books without any previous preparation and without beating around for information about the lives and habits of the authors. "The business of science is to increase our knowledge and our use of truth," he writes, "but the function of imaginative literature is to increase our sense of life and our vision of it. If we distinguish the two functions, we shall not be disturbed that books take on new powers with new readers, nor that we find in them ourselves rather than the author." Imaginative literature to him is man's perennial attempt to realize himself as he is. And so he suggests a method for reading great books apart from the chaperonage of critics, interpreters, and professors of literary history: "I should try, first of all, not to be awed by their greatness. Then I should read without any other preparation than life has given me—I should open the pages and find out how much they mean to me. If I found my experience reflected in some parts of the book and not in others, I shouldn't worry about those blind spots. They may be the fault of the book in those places—they may be out of date. But it is more prudent of me to suppose, what is just as likely, that my own experience is perhaps a little thin in the regions those parts of the book dealt with. To find out which is so, I should read the book a second time and a third." Mr. Erskine makes much of the pertinence each story has for the new reader. "When the reader has found himself in two great authors," he remarks, "he is fairly launched." Mr. Erskine then devotes a chapter to each of the following: "The Canterbury Tales," "Morte d'Arthur," "The Faerie Queen," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Tempest," "Paradise Lost," "The Waverley Novels," "Don Juan," "Moby Dick," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Huckleberry Finn," "Candida" by Bernard Shaw, and the modern Irish group of Yeats, Synge, A. E., Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany, and James Stephens. As Mr. Erskine is giving the reader not merely one point of view, but an exposition of all the beauty and power contained in famous books, he is able to comprehend the interpretations various scholars have made of these books. Mr. Erskine always keeps the fact in mind that these books are not merely reading matter—they may be a mental and emotional adventure for the reader as well. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

DONN BYRNE'S "CRUSADE"

When Donn Byrne wrote *Messer Marco Polo* he struck a vein of story-telling that was inimitable, and his own. No one else

has been able to revive historical episodes with such an air of modern wit and observation as has Donn Byrne. This is evident again in *Crusade*, in which Sir Miles O'Neill saunters forth with Sir Ulick de Lacy on a trip to the Near East in times that are still somewhat obscured by the glamour of religious fervor. Actually, Sir Ulick was not a holy man, but Sir Miles was truly a courageous one, with devotion to an ideal and to a lady; in fact, he became rather romantically touched by Kothra, who captured him for the Saracens. Sir Miles came from Norman blood on one side, and fought desperately for the Templars, whose crusading was not always of a high religious character. Byrne has visualized the strife of those days as fully as political and material as a battle of to-day and, although pilgrims and priests prayed for the relief of the Holy Sepulchre with the devotion of zealots, soldiers were not always stirred by spiritual causes. Byrne has written a historical tale that has a much different flavor from the tales of Sir Walter Scott. Seeing both the good and the bad in men, and writing with a flair for whimsical humor, Byrne makes his story interesting as a tale but appealing because of the words in which it is expressed, a narrative method that is now thoroughly familiar to his many admirers. (Little, Brown & Co.)

IVY LEE
Author of "Present-Day Russia"

MEN WHO MISSED THE PRESIDENCY

This book embodies such a splendid idea that one wonders why no one ever thought of it before. *The Also Rans* by Don C. Seitz deals with the men who missed the presidency. Sooner or later our biographers were bound to reach Samuel J. Tilden, as they had already reached Aaron Burr, but to put together into one book most of the famous men who suffered defeat was an inspiration. Mr. Seitz has taken eighteen outstanding men, of whom fifteen failed to get enough votes, and three were not voted on by the people. His record stops with W. J. Bryan because he considers the living aspirants who failed as too much alive to warrant inclusion as "also rans."

His list includes Burr, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay—who was practically as influential in his party as Bryan—Daniel Webster, John C. Fremont, Stephen A. Douglas, George B. McClellan, Horace Greeley, James G. Blaine, and Benjamin F. Butler. A reading of these chapters shows how issues and slogans come and go; viewpoints that meant defeat and victory in another day are now not even a whisper on the breeze. Many of these aspirants for office are known to us solely as great men in bronze who stand amid the shrubbery of public parks. That they were great, ridiculous, petty, ambitious, and envious is here spread on the record.

The author reminds us how reputations come and go; he sketches, for instance, the formidable fight against Lincoln by McClellan which, had it succeeded, would have saved Lincoln's life and shattered his fame. Stephen A. Douglas and Samuel J. Tilden are among the few whose careers win the most praise from the author; Tilden, he asserts, was unfairly robbed of the presidency he had won; the strangest thing about him appears to have been his refusal to fight. The more recent candidates are viewed from the standpoint of an alert newspaper man who was long closely associated with political affairs in New York City. He believes that Bryan, Roosevelt, and Wilson injured their parties to a great extent by their personal domination—that Bryan was never a Jeffersonian or a Jacksonian, but a traveler upon tides, a man who believed in his principles so long as they interested him.

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Among the New Books

AMONG THE NEW DETECTIVE STORIES

The newest book by S. S. Van Dine, who shares honors with Frances Noyes Hart for writing the most popular detective stories, is called *The Greene Murder Case* and deals with the strange pursuit of a family living in an old house. (Scribner.) Our old friend Philo Vance, the intellectual detective who quotes philosophy, poetry, and history on the slightest provocation, has a hand in solving the mystery. When one daughter is killed and another wounded and no one is robbed, suspicion fastens upon the other occupants of the house, until these are either killed or poisoned. The actual culprit is, I believe, completely masked from the beginning. An excellent device is the recapitulation, toward the end, of all the contradictory evidence that has been gathered and, although this is done ostensibly by the detective to make plain the dilemma, it permits the reader to go over the ground carefully and make a few deductions on his own account. When the puzzle is solved the reader may rearrange the evidence. Philo Vance is as talkative as ever, but seems more concerned with the case than with literature, as he was in his earlier books, *The Canary Murder Case*, and *The Benson Murder Case*.

MYRTLE JOHNSON
The eighteen-year-old author of "Hanging Johnny"

The stories by S. S. Van Dine show the imaginative qualities of a fine mind; this is evident also in *Tracks in the Snow*, a detective story by none other than Lord Charnwood, who is known to Americans for his life of Lincoln. Although this deals with two murders, it includes also some excellent character drawing, and the murderer is made to possess a sensitive and intelligent personality which has wandered into criminal paths. To discover why this man should become a murderer is one of the author's tasks. *Tracks in the Snow* is published by the Dial Press.

"AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY"

The havoc wrought in a plain, middle-class family by a son who nurses the artistic temperament is pictured in *An Artist in the Family*, by Sarah Gertrude Millin, author of *God's Stepchildren*. (Boni & Liveright.) Mrs. Millin is a resident of South Africa, so that American readers get an entirely new set of place names and incidental atmosphere. Yet the problem appears to be the same in London, in New York, and in the Transvaal. The Bissakers are small farmers near Verdriet, in the Transvaal. Their son Theo is supposedly at Cambridge to get an education. But actually he is traveling over Europe painting, because he wants to become an artist. After an illness he arrives in South Africa with his wife, Mildred, and Mildred's little boy, whose father remains unknown. The Bissaker family does not understand Theo's art and is antagonized by his unconventional talk and actions, but decides to make the best of it. Like any other normal family, they attempt to help Theo and his wife, but find their efforts misunderstood. In their world the negroes have a definite place as servants and desire to keep it; Theo fraternizes with them, and when he brings a negro missionary into the parlor he shocks not only his parents but their Kaffir servants as well. The reader is not likely to sympathize with Theo. Although I believe that Mrs. Millin has not intended to plead his cause, she has been fair both to him and to his parents, and the story lacks that bias in favor of the artist which one finds in most novels on the artistic temperament, in which the hard-working, friendly disposed parents who bring a

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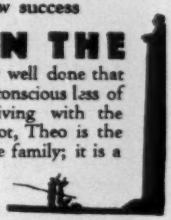

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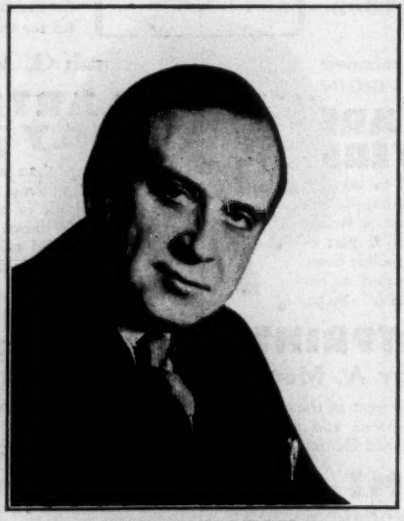
phenomenon into the world are invariably wrong. The irony of the tale comes in the self-immolation of Theo, whose egotism leads him to believe that he is helping his mother by sacrificing himself. This book is a well-written study of humdrum life, with the artist pretty much of a bore.

SHORT STORIES BY JAMES STEPHENS

Tales representative of the many-sidedness of James Stephens are bound up in his new book, *Etched in Moonlight.* (Macmillan.) It would be difficult to say which is the best, or which will be the most popular among readers. The book takes its title from the longest story, which borders on the world of dream. But "Hunger," "Desire," "Darling," "Schoolfellows," "The Wolf," and "The Boss" are studies of human beings and the stern realities of life. "Hunger," I am sure, will rank as one of the great stories of our day. It presents a terrible picture of suffering in Dublin tenements. The essential human emotion is so thoroughly caught by the author that one might say that his characters are made of nothing else. The story deals with progressive starvation and unemployment. It deals with the human desire to hold fast to life under the most awkward and difficult conditions. It is about the calm acceptance that life brings. The little family has less and less to live on as the husband is unable to earn a living. Finally its members fall apart, but there remains the woman who does not whine, who faces the terrors of hunger with her little child. "Desire" is a tale of a different kind. It deals with a husband's wish that he might remain as old as he was at that moment—forty-eight—and what happened to him. Stephens is learned in the ways of the human mind. That makes these tales more than entertainment. Each has a specific application to human problems.



RENE FULOP-MILLER
Author of "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism"

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD

The newest book on Conrad is Edward Garnett's *Letters from Joseph Conrad, 1895–1924.* (Bobbs-Merrill.) Mr. Garnett is the man who recommended *Almayer's Folly* for publication and who subsequently gave Conrad much competent advice and encouraged him in his early fight for recognition. Some of the letters were published in *The Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad* by G. Jean-Aubry last season, but the present book contains many that have never been printed. Conrad showed Mr. Garnett everything he wrote up to 1898, and it is very likely that none of the later letters reveal so much of the human side of Conrad as these do. He was writing *An Outcast of the Islands, Tales of Unrest, The Nigger of the Narcissus,* the first draft of *The Rescue,* and chapters of *The Sisters* during this period, and had first sent *Almayer's Folly* to Mr. Garnett. He calls Conrad "masculinely keen and femininely sensitive." In recalling his early meetings with Conrad he is modest enough to say that "while Conrad's brilliant charm arrested our notice in those early years, the depth of his creative vision eluded us. In his voice we heard the seaman and the artist speaking, but the poet, secretly inspiring the finest subtleties of his work, remained unseen." Mr. Garnett also adds to the few reminiscences of Stephen Crane and Conrad which we have. Conrad tried to recall something worth remembering out of these meetings, but failed; Mr. Garnett tells us: "On the few occasions that I saw him with Stephen Crane he was delightfully sunny, and bantered 'poor Steve' in the gentlest, most affectionate style, while the latter sat silent, Indian-like, turning inquiring eyes under his chiselled brow, now and then jumping up suddenly and confiding some new project with intensely electric feeling. At one of

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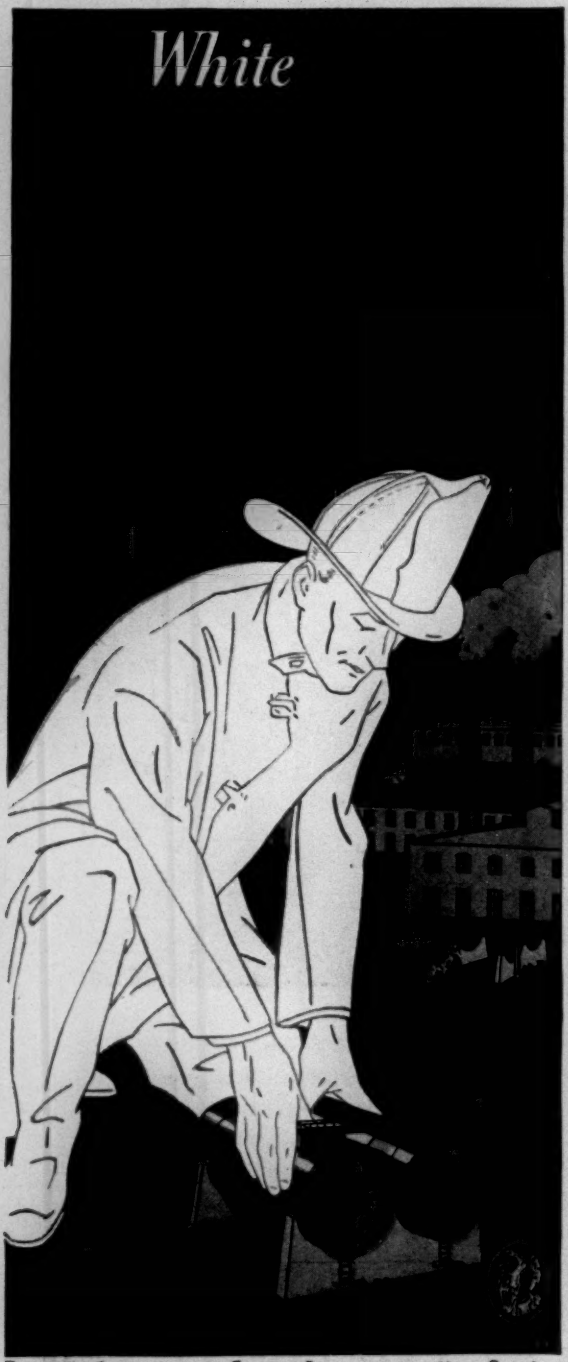

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these sittings Crane passionately appealed to me to support his idea that Conrad should collaborate with him in a play on the theme of a ship wrecked on an island. I knew it was hopelessly unworkable—this plan—but Crane's brilliant visualization of the scenes was so strong and infectious I had not the heart to declare my own opinion. And Conrad's skeptical answers were couched in the tenderest, most reluctant tone. I can still hear the shades of Crane's poignant friendliness in his cry 'Joseph!' And Conrad's delight in Crane's personality glowed in the shining warmth of his brown eyes." Conrad has mentioned Crane's desire for collaboration in the course of his sketch of Crane for Thomas Beer's book, but the story seemed to deal with a mountain ranch; whereas Conrad admits that this later influenced him to write about an island. Evidently Garnett here supplies the psychological link. But I am writing more about Garnett's sketch than the Conrad letters. This indicates that the sketch throws new light on a great personality, and that it holds the reader's interest. The letters, having been written to an intimate friend, reveal many confidences. The details of Conrad's writing, his views on other books and authors, his meetings with friends and strangers are as interesting as all the letters so far published in other books. There is much about "throes of composition." All who recall that splendid final passage in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* will marvel at the note to Mr. Garnett, dated Jan. 10, 1897: "Nigger died on the 7th at 6 P.M.; but the ship is not home yet. Expected to arrive to-night and be paid off to-morrow. And the end! I can't eat—I dream—nightmares—and scare my wife. I wish it was over! But I think it will do! It will do!—Mind I only think—not sure. But if I didn't think so I would jump overboard."

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DISTILLER of prickly pear brandy (appreciated to extremes by Cecil Rhodes).

ARCHAEOLOGIST and collector of curios.

ADMIRAL of a cannibal navy in river battles.

STEAMER CAPTAIN on equatorial rivers.

BLOOD-BROTHER in a cannibal tribe.

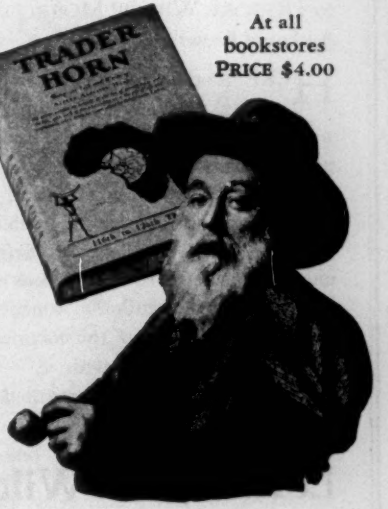
SOLDIER with "Kitchener's Cattle Thieves" in the Boer War.

"DEPTH CHARGE No. 3" on a mine-sweeper in the World War.

PAINTER of animal pictures.

FRIEND of Cecil Rhodes, Livingstone, U. S. Grant and Count de Brazza.

KIDNAPPER of a white Joss House Goddess.



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A NEW VOLUME FOR THE VARIORUM

Students of Shakespeare, and especially schools and libraries will welcome *Coriolanus*, just added to the Variorum Shakespeare by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company uniform with the earlier volumes. The story of the American variorum is romance. Horace Howard Furness the father began it in 1871, and contributed fourteen studies before his son took up the task. There are now nineteen volumes of the plays and *A Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems*, prepared by Mrs. Furness about forty years ago. Thus for fifty years father and son have worked diligently on this great work and have given a most useful encyclopedia of Shakespearean knowledge to American scholarship. The earlier variorum readings, by Malone, Boswell, and Reed were done one hundred years ago. "Coriolanus" is not one of Shakespeare's most popular plays, and it has been but rarely acted in this country, but it is of interest because it is one of the three Roman plays taken by Shakespeare from Thomas North's English version of Plutarch's *Lives*. It has even been ascertained that Shakespeare used the fourth edition, or text of 1612, which helps set the date of the writing of "Coriolanus," for this play was not published in Shakespeare's lifetime, but appeared in the First Folio of 1623 under the direction of Heminge and Condell. A copy of this Plutarch, bearing the initials "W. S.," is in the Greenock Library in England and is believed to have been owned by Shakespeare. "Coriolanus" is the story of the overbearing Roman leader who was diverted from his triumphs by the leadings of Volumnia, his mother, and his wife, and who was killed in Rome as a traitor. Pride, boastfulness, and a complete contempt for the people was in Coriolanus's attitude, and some authors, notably George Brandes and Garnett, believe that this reflects Shakespeare's attitude toward the public. This is disputed by other commentators. Dr. Furness has provided a rich opportunity to study the language and the play and has made his work an important source-book. The role of Coriolanus has been played by Kemble, Macready, Kean, Forrest, J. W. Wallack, Salvini, and McCullough, the latter having been the last American to play it. Edwin Booth never attempted it because he thought he could not look the part. Volumnia has been played by Mrs. Siddons and Ellen Terry.

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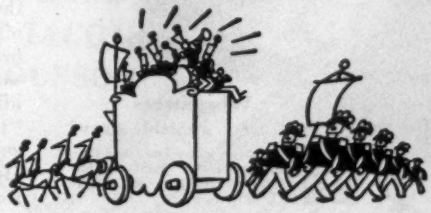

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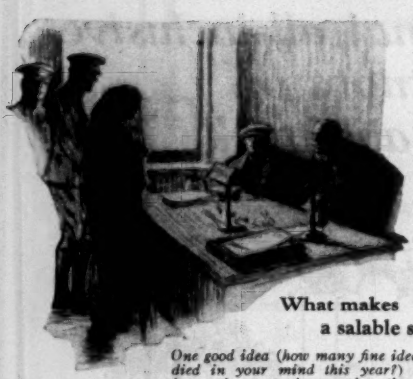

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Your little hands,
Your little feet,
Your little mouth—
Oh, God, how sweet!

Your little nose,
Your little ears,
Your eyes, that shed
Such little tears!

Your little voice,
So soft and kind;
Your little soul,
Your little mind!

And scanning the horizon he beholds:

Along the country roads there grow
Willow trees and Texaco,
Mobiloils and marigold
And other fruits of men and mould.
Oh, how my town-tried heart desires
To know the peace of Kelly tires,
To hear the robin in the grass
Sing "Socony," as I pass!
Some day I shall fly the rut
And build a small, bucolic hut,
Trim a hedge and hop a stile,
Walk my Camel for a mile,
Milk a mid-Victorian cow—
Eventually, but not now.

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What North Americans — bankers, business men, diplomats — are doing in South America is reshaping Pan-American and world history. The nature and extent of our activities in these countries, which throw a significant light on the daily events of the recent Havana Conference, are traced in the following books, prepared under the editorship of

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And so on. There is no need to remind my readers that Hoffenstein's verse is not likely to make life dull and dreary and that when read aloud to a company it is much more apt to bring down the house.

SKETCHES OF WELL-KNOWN AMERICANS

A book of snappy sketches of the great and near-great is *The Low-Down* by Charles G. Shaw, illustrated by Peter Arno. (Henry Holt & Co.) The author takes a great many odd and picturesque details about his people and jumbles them up; out of this disarray of confusing facts steps a character. Among those described are Anita Loos, Adele Astaire, Texas Guinan, H. L. Mencken, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Boyd, Robert W. Chandler, Herbert B. Swope, Gene Tunney, George Jean Nathan, Deems Taylor, and numerous others, most of them prominent in the life of New York City.

THE SIMPLE GUIDE SERIES

Two books in the Simple Guide series have reached me: *Pictures and Painting* by Margaret H. Bulley and *Architecture* by A. L. N. Russell. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) The simplicity of the explanations commends these books to the beginner. Illustrations in color and in black and white enhance their usefulness. The book on pictures traces the merits of the principal painters, and even includes an explanation of the impressionism and post-impressionism of France. The author observes everywhere "a growing tendency to make peace with natural appearances. What is the future of painting and painters?" she asks. "The future of art is bound up with the future of life. The power to experience life as an artist is born afresh in every generation. To-day we are in the backwash of the industrial revolution, struggling painfully to escape from the mass production of ugliness. Moreover we are uncertain even of our own ideals and doubtful of the goal. But the power remains. In its own time, in its own way, it will express itself."

GAMES FOR CHILDREN

Children are always looking for new games to play, especially on rainy days. The *Boys' and Girls' Book of Indoor Games* by A. Frederick Collins (Appleton) seems to be filled with profitable suggestions, and I find the youngsters approve of it. Here are paper games, games for boards, table and floor games, card games, guessing, scientific

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With the publishing of *The Forsyte Interlude*—that small volume which connects the books already published in the Forsyte series—interest in these books by John Galsworthy is once more renewed. Mr. Wellington Wright, Butte, Mont., has asked for the names of the volumes in this series and if it is now complete. The first one is called *The Forsyte Saga*, $2.50, followed by *The White Monkey*, $2.00, *The Silver Spoon*, $2.00, and the above-mentioned *Forsyte Interlude*, 50 cents. The concluding book is entitled *The Swan Song* and is due for publication sometime in July. All these are put out by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York City, who do all the Galsworthy books. . . . The publisher and price of The Loeb Classical Library is requested by Mr. Mitchell Langner, Chicago, Ill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, publish this series, and the price is $2.50 per volume in cloth and $3.50 in leather. . . . Various books on Assyria and Babylonia are wanted by Cyril Ogden, New York City. His information was somewhat inaccurate, but we believe that he refers to the following titles: *The History of Assyria and Babylonia* by Olm-

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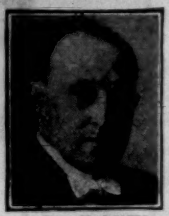

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stead, $7.50, Charles Scribner's Sons; *The History of Babylonia and Assyria* by Rogers, two volumes, $10.00 the set, The Abingdon Press, New York City; volumes one and three of the Cambridge Ancient History, $9.50 each, also covering these countries, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City; and *The History of Egypt* by Breasted, $7.50, also Charles Scribner's Sons. . . . A book by James Lane Allen, called *With Flute and Violin and Other Tales of Kentucky*, $2.50, The Macmillan Co., contains the story "The White Cowl," about which Jeanne Rosmann, Cleveland, Ohio, inquired. The publisher requires the postage price in addition to the cost of the book, which question was also asked by Miss Rosmann. . . . Mark Hennessey, Milan, Pa., writes for the title and publication date of Eugene O'Neill's new play. This has already reached the booksellers and it is called, *The Strange Interlude*. Boni and Liveright, 61 West 48th Street, New York City, is the publisher, and it is listed at $2.50. . . . From far off Dagshai, Punjab, India, comes a request for old books read by our correspondent some years ago in England. These were baseball stories by Charles E. Van Loan, and all of them, as far as we can learn, are now out of print. Some of the titles were: *The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm*, *The Lucky Seventh*, and *The Big League*, all published by Small, Maynard Co., now out of business. Dodd, Mead Co., who took over most of the Small, Maynard books, no longer include these on their list. We have quoted the titles because it may help Mr. W. J. Damerell, our correspondent, in locating the books in a second-hand book store in London. The other book about which he inquired, *Specimen Days in America*, by Walt Whitman, is also out of print unless he can get a copy through Rutledge, Ltd., London, England, who were still issuing this book up to 1924. E. P. Dutton Co., the American agent for Rutledge, does not list it any more, and David McKay, who published an early edition of it, has also let it go out of print. . . . Gerald Crane, San Francisco, Cal., wishes the price and publisher of *Buccaneers of the Pacific*, by George Wycherly. This is a Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind., publication, and the price is $5.00. It has already reached the public. . . . The title of a tiny book by Dallas Lore Sharp is requested by

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Florence Mangot, Denver, Colo. Little, Brown, Boston, Mass., is the publisher of *Patrons of Democracy* and the price is 80 cents. . . . A list of the Jessie Rittenhouse Anthologies with the prices and bindings was the information asked by Helen Rich, Tacoma, Wash. This series consists of: *The Little Book of Modern Verse, The Second Book of Modern Verse, The Third Book of Modern Verse*, $1.75 each in green cloth and $2.50 each in red leather; also *The Little Book of American Poets*, $2.00 in green cloth and $2.50 in red leather; and *The Little Book of Modern British Verse*, $2.00 in green cloth and $2.75 in red leather. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., are the publishers of all the volumes. . . . For a complete list of the Twin series by Lucy Fitch Perkins, also a Houghton, Mifflin publication, we suggest that Mrs. R. C. Haines, Wilkes Barre, Pa., write to the publisher in Boston. We quote for her a few of the titles of this series which contains eighteen books: *The American Twins of 1812, The Colonial Twins, The Japanese Twins, The Eskimo Twins, The Cave Twins, The Puritan Twins, The Dutch Twins*, and *The Irish Twins*. The edition to which Mrs. Haines refers is the large juvenile edition priced at $1.75 per volume.

Information About Books

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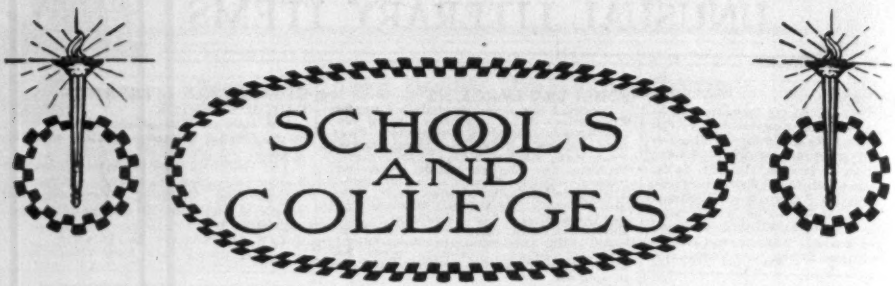

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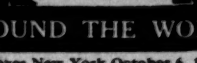

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The Summer Camp

The Answer to the Vacation Problem

by EDWIN DE MERITTE

WHICH is the best way for your boy or girl to spend the summer — a life in the open, close contact with nature, and careful supervision or the home life that, with most of their comrades away during the long vacation, is long and wearisome? They must have some outdoor recreation. They must have comrades to help in the enjoyment of life. Does the situation provide them? In most cases not of the right sort.

At the seashore or mountain resorts can the parents control the contact? Not unless they give the most of their time, which they need for rest, to their children.

At camp they are under the constant supervision of refined and educated men who are interested in building child life strong. This contact rouses the ambition to do something of value. They are associated with others who are there for the same purpose. They learn to mix harmoniously with those with whom they are brought in contact. Their viewpoint is broadened. They realize that there are others whose rights are to be considered. They learn that they are a part of the general whole. They learn the value of team work and thus lay the foundations for a life of usefulness.

They learn that courtesy and character are lifelong assets. They get closer to their Maker by their contact with nature. They realize that there is a real pleasure in the study of the animal and vegetable life which surrounds them. They acquire the habit of close observation. They gain in physical strength and mental acumen. They return keen mentally, strong physically, and with higher ideals of what the future may demand from them, and they are better prepared to meet the battle of life. Do parents realize that the well selected camp may mean much to their child, and help them to solve the problem of the child's future?

The camp has now become an important factor in the making of the man. That the camp has come to stay is attested by the fact that fifty years ago there were no camps. Now they are scattered over the breadth of the country, and parents feel safe when they have placed their child in a camp and under the proper supervision for the summer.

For Summer Camp Announcements See Following Pages

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Camp for Girls

Clary Lake **Coopers Mills** **Maine**

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Special attention to HORSEBACK RIDING. Also Dramatics, Swimming, Canoeing, Tennis, Handcraft, and Nature Study.

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The Camp's own farm provides pure milk and summer vegetables.

Senior, Intermediate, Junior Divisions.

Directors:

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Mrs. Ella Harding Peffer, 113 Greenacres Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

Booklet on request to Miss Anna M. Lauers, Secretary, 40 Depot Plaza, White Plains, New York

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Seashore—Lake—Pine woods.
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Cottages and tents. Abundant table.
Rate $200. No extras. Booklet.
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CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS (continued)

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Personal care given each girl. College councillors.
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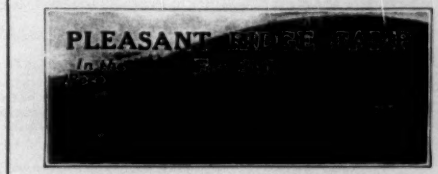

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A camp for girls in the Lake Placid Region. Seventeenth Summer. Riding. Swimming in a *natural* lake, all other sports.
Sleeping porches. References required. Address,
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For Girls. "The Camp Beautiful"—Land of the Sky, Gateway to the Smokies—Altitude 3200 ft. Land and Water Sports, Arts, Crafts, Dancing, Horsemanship, Overnight trips. All Counsellors. College Graduates. Booklet.

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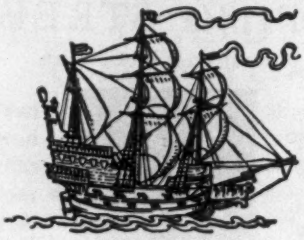

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THE BOOK IN ITALY

Facsimile reproductions from the most famous printed volumes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, collected under the auspices of the Royal Italian Minister of Instruction. Introduction by DOTT. COMM. GUIDO BIAGI, *late librarian of the Royal Medicean-Laurentian Library, Florence, with explanatory text by* WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT.

THIS famous collection of reproductions, brought together by the late librarian of the Laurentian Library as the chief exhibit of Italy at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and since then a constant source of pleasure and inspiration to book lovers and students who have been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of studying it in Florence, is now for the first time issued in book form by special permission of the Italian government. The facilities afforded Dr. Biagi in gathering this material were so unusual that no similar collection ever has been or ever again can be brought together.

William Dana Orcutt, author of "In Quest of the Perfect Book" and "The Kingdom of Books," has supplemented the work of his old friend by supplying elaborate explanatory text, explaining how the art of printing came to each Italian city, who the early printers were, and the significance of the volumes themselves. In studying these pages with Dr. Biagi, Mr. Orcutt found them to be more than an exhibit of books or of printers: they were veritable human documents which revealed the extraordinary period in which they were produced. This unusually intimate approach has produced a volume which will be a fascinating companion for all book-lovers as well as of incalculable value to bibliographers. The format of the volume permits nearly all of the 132 reproductions to be kept full size; there are three plates in four colors and gold, and in addition 128 pages of text.

The volume is set in Bodoni type, cut after the designs of the great Italian printer, Giambattista Bodoni, at the end of the XVIII century.

The color plates were made and printed by L'Arte Della Stampa, of Florence, Italy. The halftones were made by the Walker Engraving Company, of New York.

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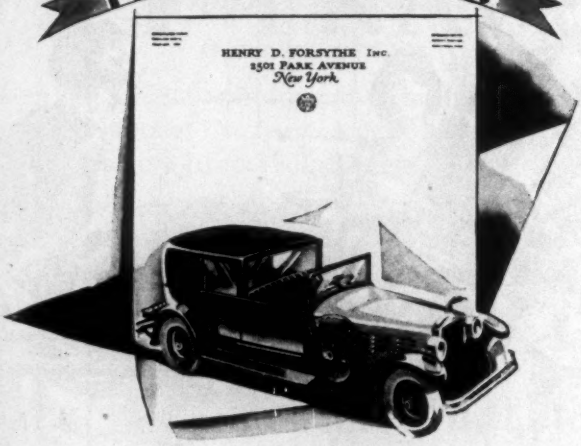

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Have you guarded against diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and rickets? Have you had adenoids removed? Teeth, eyes, throats, legs and feet—every part of the body should be examined. Modern medical science teaches us that in order to prevent much needless disease and suffering every child should have a complete physical examination at least once a year.

Make May 1928 a banner month for your children. Have them weighed, measured and examined for known and unknown defects. Give them a fair start toward a happy and useful life.

The Metropolitan has issued a booklet, "Out of Babyhood into Childhood", which gives valuable advice on preventable diseases with helpful suggestions concerning diet, environment and training. Mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Write for it.

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...cut off the bill
and every paper doing its job

IN THE office of one of the leading public utility companies several hundred kinds of forms, card records and ledger sheets are used. Until a few months ago these were being printed on 108 different grades of paper. The list included:

54 bond papers for forms
45 index bristols for card records
9 ledger papers

This state of affairs came about quite naturally. Having no fixed standards of paper quality for various uses the purchasing department merely bought its forms from good printers at what it considered fair prices. When a new form was ordered, the choice of the paper was left to the printer, who of course had only a vague idea of how it was to be used. . . . In general he chose any paper he had in stock that seemed to fit the purpose. . . . Three months or so later the form came up for reorder. . . . The purchasing department clerk, following established custom, marked it "same as last." . . . And so "same as last" it remained.

In making an analysis of this company's paper needs, the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau first found out what each form was meant to *do*—how long it must *last*—and how much *handling* it would be likely to receive. Applying scientific standards, the Bureau found that 10 different grades of paper would do the work perfectly. Its report recommended:

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3 index bristols for card records
3 grades of ledger papers

The first saving was shown in the paper bill. Over $4000 was saved by being able to buy in case and ton lots instead of reams, and by printing each form on a paper which would meet all service requirements at a minimum cost.

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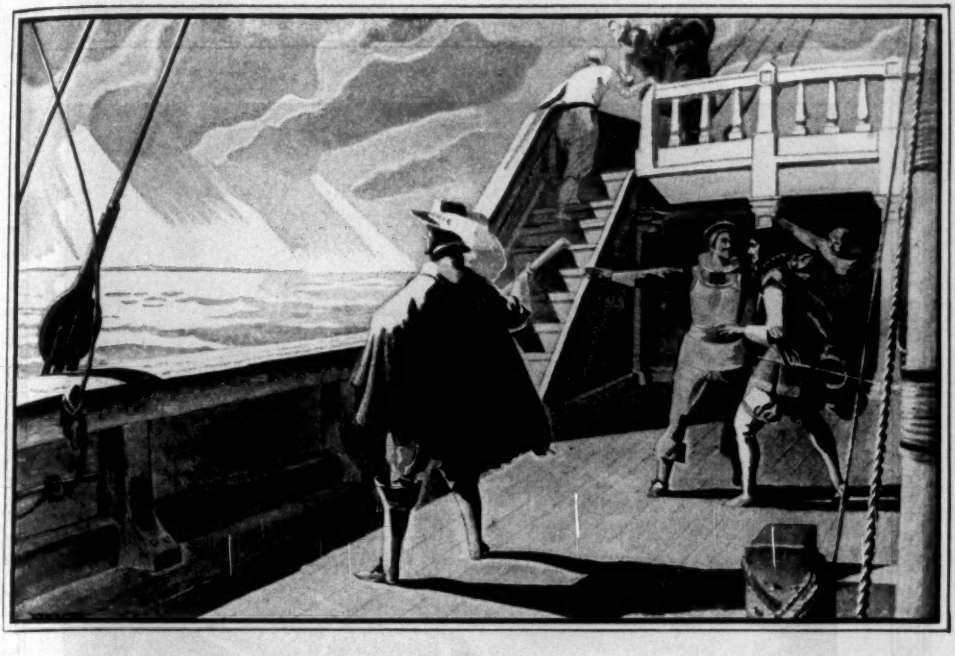


Widening the Telephone Horizon

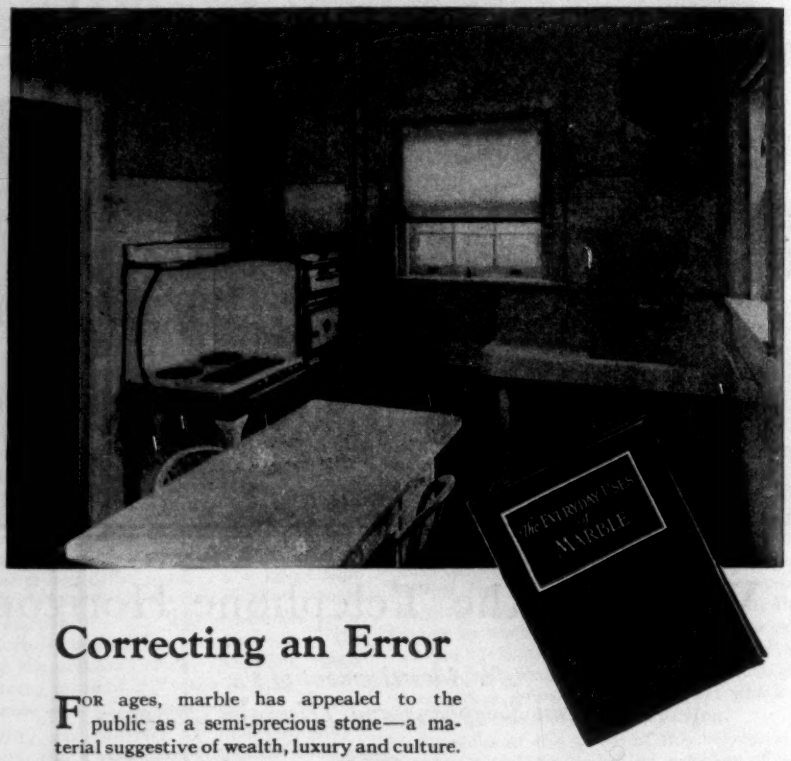
An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In the memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.



Correcting an Error

FOR ages, marble has appealed to the public as a semi-precious stone—a material suggestive of wealth, luxury and culture. To suggest, then, that you consider marble as an interior finish on the basis of its *ultimate economy*, might appear a bit unusual.

And yet, all about us are forceful examples of marble treatments that were installed principally because of this very fact.

It will pay you to send for the handsomely illustrated booklet, "The Everyday Uses of Marble." It gives the facts about marble treatments in many different types of buildings, including the home and garden. A copy is free for the asking—write to Department 5-E.

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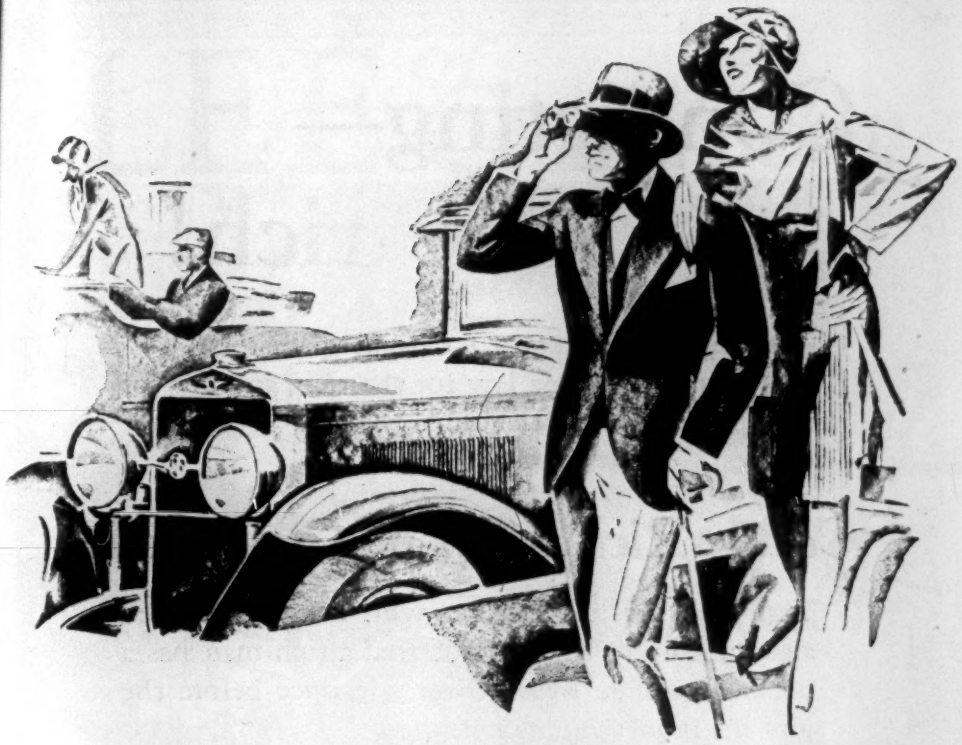

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Yes, says Arthur Train, well-known lawyer, although up to the time of trial a rich man has a great advantage over a poor one, once before the jury his money means nothing.

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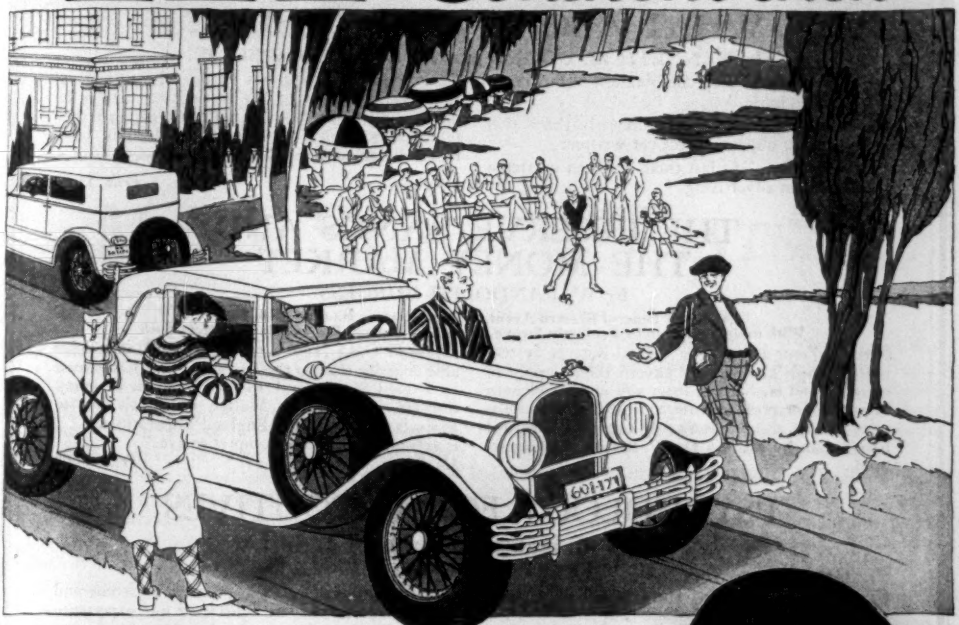

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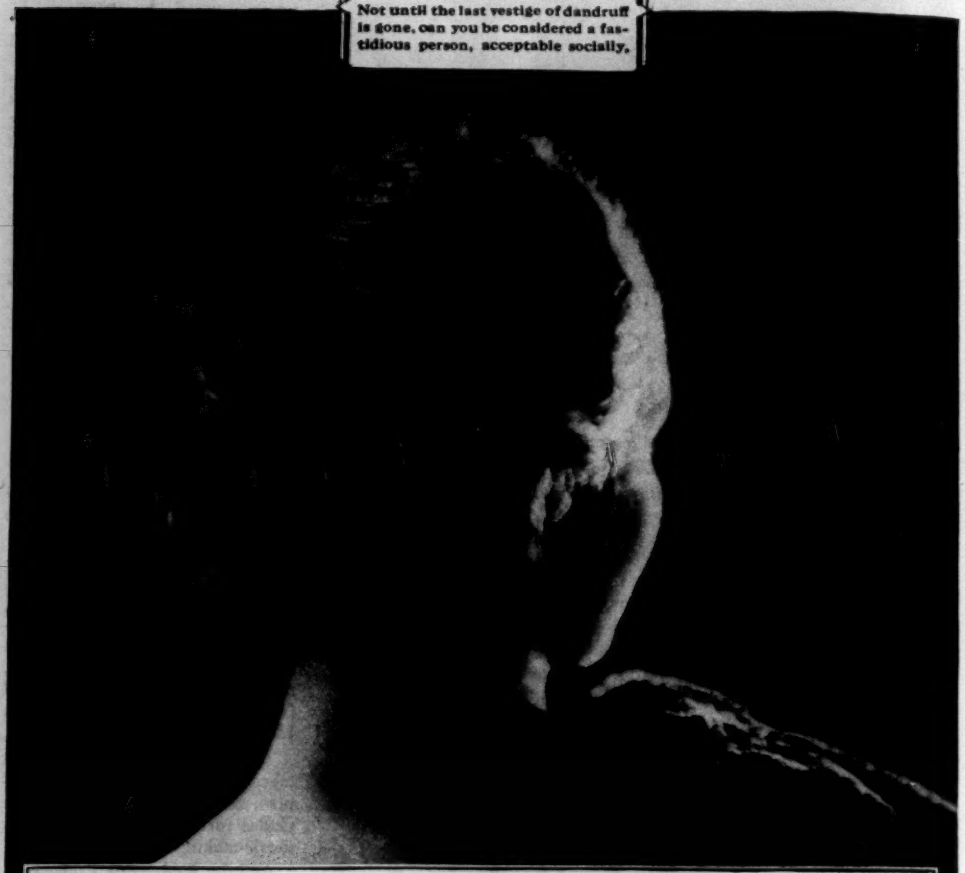
acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.



Checking dandruff *pleasantly*

"Glittering tresses which now shaken loose, showered gold." So wrote Meredith. And Bailey added that they "drop upon thy cheek like gold-hued cloud flakes on the rosy morn."

That was in the days before dandruff. Today, the perfect head of hair is the exception. Through ignorance, carelessness, or laziness, today's women needlessly allow dandruff to get the upper hand.

Don't tolerate this condition, in yourself or members of your family. Ordinary dandruff (spread by promiscuous use of combs, etc.), can usually be checked quickly and pleasantly by the systematic use of

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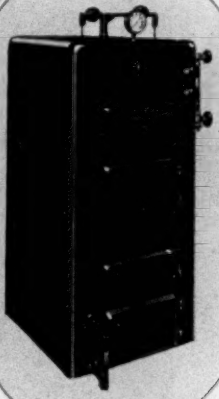
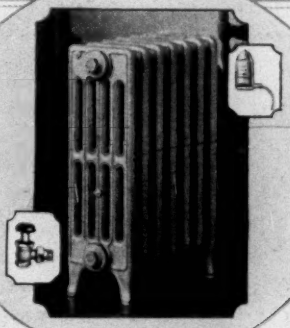
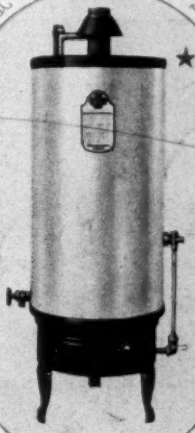
Give perfect heating at lowest fuel cost





"American" Corto Radiator
A size for every purpose



A Heating Product for Every Need

Ideal Red Jacket Boiler
Burns hard or soft Coal, Coke, Oil or Gas
An appropriate size for every building

YOU can now enjoy the very best in heating at no extra cost. The new heating products offered by the American Radiator Company embody every modern refinement and improvement. Yet they cost no more than ordinary equipment.

The beautiful new Ideal Red Jacket Boiler with long double flue gallery is highly efficient; completely equipped; thoroughly and indestructibly insulated; and its doors are porcelain enameled, insuring an enduring beauty.

With this boiler in the cellar and American Corto Radiators upstairs, you are assured of a lifetime of heating comfort with the utmost economy.

3 YEARS TO PAY!

Specify— The Ideal Red Jacket Boiler with "American" Corto Radiators . . .

Ideal "Hotcoil" Gas Water Heater
3 sizes—20-30-40 Gallons

The lowest priced completely equipped automatic storage heater on the market. Gives abundant hot water day and night, operating with the utmost economy. Porcelain enamel top and base of permanent beauty.

One Year to Pay!

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Mail this Coupon to the Branch Office nearest you

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Please send me descriptive literature about your new heating and hot water supply products.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Read the truth

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Save time, energy and money—don't market every day

The General Electric Refrigerator is unusually roomy and it keeps all food healthfully fresh

It's such a relief not to have to go to market every day. Two or three times a week will do the job—with energy and time and money saved—if you have a General Electric Refrigerator.

For even the smallest model is so designed that it can hold a generous store of foods—several days' supply for the average family. And its temperature is just right to keep meats wholesome, milk sweet, salads crispy.

The General Electric has no belts or fans or drain pipes. All the machinery is hermetically sealed in one steel casing. It needs absolutely no oiling. And your bills for electricity will tell you the pleasant story that this perfect refrigeration is economical.

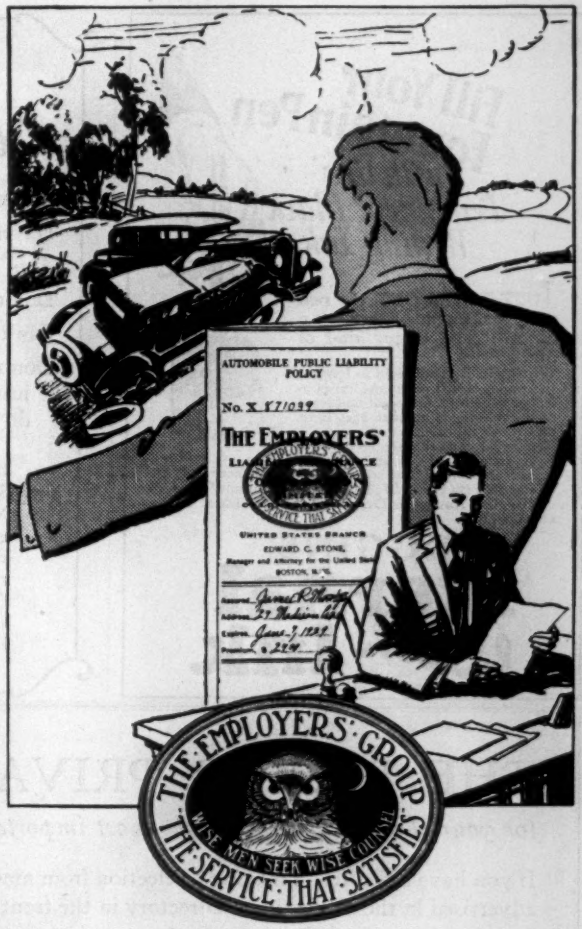
In fact, now that the fifteen years of experiment in the General Electric laboratories has produced this simple, quiet, efficient refrigerator, there's no reason for being without the advantages it can give you.

There are many models—at a wide range of prices. Get full information about them by writing us for booklet B-5, which is illustrated and completely descriptive.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT • OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY • HANNA BUILDING • CLEVELAND, OHIO

Between You and Needless Trouble!



SUDDEN . . . Startling . . . the accident that has been lurking 'round the corner takes you unawares.

While you are dazed and bewildered the unpleasantness and expense that follow come to increase your troubles, ten-fold.

UNLESS —

the insurance man who serves you has made certain that your policy covers just such an emergency.

UNLESS —

he is "on the job," ready to fill in the breach, to keep you from unnecessary trouble.

UNLESS —

your policy carries the name of such dependable companies as the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Ltd., the American Employers' Insurance Company, or the Employers' Fire Insurance Company, comprising The Employers' Group.

When you deal with The Employers' Group you may be certain that the man who directly serves you will plan your insurance to protect you from the inconvenience of needless trouble.

There's an Employers' Group Representative in Your Neighborhood

WRITE *for* OUR BOOKLET *"What Is It and What of It"* THIS insurance index gives briefly the whys and wherefores of modern insurance. Your request will place you under no obligation — nor will a representative call unless you so specify.

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JUST RINSE OUT the pen first, for Higgins' Eternal is a different and better kind of ink.
Writing in Eternal lasts as long as the paper itself; clear and crisp in ledger accounts, financial and legal records — proof against age, light and chemical eradicators.
For social correspondence as well, it is incontestably correct — the better stationers and druggists everywhere sell it. Made only by Chas. M. Higgins & Co., manufacturers of Higgins' American Drawing Inks for almost half a century.

HIGGINS' Eternal Black Ink

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If you don't like to shop, *or*
Haven't time to shop, *or*
Aren't accessible to the shops, *or*
Don't know how to shop, *or*
Can't stand the strain of shopping....
Don't bother about it any more — just give up and let *Jane Loring* do it for you.

In case you aren't familiar with this Shopping Service which HARPERS MAGAZINE conducts for its readers, entirely without charge of course, turn to the "Where-to-Shop" Section in the front of the magazine (yes, it's that attractive blue and ivory part with all the pictures) and learn all about it.

THE PROPER PRIVATE SCHOOL

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make

If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in the Educational Directory in the front part of this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is required.

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MUSCLES inactive during the winter are easily tired. Stiffness, lameness and soreness follow even moderate exercise. A thorough rubbing with Absorbine, Jr. will arouse the circulation, break congestion, and bring the muscles into their proper condition. Let Absorbine, Jr. give you mid-season form for the first rounds of golf or opening sets of tennis.

Absorbine, Jr. acts promptly. Though a powerful and effective liniment, it does not burn or stain the skin. There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr. Read "Timely Suggestions" in each carton.

At all druggists' $1.25. Hospital size, $2.50
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for
sore
muscles

gives prompt relief

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Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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This Age of Decentralization

ONE of the greatest and most far-reaching developments of the present time is the tendency for industry to decentralize. Why are manufacturers looking to the cities and towns at a distance from their old home offices to locate branch factories and offices there?

High freight rates which run up the cost of distribution have made decentralization of operations almost imperative in many cases. Then, too, the fitting of the towns for industrial purposes by the great increase in electric service has enabled both the big industries and the workers they employ to enjoy the added advantages of factory sites away from congested areas, expressed in lower living costs and the consequent savings in production costs. Both from a standpoint of savings in production and distribution the movement of big business toward the younger and smaller cities and towns marks a valuable and logical readjustment of the nation's business structure.

Instead of having the vast population necessary for the large production which this machine age makes necessary, all herded together in a few big cities, from now on we shall undoubtedly observe a marked tendency toward a movement back to the towns and cities in widely separated localities.

As one great utility company points out:

"The forces which made possible the industrial progress of recent years concentrated industry and population in congested centers. When electric power first became a factor in industry it was similarly confined. . . . The problem of bringing an equal quality of electric service to the countryside, the towns and rural sections, was one of duplicating, in somewhat modified form, the conditions which favored the provision of electric service in the cities. . . . The electrification of the countryside which has resulted is foremost among the factors which are arresting the concentration of population. The towns as a consequence are sharing to an increasing extent in American industrial achievement. Any town enjoying reasonable transportation facilities is now a potential industrial center."

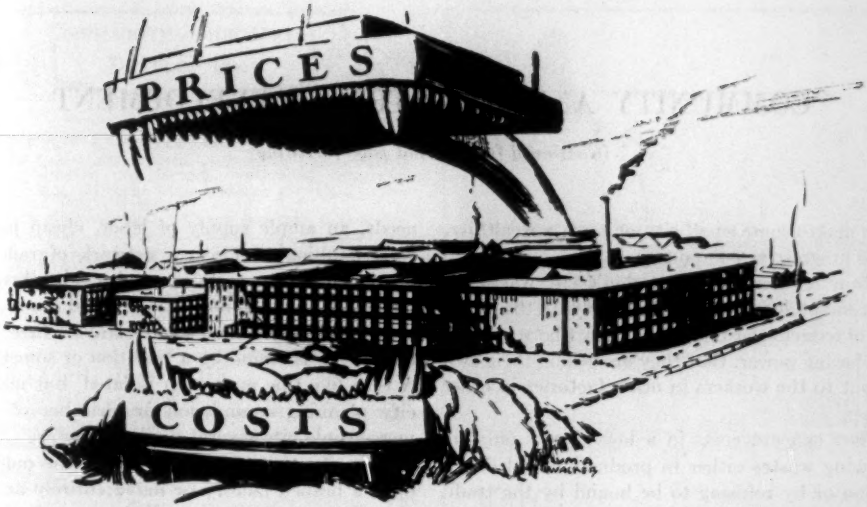
The facts as thus stated by a company with service to sell are not only an excellent thing for the country, but they also spell opportunity to both the manufacturers and the towns and cities of the country.

Opportunity for manufacturers to take advantage of lower freight rates as a direct result of locating one or more branch factories at strategic points, to secure lower production costs and better living conditions for their employees. Opportunity for the cities and towns of America to tell the manufacturers what they offer in the way of those advantages which the manufacturers are looking for.

This age of keen competition makes lower production and distribution costs essential. Every alert manufacturer is searching out methods to lower these costs so that he can distribute an equally good article at a lower price. The manufacturer in a congested city who discovers that he can secure cheaper water or electric power in a smaller city or town, a reliable labor supply in a place where living conditions are cheaper and more conducive to the good health of his workers, a dependable source of raw material, is able, by changing his location or opening a branch factory, to deliver a product of the same or better quality at a lower price.

He thus increases his profits and adds to the economic wealth of the nation and at the same

(Continued on second page following)



—Defeat the Closing Jaws of Competition

THE jaws of competition are closing about you. On the one hand, rising costs. On the other, falling prices for your goods. You may be strong, you may be big, you may be dominating, but the jaws inexorably are closing.

There is a way out. Your efforts to cut costs can be successful if you will follow the lead of America's outstanding industrial executives. General Motors . . . Cluett Peabody . . . Pullman . . . Goodyear . . . Goodrich & Fisk . . . Johnson & Johnson . . . Richardson Roofing . . . a great and growing list, of which these are only a few, have learned of the production economies in the Atlanta Industrial Area, and have established factories here.

You can put your plant where labor helps instead of hindering. Where taxes are low, where abundant raw materials are available close by at low prices, where power is cheap and abundant,—where every factor is a favorable factor. And if you do it—as those others have done—you will find, as they have found, that it is possible to defeat the closing jaws of competition, pressing on you in your present location.

• • • •

The Atlanta Industrial Bureau will be glad to tell you, without obligation and in the strictest confidence, exactly how Atlanta location will help you restore dividends to their proper level.

Write INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
322 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

900 Nationally Known Concerns Serve the South from Atlanta

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COMMUNITY AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

time makes some small city or town a wealthier, more progressive community.

Manufacturers of today don't cut wages indiscriminately when they are faced with the necessity of reducing costs. They know that wages are purchasing power, that they are selling their own output to the workers in other factories in other places.

They can cut costs in a logical way only by reducing wastes either in production and distribution or by refusing to be bound by the tradition of a single post office address.

By this time most of the wastes in the two former methods have been discovered and eliminated. To make further progress toward greater cost savings, the latter method is the most logical, the most truly in tune with the changing times.

A maker of pottery, let us say, is situated in a big Eastern city mainly because his great grandfather started there in a little red house. The ancestor settled there because land was cheap, labor dependable and skilled, because the water of the nearby river was soft enough to use in mixing the clay and because there were vast clay banks in the hills a few miles away. In the last hundred years things have changed considerably. The native, white, skilled labor has been supplanted by Portuguese who are not so good, the clay banks are now a real estate development, the little red house is now a factory spreading for a great distance along the banks of the same river, the water of which is now polluted by the woolen mills nine miles above. Taxes are high because a big city has grown up around the factory, workers come to the plant from a long distance, raw materials are carted by freight from South Carolina.

In the meantime engineering surveys made by Atlanta, Charleston, Louisville, or small towns near one of those cities have indicated that the pottery manufacturer can find there the very advantages his great grandfather found in the place the plant is now located. They have found a dependable source of the very sort of clay he needs, an ample supply of labor, cheap power, good banking facilities, a network of railroads offering fine transportation and a sales territory far better than the one near at hand now. And yet the pottery manufacturer stays where he is because he is bound by a tradition or something. A case like this may seem isolated, but many a city planning commission or chamber of commerce could cite several similar examples.

This situation of manufacturers who ought to open a branch factory or move entirely and the city or town which has to sell the very advantages the manufacturer needs if he is not to lose out in the keen race for the modern consumer's dollar, is leading to a great increase in the sort of community advertising which is well designed to bring together the two elements which need each other so badly.

The city or town which has made an analysis of its own assets owes it to itself to tell the manufacturers of the country just what those assets are and how the manufacturer can make use of them for the benefit of his stockholders and the workers in his plant.

By the same token the manufacturer who is facing rising costs and diminishing profits owes it to himself, his stockholders and the men and women who work for him to discover if there is not some way he can benefit them all by investigating carefully what the cities and towns have to offer who have enough faith in their assets to advertise them to the world at large.

Both the citizens of the communities which advertise, and the owners of the plants which answer those advertisements are thus aiding in the renewed vigor of the cities and small towns which marks so healthy a readjustment of the nation's economic structure.

Well planned community advertising is the contribution of the intelligent citizens of progressive cities and towns to the progress along logical lines of progressive companies, and therefore is a distinct contribution to the progress of American industry.

COMMUNITY & INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

WESTERN COLORADO

Land of Opportunity. Scenic, recreational, climatic, industrial, fruit-growing and farming wonderland unequalled. Excellent, safe highways. Opportunities for rapid manufacturing and jobbing growth.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

WHARTON, TEXAS

The ideal city, neither too hot nor too cold, plenty of moisture. Literature upon application.

WHARTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, WHARTON, TEXAS

STREATOR, ILLINOIS

In the heart of the Central West, where the sum of all costs is lowest. A proven successful city of diversified industries. Write for industrial survey.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, STREATOR, ILLINOIS

DISTRIBUTION CITY

To America's fastest growing market, the rich South. Let us show you the figures on distributing and manufacturing economy.

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

A most interesting booklet on the growth of New Orleans entitled "Through 95 Years" issued by

CANAL BANK & TRUST CO., NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

"Shrine of the Southland," in the valley of Virginia. Elevation 1100 feet. Historic surroundings. Send for circular.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

THE SPIRIT OF DALLAS, TEXAS

The Dallas Spirit is no catch phrase—no slogan for mere publicity. It is as real as the roar of the commerce-laden traffic which flows unceasingly through this busy commercial center. Let us send you our information booklet "Dallas from A to Z."

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, DALLAS, TEXAS

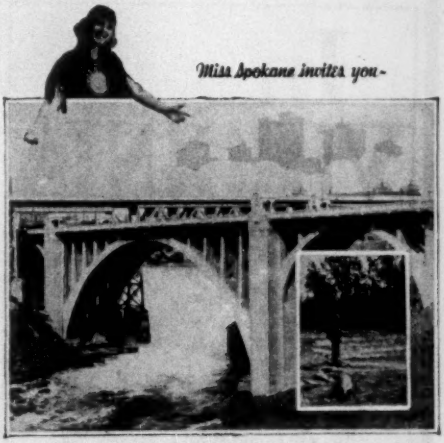
Raw Material

of wood, mineral, vegetable, fruit, for manufacture of numerous wooden novelties, insulator and fireproofing, new process food products, flax fibre — a great variety and quantity can be found in the Northwest states along the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Factory locations and community co-operation.

Write for detailed information

E. C. LEEDY, Development Dept.
Great Northern Railway
St. Paul, Minnesota



Visit Spokane *This Year*

See this talked-of Western city in the heart of the Pacific Northwest, the American Wonderland. Surrounded on all sides by a wealth of scenic beauty. Innumerable lakes, intriguing motor roads, fertile valleys, and rugged mountains. A delightful place to rest and relax.

See, too, the mighty resources of the rich Inland Empire centering in Spokane — resources now under rapid development. Millions being spent in enormous hydro-electric projects. Unprecedented activities in its mines. Splendid yields and high prices of agricultural products. The farm prosperity belt of the Nation. Lumber and lumber products going East by the trainload.

Spokane is the sunny spot of the Northwest. Millions of new capital pouring in. New business blocks rapidly changing its skyline. A larger percentage of new industries in the past two years than any other Western city. Prosperity on every hand and more to come. Come, get your share.

When you come West be sure to see all the marvelous cities of the Pacific Coast Empire, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego.

Send for "Scenic Lure of Spokane"

SPOKANE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Spokane

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Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... M.H.M.

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In VIRGINIA

Battle of the "Crater"

Battle of the "Crater"

The circle on the map locates the Battle of the Crater, possibly the most dramatic incident in the Civil War. The tunnel through which was placed the charge that formed the "Crater" is now open to tourists.

Along the splendid highways that sweep across Virginia from the mountains to the sea, fine hotels beckon tourists to stop and heed the lure of entrancing scenery and the lore of ancient days.

For tourist information write

State Conservation and Development Commission
Richmond, Virginia

Community and Industrial Information

THERE are available many interesting booklets issued by various Communities and Industrial Centers. A list of these booklets is given below. Harpers Magazine offers, through its Community and Industrial Department, to send without charge any or all of these booklets. The coupon below is for your convenience.

1. KEY TO ATLANTA. Industrial Bureau, Atlanta (Ga.) Chamber of Commerce.
2. WHY ST. LOUIS GROWS. St. Louis (Mo.) Chamber of Commerce.
4. PORT OF NEWARK. Port Newark (N. J.) Development.
8. POWER AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENTS (Hydro-Electro). U.G.I. Contracting Co.
12. GENERAL INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Los Angeles (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce.
14. KNOW NORFOLK — PORTSMOUTH — SOUTH NORFOLK. Norfolk-Portsmouth (Va.) Chamber of Commerce.
15. NEW ORLEANS IS GROWING. New Orleans (La.) Chamber of Commerce.
16. A SURVEY OF THE INDUSTRIAL ADVANTAGES OF THE PORT AND CITY OF WILMINGTON. Wilmington (Del.) Chamber of Commerce.
19. SALT LAKE CITY AND UTAH. Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce.
20. INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF PORTLAND, OREGON, AND THE COLUMBIA COUNTRY. Portland (Ore.) Chamber of Commerce.
21. ASHEVILLE, LOGICAL DISTRIBUTING CENTER FOR EASTERN AMERICA. Asheville (N. C.) Chamber of Commerce.
23. WINNING HEALTH. Welcome Club of Colorado Springs (Colo.).
24. THE SOUTHWEST AND DALLAS. Dallas (Texas) Chamber of Commerce.
35. INDUSTRIAL BRIEF, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA. Chamber of Commerce.
37. THE WORLD'S GREATEST WORKSHOP. Philadelphia (Pa.) Chamber of Commerce.
41. RAW MATERIAL. Factory locations and community coöperation. Write for detailed information. E. C. Leedy, Development Dept., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.
42. ON THE GULF COAST. Biloxi (Mississippi) Chamber of Commerce.
43. ECONOMIC SURVEY OF DENVER. Colorado Chamber of Commerce.
45. IN VIRGINIA. For Tourists. State Conservation and Development Commission, Richmond, Virginia.
46. SPOKANE, WASHINGTON. Spokane (Wash.) Chamber of Commerce.
47. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VACATIONS. All Year Club of Southern California, Department 2 W, Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, California.
48. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA. Believers in Jacksonville, Jacksonville, Florida.
49. HAWAII. Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 234 McCann Building, San Francisco, California.

Attach to your Business or Personal Stationery

COMMUNITY AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT
HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33d St., New York, N. Y.

I would be pleased to receive Booklets Nos..... which I understand you will send to me without charge.

Name.....

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POWER seeks out the user in the broad areas of the East, Middle West and Southwest served by subsidiaries of the Middle West Utilities Company. These companies have brought ample and economical electric service to widespread economic activities necessarily remote from sources of power supply: to the development of natural resources, to agriculture and to the homes and industries of hundreds of small towns, sometimes replacing inadequate local plants, sometimes bringing electric service for the first time.

They have done more than bring power to those uses which cannot be moved. They have put an end, so far as power supply is concerned, to the necessity of bringing movable industries to large centers of population. They have contributed to a more proportionate distribution of industry and population, and thus admitted the small towns to a greater share in America's economic progress.

Middle West Utilities Company

SERVING 3389 COMMUNITIES IN 30 STATES

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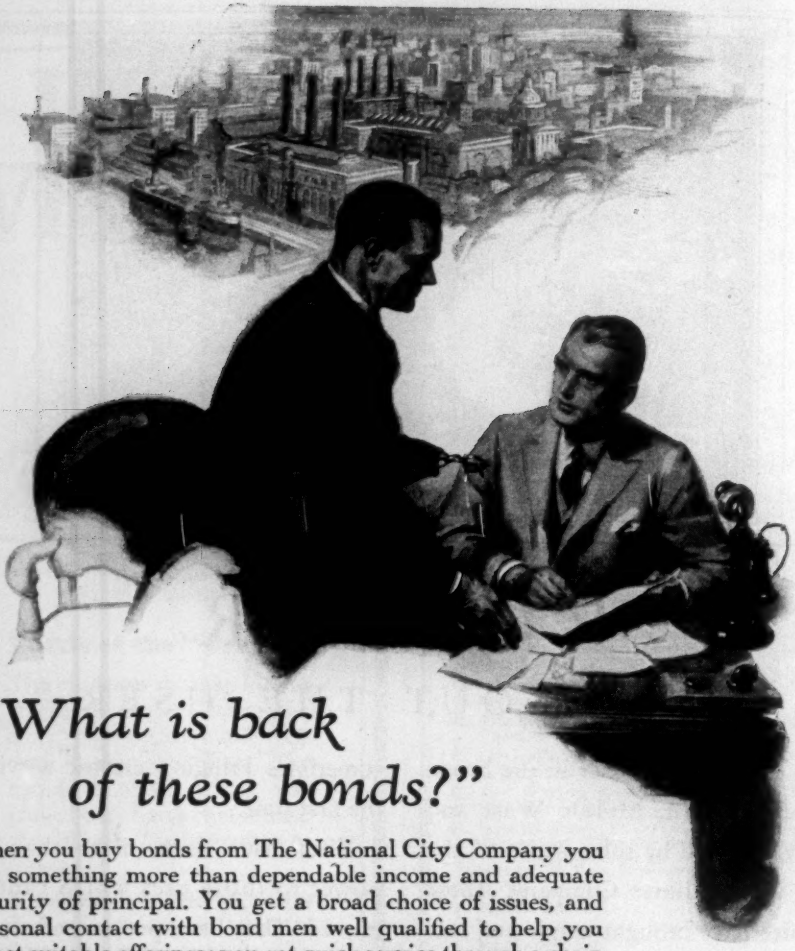

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Our monthly list of recommended issues will keep you informed on attractive current offerings. It will be sent upon request.

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National City Bank Building, New York

Offices or representatives in the principal cities of the United States, Canada, Europe, China, Japan, India, Australia, South America, Central America and the West Indies.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

A Corporation's Money

By PAUL TOMLINSON

ONE of America's large corporations made a net profit of $235,000,000 in the year 1927. Shortly after the statement of earnings was published, a New York minister made it the subject of a sermon, and challenged a company's right to that much profit. "Something is radically wrong," he said, "when a few can pile up such huge amounts of money while so many live close to want."

UNDOUBTEDLY this statement was sincere, and it illustrates a point of view still persisted in by many well-meaning people. The truth of the matter is, however, that it is not in accord with the facts, and it may be interesting and helpful to consider just what it means when a corporation is able to earn such an amazing amount of money—not only what it means to the corporation, and its executives, but to the country generally.

IN THE first place, instead of a few people sharing this huge profit, the corporation under discussion has about seventy-two thousand shareholders — or partners—and these earnings, according to the number of shares they own, belong to them. The adjective "few" is scarcely applicable to seventy-two thousand people. In the second place, it is as inadvisable for a corporation to dissipate all of its income as it is for an individual, and so $91,000,000 of profits were added to surplus, and the balance of $144,000,000 distributed among the partners. What percentage of these stockholders does anyone suppose received a large enough share of these dividends to justify another charge of this same minister that the "idlers" supported by this corporation make fabulous expenditures in the South during the winter, and "in summer amaze Europe with lavish display and extravagant living"?

IF THE people who own stock in this corporation have profited handsomely that is because they were lucky, or because they were wise investors, depending on the point of view. It is safe to say, however, that the majority of the stockholders bought their shares with money they had saved, accumulations of capital acquired as a result of

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SAFETY of one's invested capital is of course the first requisite of the prudent and careful investor. SAFETY has been the fundamental principle of S. W. STRAUS & CO. for 46 years.

There are many safe securities in various classes—rails, utilities, industrials, municipals, and real estate bonds. You will find the best of these among our current offerings, at attractive rates of interest, from 3.93% upward—and, especially, sound first mortgage real estate bonds, our own underwritings, from 5 to 5.75%.

We suggest that you write us, specifying what class most interests you, and ask for

BOOKLET E-1809

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—ESTABLISHED IN 1882—

self-denial, thrift, and foresight. If they have profited they deserve their profits. It is also well to remember that in the year 1927 this corporation's output was valued at $1,269,519,000, all of it new wealth for the country, created out of raw materials, which until transformed into the finished products had little value in themselves, and were certainly not doing anybody very much good. These products were sold in the face of keen competition, so that there can be no question of overvaluation, or profiteering; this means that the purchasers of these products were not only protected against too high prices, but that they shared the benefits of the corporation's business management and skill, which it must have had in order to meet competition so successfully.

THE corporation, in producing this valuable output, and in earning this vast sum of money, furnished employment to two hundred thousand persons and paid them in wages over $300,000,000. The average family in the United States averages five, so that approximately one million people were dependent for their livings upon the success of this great enterprise. Suppose its output had been only half as valuable as it was, and its profits only half as large. This might very possibly have meant that one hundred thousand people would have had to seek employment elsewhere, and that their five hundred thousand dependents would have been in want if they had not found it.

BUT this is not the whole story by any means. In addition to the people on the corporation's own payroll, the distribution of its products required more than eighteen thousand other organizations, each with an average of five people in its employ, making ninety

WITH a directorate composed of members affiliated with 525 other companies, in 79 different lines of business, and with an intimate knowledge of modern business requirements, this Company has developed banking facilities that completely meet the needs of business houses in both domestic and foreign trade. We invite you to discuss your problems with us.

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GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

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thousand more persons earning a livelihood as a result of this corporation's success. And if each one of these ninety thousand supported a family of five, here are four hundred and fifty thousand more whom this business enterprise cared for.

RAW materials used in the company's business were purchased from more than six thousand different sources of supply. Who can possibly estimate what this meant in terms of earning a living? Who can tell how many people were employed by these six thousand concerns as a result of these orders and who might otherwise have been less well off? And how many dependents were cared for by those so employed? It is a colossal picture for any mind to grasp. What about the stockholders in all these various distributing agencies and sources of supply? Think of the benefits accruing to them as a result of the orders placed with the concerns in which they are partners by this big corporation.

THE railroads last year received $75,000,000 in freight charges for hauling raw materials to the corporation's plants, and carrying finished products to its distributing agencies. Consider what this item meant in the way of providing employment on the carriers, and what it meant to railroad stockholders. The corporation has plants in thirty-three cities of this country, and it is not too much to say that many of these communities are absolutely dependent upon the successful operation of the business. And when this minister criticized its operation he failed to realize that in large measure many Christian churches owed their support to funds contributed by employees and shareholders of this company, support which could not have been given if its activities had not been crowned with success.

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Merit Your Attention

The obligations of many countries which have attained budgetary equilibrium by their own efforts have been issued in accordance with every basic principle of sound finance.

These issues offer the discriminating investor a generous income return and opportunities for substantial enhancement in market value.

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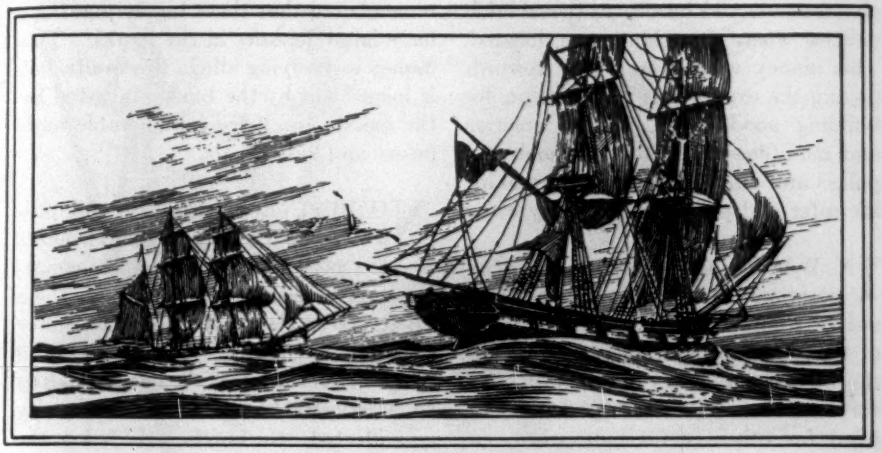

MARITIME New England

THE year 1780 saw the beginning of the American merchant marine. For the next sixty years the names, Boston and Salem, stood for Yankee trade and Yankee ships. The keels of New England ships furrowed the wide expanses of the Atlantic and Pacific, and in the ports of the Orient — Canton, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Calcutta — New England ships and skippers were a familiar sight.

¶ NEW ENGLAND'S understanding of foreign trade did not come by accident. Her ports are hundreds of miles nearer Europe. Her docks have direct rail connection with every part of the Nation, and in the new age of power-driven ships New England is doing her part to maintain the structure and fabric of American shipping. Manufacturers and merchants seeking new markets abroad have not only these physical advantages of location and transportation, but in the Old Colony Trust Company they have at their disposal a foreign banking service to meet every need.

The Foreign Department of this Company is thoroughly equipped to handle collections, issue commercial credits, and finance exports and imports anywhere

Capital, $15,000,000 *Surplus,* $11,000,000

OLD COLONY
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The corporation, further, paid out many millions of dollars in taxes to the federal government, and locally to the municipalities where its plants are located. This money went a long way towards paying the expenses of government, for building good roads, for the erection and maintenance of public schools, for police and fire protection, for making life safer and pleasanter in many ways.

IN WAGES and dividends this corporation distributed in the year 1927 nearly $450,000,000. No doubt many of these millions were used to purchase the bonds and shares of stock of other corporations, and thus capital was supplied for other useful enterprises, enabling them, too, to furnish employment to many individuals, to add new industrial wealth to the country's present store, to create business for other enterprises, to pay a share of the nation's tax budget, and to benefit their stockholders, or partners. Then, too, it must be remembered that these big corporations have large deposits in the banks. This money is not lying idle in the vaults, but is loaned out by the banks, invested by the banks, and helps innumerable businesses and individuals.

NO BUSINESS enterprise can possibly confine its profits and benefits to a few persons. As it prospers countless others prosper too, although these others do not always recognize the source of their prosperity. When the Ford plant in Detroit curtailed its activities so drastically last year the whole city was affected—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. Thousands of other people throughout the length and breadth of the whole land were also affected. What would Pittsburgh do without the United States Steel Corpora-

Who Is the Capitalist?

Once "Capitalist" suggested an isolated figure of great wealth and greater power. Industry was his slave. Today, with millions of individual holders of stocks and bonds, every man is a "Capitalist" who has even a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to invest. In the aggregate these new investors are now the real rulers of Industry.

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For profitable reading call or write for our booklet, "What Bonds Shall I Buy?" Ask for AC-283

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Every public utility has an invisible balance sheet—a master sheet which deals in human values rather than in dollars and cents.

The good will of customers gained by service well rendered, the loyalty and cooperation of employes, the good name acquired by honorable dealing—these give true service value to the physical property, and they are no less important because they are intangible and cannot be set within the frame of any corporate Balance Sheet.

No enterprise can long prosper unless these assets, which can neither be expressed in money nor bought with money, abundantly appear in the Invisible Balance Sheet.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
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THE industrial center of the nation is now located in the territory served by operating subsidiaries of Midland Utilities Company—a region appropriately called "The Workshop of America."

Midland Utilities Company and subsidiaries report consolidated gross income of $23,994,781 in 1927, compared with $20,191,060 in 1926. This group serves 94,163 customers in 232 communities in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, principally in the industrial section of northern Indiana. We represent this and other public utility companies operating in 30 states. Send for list of our current security offerings yielding over 6%.

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tion? What would happen to Chicago if the stockyards closed down? What would become of Schenectady without the General Electric Company? Who is not aware of the business depression which struck New England when the textile industry was having such a hard time? A business and the community where it is located are mutually dependent; the prosperity of one is affected by the prosperity of the other, always. Suppose the American Telephone and Telegraph Company suddenly went out of business; think of the thousands of its employees who would be thrown out of work, and the tens of thousands of stockholders whose incomes would be cut, and the effect on the country generally with this much purchasing power withdrawn.

IT HAS often been said that Andrew Carnegie did more for the world when he was making his money than when he was giving it away. His libraries, of course, are monuments to generosity and far-sightedness, and will afford pleasure and profit to people for generations to come; but when Mr. Carnegie was in active business he was furnishing employment to thousands of men, and thousands of families were living on the dollars earned in his business; these dollars in turn were being spent for food, clothing, rent, and the other necessities of life, and indirectly benefited untold thousands of other people. Mr. Carnegie made millions himself, but his profits were small compared with the profits accruing to mankind as a result of his brains, business skill, and industry.

THE same statements could be applied to most great captains of industry. As a result of the business acumen of these geniuses great industries have been started, and work provided for thousands and thousands of people.

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• • • •

For your information and to show you why 300,000 investors have faith in Cities Service, read "Serving 3000 Communities," an illustrated, informative booklet which will be sent to you free if you will address Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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No one knows what would have happened to this country without such men—the railroad builders, the great industrialists, and the great financiers. It is safe to say, however, that neither the country itself nor most of those who live here would have been nearly so well off without them. And what the great capitalists have done, everyone can do in lesser degree; dollars put into productive enterprises reap a reward for the investor and help to make it possible for others to reap rewards, too.

SOMETIMES one hears people criticize the salaries paid to the heads of our large corporations. "No man can possibly be worth that much money," it is said. The truth of the matter is that probably most of them are worth more than they are paid, and certainly the whole country would be better off if there were more men capable of commanding these large salaries. Suppose, for example, that the president of our largest railroad system is paid a salary of $200,000 a year (whether he is or not I do not know), but when it is considered that this railroad has two hundred thousand employees, that its service is essential to the well-being of one of the most populous sections of our country, and that its expenditures run up into hundreds of million dollars annually, can $200,000 a year be considered too much to pay for an efficient head? Suppose the directors decided that $10,000 a year was enough to pay; it is probable that a man whose services could be secured for such an amount would be utterly incapable of handling the work. Would it be good business for anybody, for the sake of saving $190,000 a year, to wreck a railroad worth a billion dollars, to throw thousands of people out of employment, to bring hardship to their

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SAFETY and regularity of income in connection with investments are determined largely by the ability of the underwriter to arrange the proper terms of financing. The assets and income of the municipality or corporation should govern this just as in a loan made by an individual.

Our activities in the underwriting field since 1899 have afforded us valuable experience in safeguarding your investments by correctly analyzing proposed new financing and thus rendering constructive financial aid.

dependents, lose money for the men, women, and children who are stockholders, and demoralize business all over the land?

IT IS bad economics to attack business because it is prosperous. No individual and no business can make money and not share it with others. When the big corporations are prosperous all of us are prosperous too; when the big corporations are losing money we have bread lines and soup kitchens. The government has learned this lesson, and the former practice of attacking big business merely because it was big has been largely abandoned of late years. No longer is it possible to make political capital out of diatribes on the "money interests," the railroads, or the public utilities. Even the politicians have come to realize that money makes money, not for a few persons only, but for everybody; that the prosperity of the railroads means efficient operation; that public utilities are essential to our modern life, and that practically everyone is dependent upon them for his well-being and comfort. Most important of all the corporations are owned by the people.

IT IS estimated that between ten and fifteen million persons in this country share the ownership and control of American corporations. Are these people all "idlers"? As a matter of fact a large percentage of them are employees of the corporations whose stocks they own, partners in the enterprises which furnish them a livelihood. Partners are vitally interested in the success of their businesses, and employee ownership has had much to do with the prosperity of many of our large corporations. And thirty-five per cent of the business on the New York Stock Exchange is furnished by small investors—"odd lot" buyers

Selecting Mortgages to Secure

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A National Security

Mortgages eligible as collateral must cover properties in approved cities. These cities are only approved after a thorough and careful survey showing that they measure up to the standards of the Mortgage Security Corporation of America as expressed in its "Yardstick of Safety."

The work of surveying loan territory is done by officers of the Mortgage Security Corporation of America and trained mortgage experts who are constantly in touch with the sections from which the corporation purchases mortgages. Mortgages are only purchased in territories that have first been analyzed and approved.

First hand information is thus received setting forth a city's advantages or disadvantages as well as all the elements incident to a city that might affect the mortgage loans made therein.

Boom cities and cities which are dependent upon only one industry are always avoided.

"*The Yardstick of Safety*" describing in detail the requisites of safety in purchasing the first mortgages securing Mortgage Security Bonds will be sent upon request.

Mortgage Security Bonds are distributed by:

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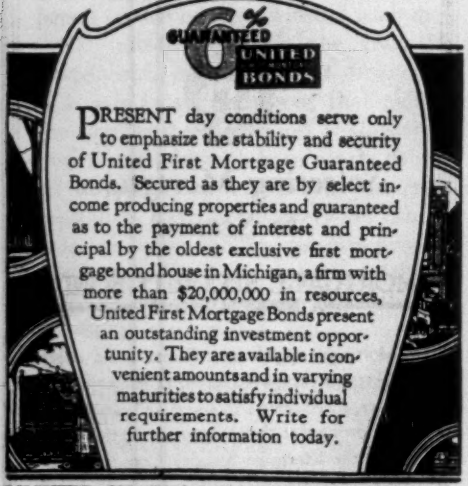

PRESENT day conditions serve only to emphasize the stability and security of United First Mortgage Guaranteed Bonds. Secured as they are by select income producing properties and guaranteed as to the payment of interest and principal by the oldest exclusive first mortgage bond house in Michigan, a firm with more than $20,000,000 in resources, United First Mortgage Bonds present an outstanding investment opportunity. They are available in convenient amounts and in varying maturities to satisfy individual requirements. Write for further information today.

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whose purchases are for less than one hundred shares. Is it true that only a few are piling up wealth?

ALONG with prosperity come increased wages and salaries; dividend checks are mailed to many thousands of homes; with large production, prices decline, more comforts are placed within the reach of the purchasing public, and up goes the standard of living for everyone. In the past ten years more than fifteen billion dollars have been spent in the United States for new homes; and this figure does not take into account either apartment houses or hotels, but private dwellings only. Could this building program — without precedent in the world's history — have been accomplished without prosperity, and unless our corporations, in particular, had been prosperous?

IN THE year 1926 the income of the American people was estimated at ninety billion dollars. Last year the American people bought seven and a half billion dollars' worth of new securities. In 1927 there were a billion and a half dollars' worth of foreign securities sold in this country, and it is said that American investors now own approximately five billion dollars' worth of foreign bonds and stocks. It is vitally important to investors that the corporations whose securities they hold should be prosperous. And as the number of investors increases every year corporate prosperity becomes important to an increasingly large percentage of our population. A corporation's money benefits not a few only, but every person in the country. We may not realize it always, but that is the fact.

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

ICE INDUSTRY: The manufacture of ice is one of the country's fastest growing industries. Its basis for investments is discussed in a booklet offered by Hoagland, Allum & Company, 34 Pine Street, New York City.

WHAT BONDS SHALL I BUY?: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

SERVING A NATION: An illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service organization, and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on following page)

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Investment Information

(Continued from preceding page)

WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES, is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS—6% AND A $40,000,000 GUARANTEE: A new, illustrated booklet on mortgage investments and the unusual protective features of SECURITY BONDS. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

INVESTMENT IN AMERICA'S PROSPERITY: A booklet describing investment trusts in general and "Fixed Trust Shares" in particular. An interesting treatise for investors. Offered by American Basic-Business Shares Corporation, 67 Wall Street, New York City.

INTERESTING FACTS: A booklet giving information concerning facilities and Securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. For copy address, Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

CHAIN STORE SECURITIES: A booklet containing a thorough discussion of chain store systems explaining why they furnish an excellent basis for investment securities. Offered by George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

A NEW AND IMPROVED FORM OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS: This booklet describes the eight new features of the 6% First National Bonds. Offered by The First National Company, Citizens Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

To Manufacturers

The Community and Industrial Department will act as a clearing house of information for any manufacturer who is contemplating a change of locality in the interests of lower distribution and production costs.

Any manufacturer can write to this bureau in the full confidence that his name will not be revealed without his permission, and will be given full information concerning the advantages offered for his particular business by cities, towns and localities in any part of the United States. Write to

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HARPERS MAGAZINE

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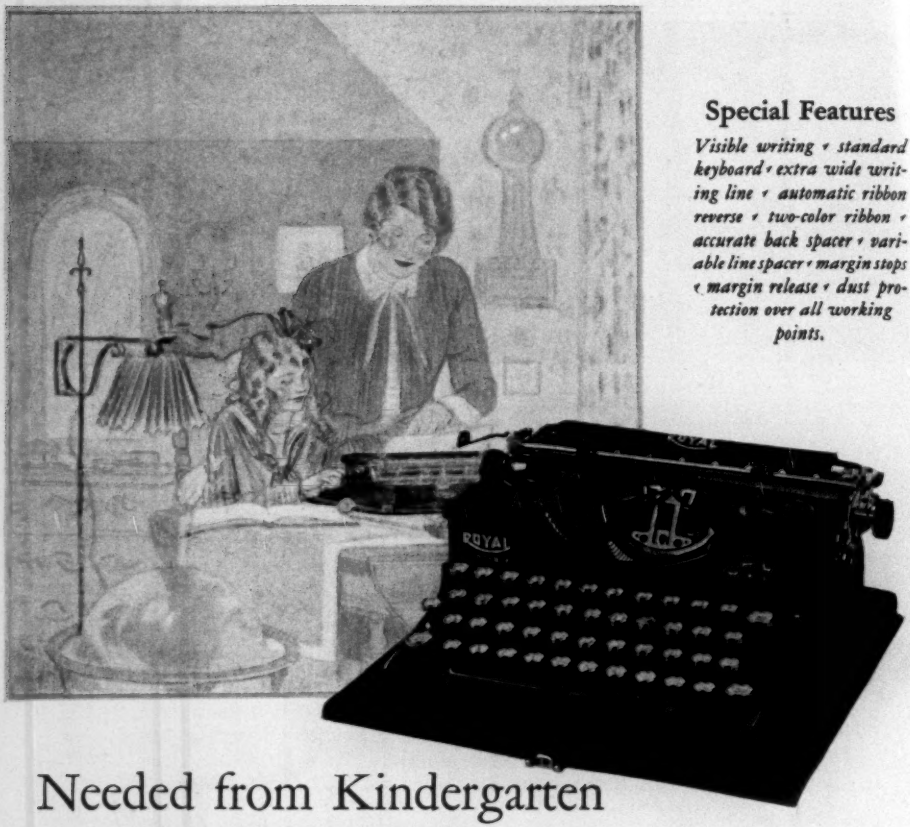

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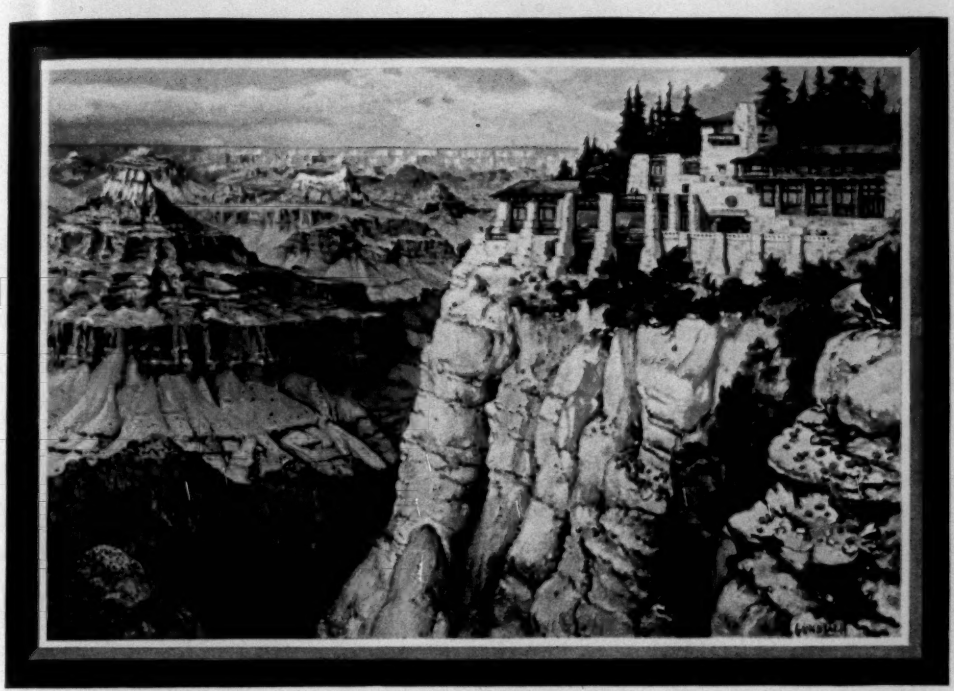

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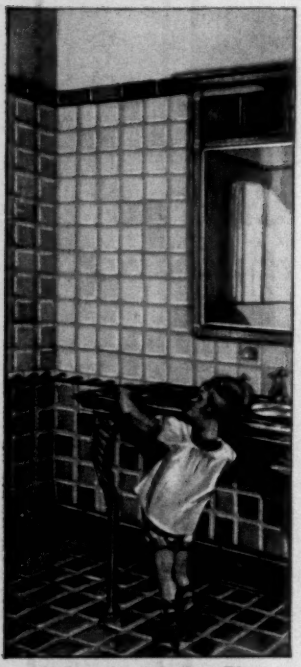

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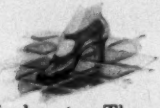

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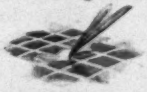

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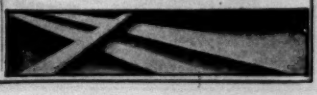

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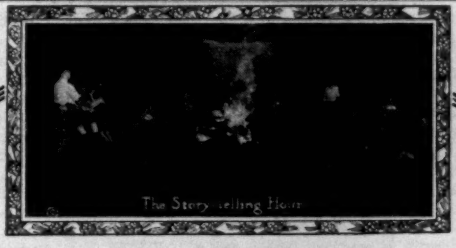

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Hostelries of the world

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TRAVEL NOTES

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WALTER WILLIAMS, Dean of School of Journalism, University of Missouri, writes:

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Honesty in Africa

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Hamburg-American Line, 28 Broadway, N. Y.
United American Lines, *General Agents*
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

ALBERT BALLIN	May 26	June 30	Aug. 4
NEW YORK	April 28	June 2	July 7
DEUTSCHLAND	May 5	June 9	July 14
HAMBURG	May 19	June 23	July 28
RESOLUTE			June 16

N. Y. and Boston to Cobh (Queenstown), Hamburg

*THURINGIA	May 3	June 14	July 26
*CLEVELAND	May 12	June 18	July 21
*WESTPHALIA	May 24	July 5	Aug. 16

Holland-America Line 24 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

*RYNDAM		July 7
VOLENDAM	May 5	June 9
NEW AMSTERDAM	May 26	June 23
VEENDAM	May 19	June 16
ROTTERDAM	Apr. 28	June 2

Italian Line (N. G. I.) 1 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

DUILIO	Apr. 28	June 2
*COLOMBO		May 9
ROMA		May 19

Lloyd Sabaudo Line 3 State St., N. Y.
New York to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

CONTE BIANCAMANO	May 12	June 16
CONTE GRANDE	May 26	June 30

Lamport & Holt Line 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Rio de Janeiro-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VOLTAIRE	†Apr. 28	†July 7
VANDYCK		†June 9
VAUBAN		†May 26
VESTRIS		June 23

†Calls at Barbados

Mallory Line
New York to Key West and Galveston

H. R. MALLORY	Apr. 28
SAN JACINTO	May 5

Munson S. S. Lines 67 Wall St., N. Y.
New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service.....Sailing Saturdays
New York to Nassau, Bahamas
Weekly Service.....Sailing Fridays

New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co.
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

COAMO	Apr. 26
*PORTO RICO	Apr. 28

North German Lloyd 32 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cobh-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*DRESDEN	May 3	May 31
COLUMBUS	May 12	June 9
KARLSRUHE	May 8	June 7
*MUENCHEN	May 17	June 14
BERLIN	Apr. 26	May 26

Norwegian-America Line, 22 W'hall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

*STAVANGERFJORD	Apr. 28
BERGENSFJORD	May 19

Pacific Line 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Havana, Panama, Callao, Valparaiso
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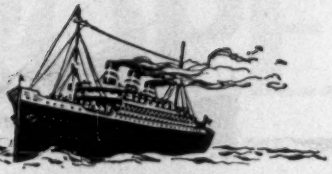

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From New York		From San Francisco	
COLOMBIA	May 19	VENEZUELA	May 5
VENEZUELA	June 9	ECUADOR	May 26
ECUADOR	June 30	COLOMBIA	June 23

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.

New York to California via Panama
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

BELGENLAND			May 3
PENNLAND			May 12
LAPLAND			May 26

Swedish American Line 21 State St., N. Y.

N. Y. to Sweden, Norway, Denmark Finland and Baltic States

*DROTTNINGHOLM†	May 21	June 23	July 21
*STOCKHOLM	May 4	June 2	June 30
GRIPSHOLM	May 12	June 9	July 3

†Through to Helsingfors, Finland

United States Lines 45 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	May 5

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*REPUBLIC	May 4
*PRES. HARDING	May 9
*PRES. ROOSEVELT	May 16

Ward Line

New York to Havana

Monterey	Apr. 26
Siboney	Apr. 28

White Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

OLYMPIC	Apr. 28	May 18
HOMERIC	May 5	May 26
MAJESTIC		May 12

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) Liverpool

BALTIC	Apr. 28	May 26
CEDRIC		May 5
ADRIATIC		May 12
CELTIC		May 19

American Mail Line

Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila. Fortnightly Service from Seattle and Victoria sailing Mondays

PRES. CLEVELAND	May 7
PRES. PIERCE	May 21
PRES. TAFT	June 4
PRES. JEFFERSON	June 18
PRES. LINCOLN	July 2

Canadian-Australasian Line

Vancouver and Victoria to Honolulu, Suva Auckland and Sydney

AORANGI	May 2	June 27
NIAGARA	May 30	July 25

Canadian Pacific

Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	June 7	Aug. 9
EMPRESS OF ASIA	Apr. 26	June 28
EMPRESS OF CANADA	†May 17	†July 19

†Omits Nagasaki

Dollar Steamship Line

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PRES. LINCOLN	Apr. 27
PRES. VAN BUREN	May 4
PRES. MADISON	May 11
PRES. HAYES	May 18
PRES. JACKSON	May 25

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Los Angeles to Honolulu

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CITY OF HONOLULU	May 5	June 2
CALAWAII	May 12	June 9

Matson Line

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MALOLO	May 5	May 19
WILHELMINA	May 2	May 29
MATSONIA	May 9	June 6
MANOA	May 16	June 13
SONOMA	May 24	July 26
SIERRA	†May 3	†July 5

†Leaves San Francisco for Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji and Australia

Seattle to Honolulu

LURLINE	May 19	June 30 Aug. 11

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)

Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Shanghai

SHIOZUOKA MARU	June 22
YOKOHAMA MARU	July 2

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

TENYO MARU	†May 9
KOREA MARU	‡May 23

†Omits Keelung ‡Omits Nagasaki

Union S. S. Co. of N. Z.

San Francisco to Papeete, Rarotonga, Wellington and Sydney

TAHITI			May 16
MAKURA		June 13	Aug. 8
MAUNGANUI	July 11	Sept. 5	Oct. 31

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S.S. Dominica .... May 24 June 21

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Columbus
Jan. 30, 1929, Feb. 26, 1929

Norway — Mediterranean

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Lancastria ..... June 30, 1928

North Cape — Norway

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Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance ..... June 30, 1928

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S.S. Carinthia ..... Jan. 12, 1929

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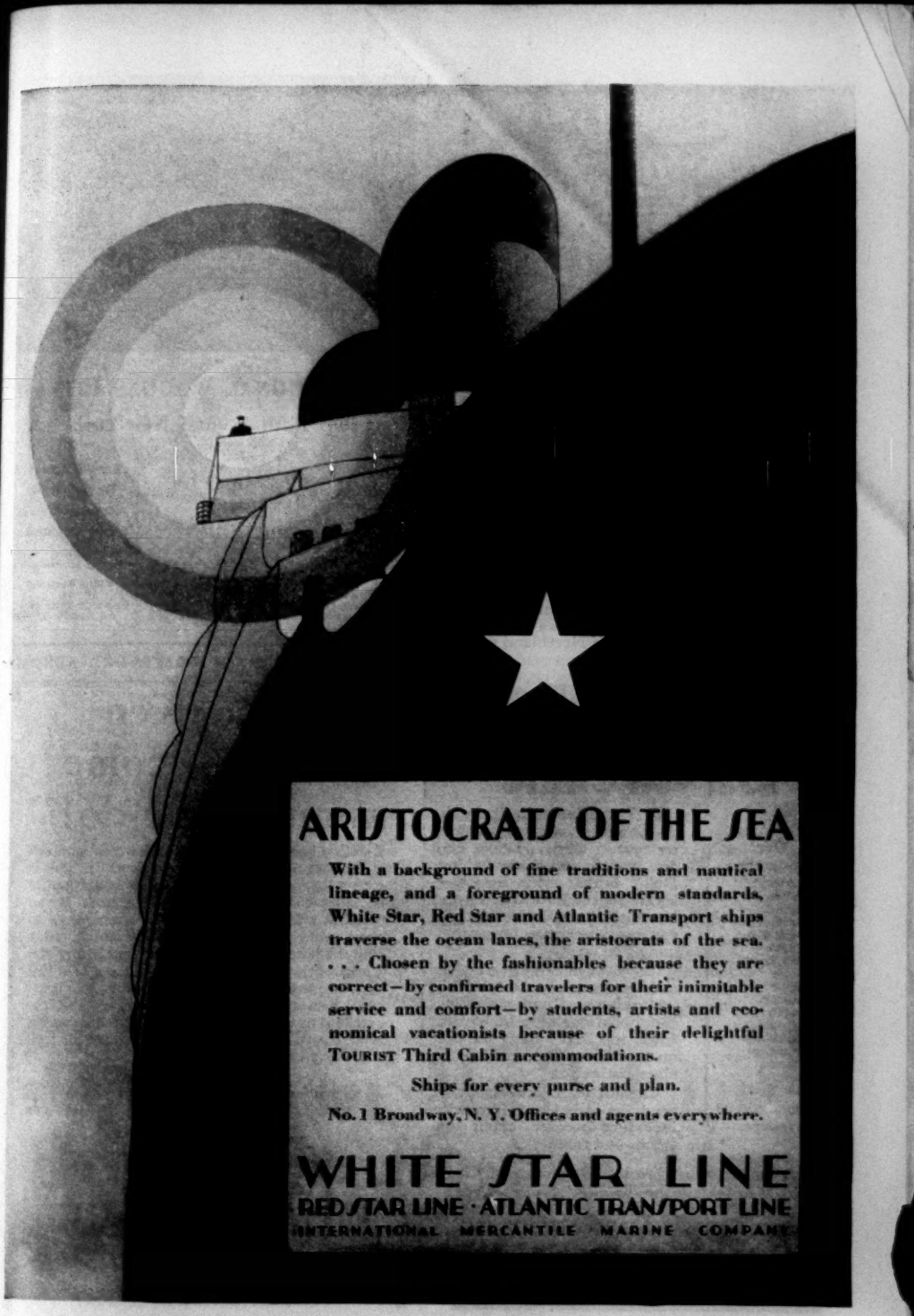
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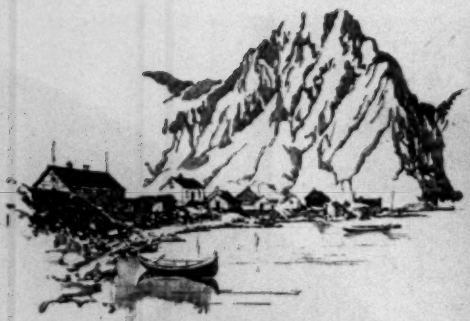

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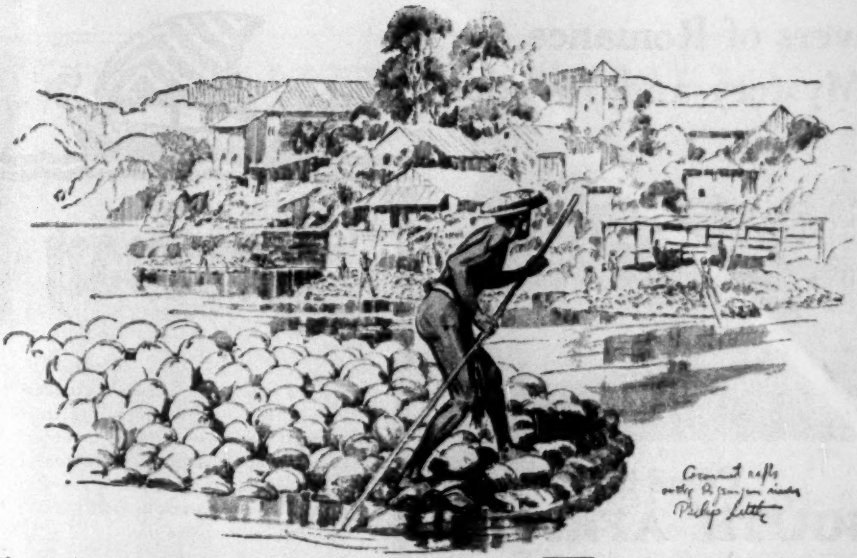

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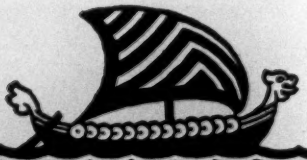

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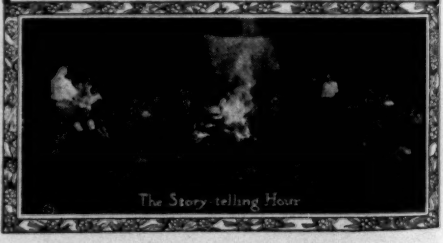

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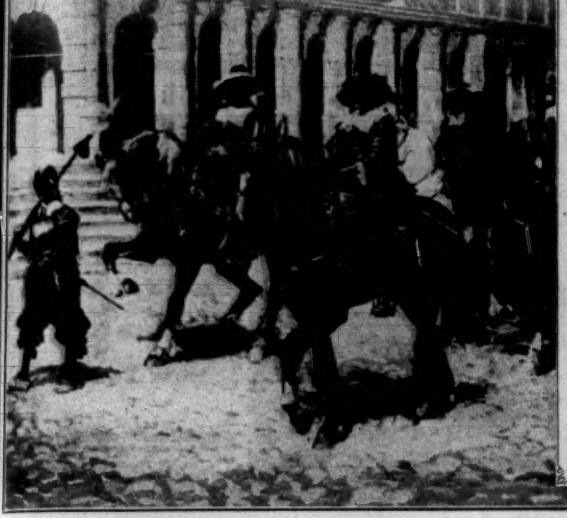

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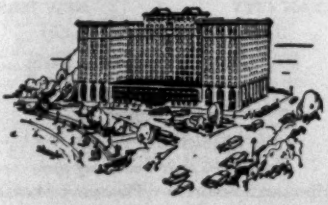

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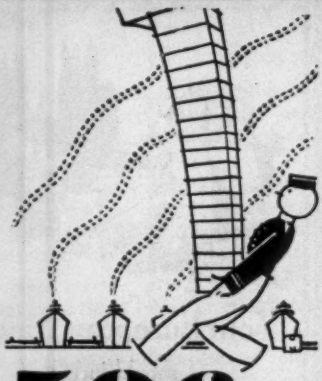

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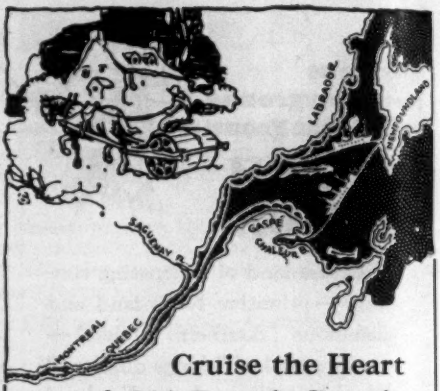

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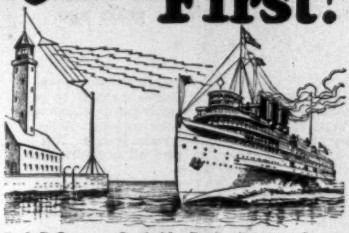

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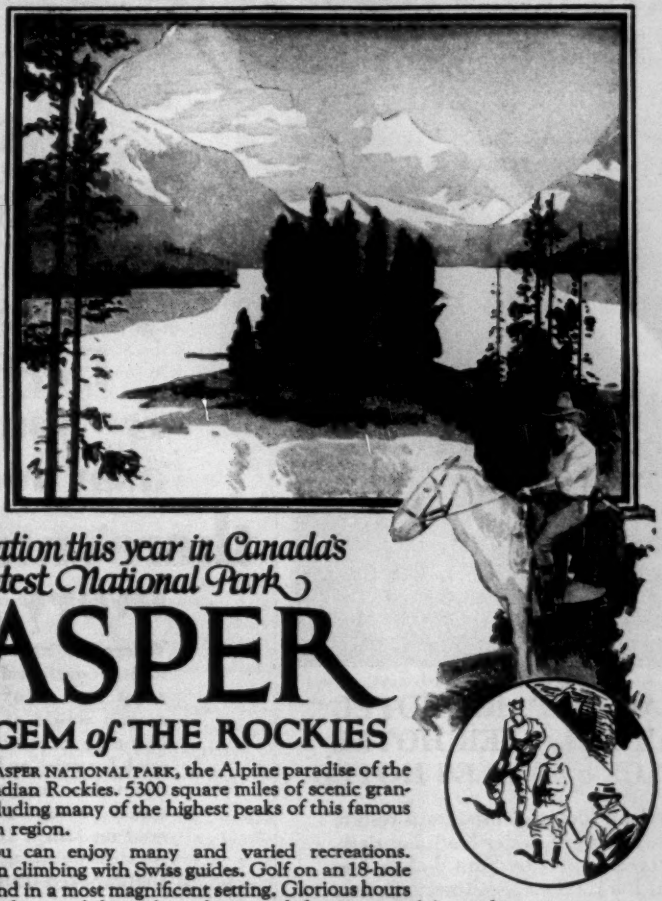

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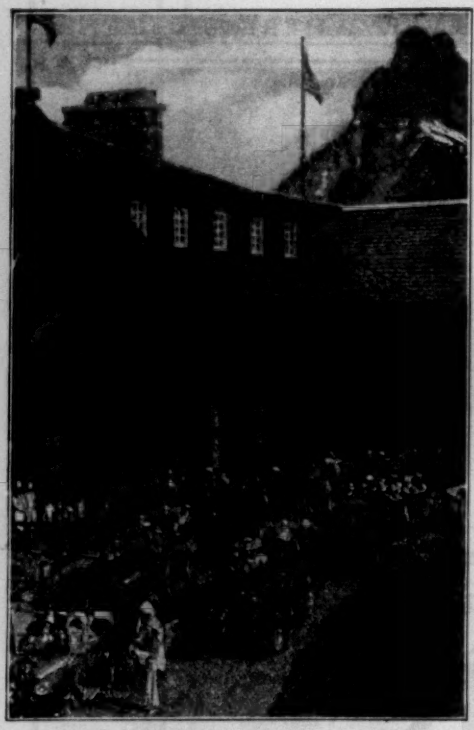

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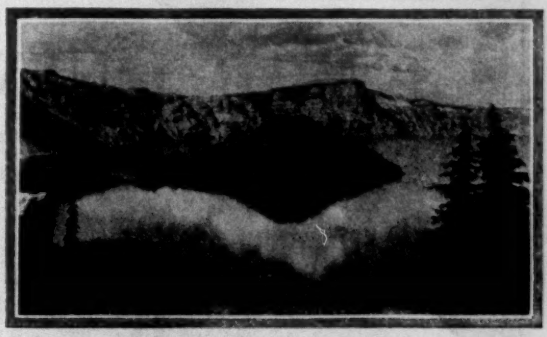

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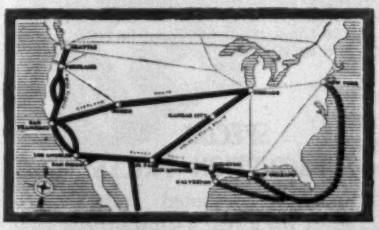
In nearly every large city is a Southern Pacific agent. Your local agent will also arrange your trip over Southern Pacific lines.



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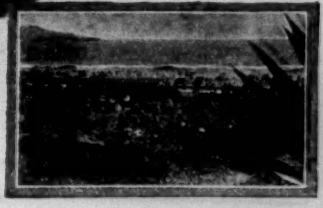

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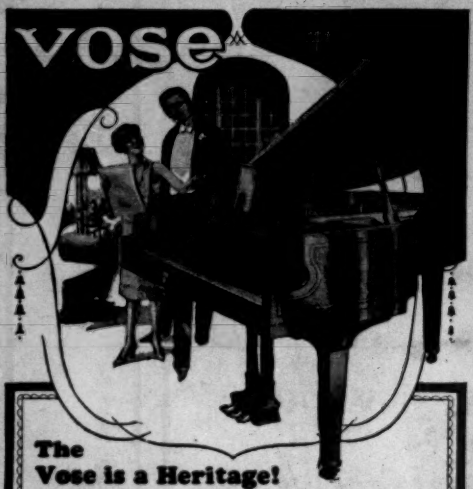
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